

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXII., No. 1 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. JULY, 1897

### EDITOR'S SYMPOSIUM

An open table-talk round the literary board, whereat any may speak whose art is not too awkward to unite truth and brevity with courtesy and wit

IT was in April that we here discoursed for a moment or so on possible methods for meeting largely, practically, beneficently, the "democratic, myriad-voiced, but eminently wise and worthy solicitation, 'Tell us what to read.'"

Note, just for amusement, how we rounded those remarks to their moorings: "Would any be glad to know how to help in such work?"—wrote—

"drop a line to the editor of this magazine; possibly he knows some one who will answer it"—

Of course he knew! Would he have committed himself that far if he did not? Hmm! editors are too cunning for that—they're the shrewdest people in the world! But notice, again, the interrogative part of the quotation. Does it read—"Would any be glad to be helped," etc.? O no! Catch an editor in such a corner as that! Look at it: "Would any be glad to know *how to help*"—See the difference! That difference saved the editor from nervous prostration under an avalanche of letters.

Nevertheless here are letters enough. Not one of them is unwelcome, understand, but virtually all of them are from people, sometimes solitary, sometimes in clubs, who, very laudably, want to know how to help—themselves, bless you! but do not profess any eagerness to help any general brotherhood of man or sisterhood of women. Well, that is probably owing to modesty, and beyond all doubt the editor ought to blame simply himself for this one-sidedness of response. Obviously he did not put the question with sufficient emphasis and the ladies in their "all but numberless clubs" appear, oddly enough, to have been talking at the time. Fact, he should have put it somewhat thus: "Would any be glad to know **HOW TO HELP** in such a work? Drop a line"—etc.

Opportunity to drop this line, to great unselfish advantage, is still open. Some men, not a few, and hundreds of women, some of them widely read, highly trained, and others thoroughly capable though without these showy qualifications, are now laying out the programmes of their own literary clubs for next season. Why may they not send such schedules to this magazine to be modified, adapted and published for the grateful guidance of thousands whose inner or outer resources, through no fault of their own, are unequal to a like task. We promise to utilize anything sent us of that sort at its best value. We await your reply.

A word to those who have sought our counsel. To one who "for a class of twenty-five ladies" wants

"a course of work for the study of current events and the literature of the present century, more especially of the latter half of the century," we would say promptly, draw in your lines; you will get more pleasure, and more profit, with less labor, by a stronger concentration. And yet, we would add, hold to variety; variety is good. To another club of ladies, "Lotus," by name, we must confess we are not "directing a course of reading for a number of literary clubs," and have no "terms, etc."—only suggestions, your rejection of which will offend nobody. One such we shall presently drop, which may be of some value to both these clubs, and to another one "of farmers' wives" with "good common-school educations," wives leading—ah! who questions it?—"very busy lives"; a club which has already been eyeing current events and reading the lives of its favorite authors, through twenty-four meetings.

One small suggestion we will drop, as we say; there being no room at present for two; we may add more another time. Meanwhile we hope yet to print

#### Cannot We Pool Our Reading

more than one or two well-worked-out reading programmes from correspondents seeking "how to help"—others *and* themselves. For surely, surely it is as unnecessary as it is pitiful that in a land as full as ours of fair kind, book-lovers willing and glad to widen human happiness, clubs of "farmers' wives—very busy," or of library-starved readers away yonder in Texas, or lone, half-educated young fellows like one who writes us from Boston, having "no one in whom to seek advice regarding it," should have to pay in "terms, etc.," hard money, that is to say, for the mere programme of a season's course of good reading! Send us one—you—you! Here are yet other applications, one from the borders of Kansas, and one from farthest Oregon.

OUR single suggestion of the moment is this: that certain books, whose preparation has required research and whose character requires them to cite the literary sources from which they have drawn, become by their nature admirable programmes of topical reading. Here, for instance, is Professor Moses Coit Tyler's newest work, his *Literary History of the American Revolution*.

#### Moses Coit Tyler's New Volume

Read it. It is rich, stimulating, informing and delightful. And it is not only fascinating, itself, but it is a luminous guide into the whole abundant, varied and alluring field of our revolutionary literature; poetry, belles-lettres, biography, history, travel and crackling con-

troversy—a whole season's reading though you should read as closely as it is pleasant or good to give oneself to a single group of themes.

Has it not pleased you to notice how large a proportion of these thousands of our people in town and country, who are reading each year more and more systematically, are choosing the books that tell the story of our own country and recount the lives of the men and women who in their several turns have been foremost in making it. Our reading clubs are nothing if not patriotic. From such a class of readers no serious work which has appeared for months, or years, has deserved or received a wider welcome than this volume of Professor Tyler's is likely to find.

There is another class among us, but far smaller and, for the most part, difficult or impossible to identify, which will owe him a gratitude no earlier historian of our revolutionary times has half so fully earned: to wit, the descendants of the revolutionary loyalists, grandchildren's children of the long-reviled and even still dishonored and disowned "tories." Now, as Professor Tyler reminds us, the colonial tory was neither a rogue, a sneak nor a fool. He was as often a gentleman and a patriot—from his point of view—as his gentlest or deadliest political or military opponent. He had exactly the same right to his convictions; and his children of to-day have the same perfect right to remember him proudly as though his lost cause had been that of '60-'65. Shall we ever have among our proud societies of ancedored dames one pluming itself as Daughters of the Revolutionary Loyalists? Fancy it! No, no; if there were nothing else to prevent such a thing, there is a flaw, or universal shortcoming in our human nature, because of which no *peace-party* in a nation that wins a war ever leaves a proud fame behind it. If there has ever been an exception to this rule name it and you shall sit at this symposium.

**B**UT here are other correspondents asking us what to read, and we can neither answer each one separately nor expect one reply to satisfy all. And so, to those who do not incline to history for summer reading—which is often a pity—but who insist upon fitting their reading closely to the season, we assent that this is the time for books which quicken our

**An Arm-full of Nature Books**

eyes to the sights and sounds of nature. They are not scarce; "What," asks one of our present company, "is the meaning of this sudden fever for nature-study—this outburst of books on the subject?"

Begging our questioner not to get excited—mostly it is lovely woman who has caused this explosion, and we believe the fact is due to the continued expansion of her outdoor liberty and of her outdoor companionship with father, brother, lover, husband and children. There is also a new masculine demand—of course—under the circumstances. Besides, science grows every day more democratic, more intelligible to us, "the general," and makes its disclosures with such modest reverence for small things and with such winning absence of condescending airs, that it enriches, as never before, the spiritual value of the things which, without cost or

loss, make up the outdoor furnishment of our daily life and intellectual intercourse. The odd thing is that this new interest does not with more energy include the rocks and the stars.

"Here is Thomas Wentworth Higginson," continues our correspondent, "presenting us to a Procession of the Wildflowers. He has left the realms wherein his vigorous common sense and plain speaking have wrought with such good effect, to tell us of his love for nature and to champion the New England climate, as he does every person or thing that is suffering from injustice or slander. There may be nothing so very new in his book"—but his critic nevertheless quotes him with zest, thus:

Absence is the very air of passion, and all the best description is in memoriam. As with our human beloved, when the graceful presence is with us we cannot analyze or describe, but merely possess, and only after its departure can it be portrayed by our yearning desires; so it is with Nature: only in losing her do we gain the power to describe her, and we are introduced to Art, as we are to Eternity, by the dropping away of our companions.

Thence our grouper of nature-books turns to Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's latest work, *Upon the Tree-tops* and finds it all very good; making bright quotations for which we wish we had room, and falling into amiable discussion with her concerning the shrike or butcher-bird. Mrs. Miller knows of one case wherein positively, and several wherein upon all reasonable inference, the butcher was a perfect gentleman; silent, methodical, dignified, an attentive husband, a kind father, and as blameless as you or I of his reputed habit of killing other birds' young and impaling them on thorns. Our friend in manuscript, though professing a more limited experience than Mrs. Miller's, is moved to tell of some of her own off-setting observations, though "accepting Mrs. Miller's amendments." As thus:

On one occasion a shrike, which had been shot in one wing, was brought to us, and we kept it in a cage for a few days. When meat was given to him he tried in vain to hang it on the wires of the cage. We realized at last what he wanted, and fastened a twig of thorns in an upright position, when he straightway suspended his game and tore it to pieces with the greatest satisfaction.

The presence of the shrike among the small birds, as I have observed it, causes as great a commotion as that of a bluejay, but perhaps they are needlessly alarmed, as they are at a screech owl. One winter day I saw a hairy woodpecker and a shrike playing a queer game. They were in a spruce tree in a neighbor's yard. The woodpecker was dodging about the trunk, the shrike following in the branches. Up and down they went, and round and round, silent for the most part, but now and then, with an excited note from the pursued. Then the woodpecker went down into the bath and the butcher bird onto the fence near by. Finally they rose into a maple tree, and then flew off out of sight, pursuing and pursued, a deep snow preventing my following. I have wished many times since that I knew the outcome of the maneuvering. If it came to a close fight, I should say that the woodpecker's pickaxe was as powerful as the shrike's hook, and the latter was doubtless aware of that fact, so that, though pressed by hunger, he hesitated to attack.

Upon the *Tree-tops*, our friend considers "in no way inferior to other works by the same author." Mrs. Miller's fame, we are told, has not tempted her to relax her vigilance of observation or carefulness of statement for a moment. This kindly critic



of Mrs. Miller has abundant praise also for Mr. Baskett's *Story of the Birds*, "a pleasant introduction to their study and a spur to further investigation," quoting from "a charming chapter on Acquaintance with the Birds."

Another pleasant member of our company commends F. Schuyler Matthew's *Familiar Trees and Their Leaves* with its descriptions and illustrations of more than two hundred varieties, and especially finds it unsurpassed as a hand-book on the evergreens. "The classification in regard to colors is simple enough for the most uninitiated botanist," the illustrations "needing nothing but the coloring to be perfect."

The same correspondent finds an excellent country reading-book in *The Plant World*, its *Romances and Realities*, a prose and poetical compilation edited by Frank Vincent, M. A., with chapters on beautiful historic gardens, on marine plants, on plant lore, subterranean vegetation, carnivorous plants, and like subjects.

Very likely one reason why books on nature have so come into vogue is that our methods of education, more now than formerly, teach us the art of observation. Thus to a far greater number of us than of our uncles and aunts these books become glossaries to nature's own volume, promising, and at times rewarding, the most unpretentious of us, without rude dangers or heavy toils, with the delights of original—or to us original—discovery. A Long Island friend, the sort of man that, each year, is the first in his neighborhood to hear the note of the blue-bird, writes us thus:

About a year or so ago I placed among the trees surrounding our home a few bird-houses. It was my intention to rent these cozy quarters on easy terms—a mere song—exclusively to the wrens, but some saucy sparrows—the sparrow, you know, builds earlier than the wren—seeing the vacant apartments, peremptorily took possession, and immediately settled down to housekeeping. The following spring, however, I closed the door of the bird houses against these interlopers until the time, at least, when the wrens began nesting. The wrens took possession; and, evidently in fear of the sparrows, began to fill their houses with twigs until each one became a compact network of sticks. Through this ran, in each case, a hole just large enough to admit the wren's wee body, and behind this woody barrier they reared their young unmolested by the sparrows thenceforth. . . .

LIKE the classical pease-porridge, never too good but no worse for the keeping, there comes to our symposium board, perfectly kept since month before last, an invitation, from one of the greatest journals in this or any country, to follow the example of its distinguished editor and litterateur, and try to name the best ten short poems in the English language.

Well! Of all the rough and ill-defined challenges that newspaper hurry ever tossed into the arena of literary criticism, isn't this the most so! What is a short poem, any way? How many verses must a poem have to be a long one? If one were asked to confine himself somehow, somewhere, within terrestrial limits, he might find a point from which to draw a few venturesome comparisons. Suppose, for instance, he were required to name the best ten sonnets in the language; sonnets are virtually all of

one length, at any rate, and are not longer than our great journalist allows, for he heads his list with one of Shakespeare's sonnets and ends it with a poem of eighty-five lines, to wit: Rudyard Kipling's *Gunga Din*—stop laughing! Don't you suppose Kipling, that truly masterful poet, knows as well as we do, that *Gunga Din*—though, for reasons, it is fine—is not one of the best ten even of his own poems?

But suppose we were limited to sonnets. There would be some intelligence in that, and a pleasure in choosing. One would begin, of course, by taking at least five of Shakespeare's—for there's not a word said to forbid us entering as many short poems from one poet as we may choose—inside of ten, that is; we musn't go beyond ten. Still, we should not want to draw upon Shakespeare for more than nine at the utmost, for there is Sir Philip Sidney. Imagine Sir Philip confronted with "standing room only" and *Gunga Din*—that "limping lump o' brick dust, *Gunga Din*," grinning at him from a seat among the upper ten.

Suppose again, that, not being limited to sonnets, we should include songs; for our distinguished litterateur, "after giving much thought to the matter, has settled upon" three poems that are songs—without counting *Gunga Din*, which, as its brilliant author certainly and rightly intended, is a howling good clog-dance; that and far more. One of these songs is Burns's *Scots Wha Hae*. Did Burns never write a better song than *Bannockburn*? Is that going to outlast—well—even—*Auld Lang Syne*? But never mind that. An odder fact is that none of these three songs, and therefore none of these "best ten short poems in our language," includes Shelley's *Lines Set to an Indian Air*, or Ben Jonson's *Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes*. They left out, and *Gunga Din* included—Why, sir,—oh pshaw!

Need we say what we think of Mr. Kipling as a poet? We think he is not at all best in barrack-room ballads and that even there he is sometimes superb.

DOES it signify anything more than one man's eccentricity, and if so, what, that in this selection of our "ten best short"—to which we promise not to allude again—only one poem—*Mr. Howells's Estimate of Mr. Kipling Criticized*—and it twice as long as the next longest and only one line shorter than five of the others combined—is from a living author? One thing it inevitably implies; that if this is true critical justice then, as to short poems at least, Mr. Howells is right in calling Mr. Kipling "the chief poet of his race in his time."

Ah! well, we are not prepared to say yes, although we gladly confess again Mr. Kipling is a masterful singer; and if we were ready to say no, we should want more time to say it so that it should stay said, than there is left for the editor at this month's symposium. But now, as host at the board, it is our welcome duty to bid a guest\* who mentions the matter speak as he is moved.

To take up arms against the critical judgments of so accomplished, graceful and popular a writer as Mr. Howells may seem to many an audacious action. Has not Mr. Howells years? Has he not fame, style, depth, accu-

\* Mr. Calvin Dill Wilson.

racy, insight, judgment? What does he not have? Is he not in many respects the heir of our great New England school of writers? Does he not know these writers better than any one else does? Has he not caught their spirit? Is he not the Elisha, upon whom the mantle of all those Elijahs has fallen? And when he speaks, does he not speak with the united authority of Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, and the rest? To run a tilt with this admittedly mighty man seems indeed almost absurd.

Yet we must protest that this mighty man seems to us a literary danger; in short a misleader of the people. He is a discoverer of new gods, and occupies himself every now and then in erecting altars, and calling upon all of us to bow down and worship at the shrines he builds. How many altars has he built, anyway? Can any one tell us? The land is thick with them. Hear his Commandments. "Thou shalt worship Tolstoi. Thou shalt worship Zola, Howe, Paul Dunbar and the poetry of Rudyard Kipling."

No one can help but admire Mr. Howells' generosity and unstintedness of praise, when he gives at all. He puts the altar right on the mountain top. His gods are all great, or he will have none of them. Surely he is an example of author turned critic with a yet hospitable and unembittered heart. Himself a fine and popular writer, he gives laurels with a free hand, without envy or disparagement. He is a noble-hearted man.

But are his literary judgments sound? Is he not given to extravagant and misleading praise of writers who take his fancy, or whose work is in keeping with the cut-and-dried literary standard he has adopted?

In the March number of McClure's Magazine, Mr. Howells published an essay on Rudyard Kipling, as The Laureate of the Larger England. Does this mean that Mr. Kipling is a better poet than any other English writing poet born outside of England, and within the British Empire? Does it mean that he expresses best in his poetry the greatness and the spirit of that Empire? It means both, and more. Mr. Howells says that Kipling is "the chief poet of his race in his time." Now, there is an assertion for you. A slight familiarity with the history of literary criticisms will enable any one to recall the fact that judgments such as this have been made before. But they have seldom been approved by the wide-reaching good sense of the generations in which they have been uttered. Is it not possible that Mr. Howells, smitten with a desire to prove that our age is too wise to overlook a Keats or Shelley of its own, has gone to the other extreme of discovering that which does not exist?

If we were not terrified by the immense prestige of Mr. Howells, we should feel like reminding him that there is a poet still living, by name Swinburne, who as a poet, (however lamentable some of his material,) has shown some right to the claim of being foremost since the deaths of Tennyson and Browning. If it were a mere matter of matching assertion against assertion, we should feel at liberty to place even against Mr. Howells' dogma this, that Swinburne is at this moment the chief poet of the English-speaking race. What has Kipling produced, or shown sign of capacity to produce, to be measured against Atalanta in Calydon? Kipling may be, and probably is, a great writer. But is he a poet of the stature of Swinburne? That is the question.

Mr. Howells declares that Kipling is "the English poet who continues the great tradition of English poetry most conspicuously;" "there is no one else (except William Watson) to name with him." How is it possible for any man deeply versed as Howells is in English poetry to claim this? Does Kipling continue the "great tradition" of Shakespeare and Milton? Does he continue the "great tradition" of Dryden and Pope, of Byron, Shelley, Keats? Of Tennyson and Browning? Who can agree to this? Is not this praise gone mad? For what rea-

son cannot Swinburne be named with Kipling as a poet? There are many supposedly competent critics to-day, who certainly would name him so.

Mr. Howells quotes from *The Seven Seas* the poem *An American*, in which the American Spirit speaks; and he gives as his judgment that it is "the most important thing intellectually," in the volume. He calls it a "very extraordinary poem," in which the writer has "divined our actual average better than any American I can think of offhand. The American Spirit speaks here as if with the blended voice of Emerson and Ironquill. It gives a sense of his penetration and grasp."

Surely Mr. Kipling must have been amused by reading this criticism. The poem shows no original insight into things American. It is as evident an echo of Walt Whitman as was ever put on paper. The knowledge of the American Spirit has all the appearance of having been obtained by diligent reading of *Leaves of Grass*. The adjectives are Whitman's; the spirit is Whitman's; everything is Whitman's, except the regular metres. How Howells could have blundered in this manner is singular. It is as absolutely certain that Kipling was chock full of Whitman when he wrote that poem, that he was looking through Whitman's eyes, as it is that Kipling is not the greatest poet now writing in English, and that he is not as great a poet as Swinburne, and that he is not continuing the "great tradition of English poetry." That he is a poet, a real one, possibly a great one, is quite another matter. But why cannot so strong and bright a man as Mr. Howells give us calmer literary judgments.

At a later date we hope to speak to this point, but are sure only that we shall have large tribute to offer to the genius that has sung the *Songs of Seven Seas* and—as some one said yesterday, "widened the field of human sympathy." If we never follow worse misleadings than Mr. Howells' we shall at least never stumble into an ignoble view of Men or Letters. But let us return for just a moment to our nature-books.

Another reason why nature-books, now that they are so universally intelligible and attractive, find so many readers comes to our mind. For while critics of history are debating as to what is true and critics of romance and poetry are differing as to what is good and right, nothing else looks quite so absolutely innocent as this converse with things so totally unspotted from the blight of "sinful man's" strivings and strayings. And such reading is so restful! Yes, and yet let us not throw ourselves too recklessly into the arms of Nature. "Beware of her," once wrote Emerson to that true lover of man, the naturalist John Muir; "she's a glorious mistress, but an intolerable wife." On the page next this we print a masterly essay of Professor Thomas Davidson which though under a distinctive heading is intended to be regarded as a part, the very best part, of this symposium. In his lucid forth-setting of the true reasons why we seek and bestow education he assigns to nature and our interest in nature their proper place thus: "Man, then, with his intelligence, affections and will, stands over against a world of means and a world of ends—a world of nature, and a world of culture. . . . He must know both as well as he may; he must love both, with affection distributed according to the value of each thing for the ends of [human—spiritual] freedom. . . . He must know, love and treat nature as a means; man as an end." But turn the page and read him.

## THE UNITY OF EDUCATION \*

[Editorial Note.—Thomas Davidson, the distinguished scholar, whose paper on "The Unity of Education," and the elements which rightly enter into it here follows, was born near Fetterangus, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, on October 25, 1840. At twenty he graduated from the university of his native shire with the Simpson Greek prize and the highest classical honors. He was then for several years rector of the Grammar (Latin) School of Old Aberdeen, after which he studied and traveled on the continent. In 1867 he came to the United States and here, with the exception of a residence of some few years in Italy, he has since lived and worked. His work has been that of a scholar and educator in the highest and best sense. What that sense is may be gathered from his address: education means for him spiritual freedom through rational insight. This idea has given unity to a wide range of scholarly activity that might otherwise appear incoherent. Of remarkable linguistic attainments and vast erudition, he has devoted his life to mastering and expounding the great forces that make for spiritual freedom in the history of human culture. His aim has been to understand in themselves and in their origin the ideas expressed in the literature, the art, the science, the religion and the philosophy of civilized humanity and to so realize these ideas and make others realize them as to develop that rational insight into the existence, the nature and the meaning of the spiritual universe which is the basis of true freedom. With this aim, he has studied, written and lectured much on the cultural elements derived from Greece, from Christianity and the Orient, from mediæval and modern literature and philosophy. Especially thorough is his

knowledge of Aristotle and Dante. He was one of the most prominent leaders of the old Concord School of Philosophy, and after that stopped he himself conducted for several years a similar school in Farmington, Conn. This subsequently gave place to the Glenmore School of the Culture Sciences in the Adirondacks. Here in the wilderness, on the foot-hills of Mt. Hurricane, is gathered every summer a goodly company of people, living in cottages or tents scattered over the hillsides, in pursuit of a common ideal of knowledge and freedom. Lectures are delivered in a large hall during July and August. Glenmore, unlike Concord, is too far away for the newspaper reporters, but its unique life, under the genial inspiration of its founder, should make it famous. Mr. Davidson lives now the greater part of the year at Glenmore—in the mountains among his books, probably the finest private library of its kind in America. His publications include, among others, Rosmini's *Philosophical System* (1882), the translation of Rosmini's *Psychology* (3 vols. 1884-1889), *The Parthenon Frieze and other Essays* (1882), the translation of Scartazzini's *Handbook to Dante* (1887), *Prolegomena to Tennyson's, In Memoriam* (1889), *Aristotle and the Ancient Educational Ideals* (Great Educators Series, 1892), *The Education of the Greek People* (International Education Series, 1894), the article on Longfellow in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and numerous contributions to the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, the *International Journal of Ethics*, the *Forum* and other literary and scientific magazines. He is at present engaged on a large work on *Mediæval Philosophy*.

Of the many and crying defects of education at the present day, none is more obvious or more fatal than its want of unity, its want of system. The cause lies in our lack of any clear idea of the end of education, for every department of activity finds its unity in its end, or purpose. Very few persons, indeed, have any definite notion of what result education is seeking to reach. Some

**The Ideal of Education**

will say: "We want to make our pupils good citizens," or perhaps "We want to make them good men and women;" but what constitutes a good citizen, or a good man, is not so easily discovered or stated. "Look," writes a well-known English author, with no reference to American education, but in words almost perfectly true of it: "Look," he says, "how the English people treat their children. Try and discover from the way they train them, from the education they give them, what they wish them to be. They have ceased, almost consciously ceased to have any ideal at all. Traces may still be observed of an old ideal not quite forgotten; here and there a vague notion of instilling hardihood, a really decided wish to teach frankness and honesty, and, in a large class, also good manners; but these, after all, are negative virtues. What do they wish their children to aim at? What pursuit do they desire for them? Except that when they grow up they are to make or have a livelihood, and take a satisfactory position in society, and in the meanwhile that it would be hard for them not to enjoy themselves heartily (we should say "they must, under any circumstances, have a good time.") Most parents would be puzzled to say what they wish for their children. And, whatever they wish, they wish so languidly that they en-

trust the realization of it almost entirely to strangers, being themselves, so they say—and, indeed, the Philistine or irreligious person, always is—too much engaged. The parent, from their embarrassment and want of an ideal, has in a manner abdicated, and it has become necessary to set apart a special class for the cultivation of parental feelings and duties. The modern schoolmaster should change his name, for he has become a kind of standing or professional parent."<sup>†</sup>

Let us try briefly to outline that ideal of education which the modern world, rich beyond all earlier conditions in means to culture, seems to require, and to which the scientific and philosophic study of man's history and nature seems to point, and to make an attempt to show how that ideal may be realized. For, after all, if the world's colossal industry is not a means to the realization of man as man, as a spiritual being, it is of no more value than the industry of ants and beavers. If man is merely an industrial animal, he is the most pathetic object on the surface of the globe.

The study of man's history makes it clear that the aim of all human life and culture is the realization of the free, self-directing man, and that in his freedom lies the unitary principle of all education.

In tending to freedom man tends away from bondage in four main forms, (1) bondage to physical needs, (2) bondage to passion, (3) bondage to established institutions, (4) bondage to unseen powers. The savage and, to a large extent, the barbarian are compelled to spend most of their time and strength in an often unequal struggle with nature for the necessities of existence; most of what is left is placed at the service of lust, jealousy, hatred,

\* Original in Current Literature.

† Natural Religion, by the author of *Ecce Homo*, p. 128.



revenge, and spent in the endeavor to satisfy them. What restraint is put upon the passions comes from thralldom to tribal customs, traditions, and prescriptions, or from fear of invisible beings invested by tradition with a sinister reality. Thus, the absolutely uneducated man is, in all directions, a slave. The educated man, on the contrary, just in proportion as he is educated, is free—free from bondage to physical needs, to passion, to institutions, to invisible powers. In dealing with nature and natural needs, he is a master, making them a means whereby he develops his power of will. He makes his passions the instruments of his rational insight; he finds institutions the outward expression and organ of his own rationality, and if they are not, he endeavors to make them so; and, finally, he knows that the Invisible Power is his own deepest self, that in which all selves have their origin and root, and his relation to it is one of reverence, love and free service. He knows that, in doing its will, he is doing his own, and reaching forward to his own end. Service to it is freedom.

We may make these three assumptions:

1. That the unity of the human being lies in his end, which is freedom, or self-realization.
2. That life, in so far as it is human, is the way to this end, the process by which it is reached.
3. That education is the guide of such life, and finds its unity in its end, which is individual freedom.

In order, then, to comprehend the unity of education, and see what element must enter into it, we mustn't begin by considering the nature of freedom. When may a man be said to be free? When three conditions are realized, I think. (1) When he knows his own end and the conditions under which it can be realized. Thus he obeys the So-

**Four Forms of  
Emancipation**

cratic imperative "know thyself." (2) When he sets their true value upon that end and upon the various conditions which are necessary to its attainment. Thus he obeys the command of Christ: Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart . . . and thy neighbor as thyself. (3) When he acts strongly under the influence of this knowledge and this love. When all these three conditions are realized, a man is free; if one of them fails, he is a slave. If knowledge fails, he is a slave to blindness, to tradition, to prejudice; if love fails, or is falsely distributed, he is a slave to passion; if will to act fails, he is the impotent slave of weakness and indecision, as well as of the external world of things and institutions.

If these are the conditions of freedom, it is clear that they are the conditions which education must seek to make real in every man. Education, therefore, must give man knowledge, love and will, or, rather, it must elicit these in him. But, before these can be elicited a prior condition has to be fulfilled. Man depends for his development upon the external world, made up of sub-human means, and human ends, and with this he stands connected through his bodily organs. The care of the body, therefore, the preservation of a healthy and growing condition as a means of communication, is the first department of education. This care naturally falls into three parts: care of the nutritive system, or therapeutics, care of the muscular system, or gymnastics and manual training; and, finally, care of

the sensitive system, for which we seem to have no special name. All three involve care of the nervous system.

At the present day, bodily education, though receiving more attention than it did some years ago, is still in a very backward state. The nutritive system is often shamefully neglected. Children are allowed to eat improper things, to eat at improper times, to contract injurious habits of digestion, and so on. Above all, they are allowed to eat for the pleasure of eating, instead of for the sake of health and freedom. Nor is the muscular system duly attended to. Though we are beginning to have gymnastics and manual training in our educational institutions, the former aim more frequently at establishing the athletic habit, which is too often nowadays an obstacle to true education, while the latter seeks to prepare the child for a definite calling rather than to enable him to coördinate the muscles of eye and hand. The sensitive system fares somewhat better. Though children are allowed to injure their eyes by sitting in rooms heated by steam or furnaces, a good deal is now done to train the ear by musical instruction, and the eye by drawing, painting and manual training generally. The nervous system, which requires most care of all, is generally the most completely neglected. Children are allowed to be subjected to all forms of excitement, to get overtired, to go without sleep, to eat and drink things that irritate or numb the nerves, and so on. I remember no treatise on education that lays down a system of rules for the training of the nervous system, and yet more lives are blasted by untrained nervous systems than by any other one assignable cause.

It is needless to say that the training of the bodily powers will differ at different periods of life. What is demanded by the child of two years old will be unsuitable for the boy or girl of ten or sixteen. Nevertheless, the whole training must form an harmonious system, unified and determined by its end, which is to make the body a perfect instrument for the ends of free spirit. For we are fed, we move, we have sense-experience, in order that we may know, that we may love, that we may act beneficently. It is impossible, within the limits now assigned to me, even to outline a system of bodily training. I can only insist upon the crying need for such a system, and say that it must have for its aim the gradual shaping of all the organs and powers of the body into ready instruments of the soul.

When we pass from the body to the soul, we are passing from that which is a means to that which is an end. The powers of the spirit are trained for their own sake. We learn to know, to love, to will, in order that we may know more, love better and more wisely, will more freely and strongly.

For the soul, and as a means to its development, the world consists of two distinct parts, the world of means and the world of ends, the sub-human world and the human world. With respect to the human world this paradox is true: it can be used as a means only in so far as it is treated as an end. Only by treating my fellow-man as an end in and for himself can I make him a means to my own realization. Only in so far as I seek to develop in him knowledge, love and will can he become an

**Man and Nature,  
End and Means**

instrument for developing them in me. If I try to use him merely as a means for my ends, I shall retrograde at once in one or another of these, and ultimately in all three.

Man, then, with less intelligence, affections, and will, stands over against a world of means and a world of ends—a world of nature, and a world of culture—and by means of these he is to realize himself as a free being. He must know both, as well as he may; he must love both, with affection distributed according to the value of each thing for the ends of freedom; he must use his will in order to make each thing in its degree contribute to these ends. He must know, love, and treat nature as a means, man as an end. Moreover, he must know before he can rationally love, and he must love rationally before he can will freely and justly. It is true indeed, that a human being loses before he knows; but such love is not rational, and the acts which flow from it are not based on free will. Education, then, in the sense of the way to freedom, begins with knowledge of the world of means and the world of ends. But, before he can reach either of these worlds directly, he must acquire four instruments of knowledge, viz., language, letters, numbers, and a certain degree of manual facility. These are presuppositions of education. Equipped with these, he is ready to attack both worlds, and both, indeed, should be dealt with at once, care being taken that they be, from the first, distinguished as means and end, and this distinction impressed upon thought, word and deed. While the child is becoming acquainted with the world of nature, and learning, through interest and wonder, to realize and love its beauty and its aimfulness, his will should be exercised in strict attention. He should not be allowed to rove from one thing to another, or to find interest only in novelty. Whatever his attention is directed to, to that it should be held, and about that he should be made to do something having a purpose and an end. His very games should have in them an aim, requiring the exercise of will, and that end should be rational, producing the good or the beautiful. Caprice and impatience should be ruled out from the first. During the first steps of this process, the child will not have altogether a "good time," as the immoral phrase is; but sentimentality must not be allowed to make this an excuse for stopping it. He will have a better time all the rest of his life for the little sacrifice at the beginning. And while he is becoming acquainted with nature, the means, he must also become acquainted with man, the end—man as a rational, loving, willing being. He must, through ear and eye, through history, biography and fiction, through painting and sculpture, be made familiar with heroic deeds and shown why they are heroic, namely because they assert freedom and pave the way for freedom. It must be impressed upon him that life, unless it is heroic, unless it is a growth in knowledge, in love, and in will, is aimless and valueless, that a life guided by caprice, or whose aim lies anywhere in the world of means, is an ignoble, inhuman life. And what he thus discovers to be noble, he must put in practice in his own life, in his own daily actions toward other children and toward older persons. The heroic world

must not be allowed to withdraw into the mist and gloom of the past. It must be realized in the present. Every child must be made to feel: I am bound to be a hero or heroine, and a saint, equal to, or even greater than, the mighty of old. And he must be shown that the present type of heroism or sainthood (sainthood is simply the old Christian heroism) demands a comprehensive knowledge of nature and man, demands right love, and all that follows from love, demands a will unparalyzed by fear, sloth, or self-indulgence. The pagan hero was mostly a great warrior, who worthily defended the institutions which make freedom possible—the family and the state. He was not necessarily or frequently a man of wide affections or much knowledge of man or nature. The Christian saint was usually, though not always, a man of thought and meditation, generally a man of great, though not well-distributed love, and sometimes even a man of strenuous action; but the last was not regarded as an essential of sainthood. The modern ideal man must be all that the pagan hero and the Christian saint combined were, and he must be more. He must not only defend the institutions of freedom in war, but he must labor to build them up in and through peace, and he must include all mankind in his efforts. Again he must not only be a man of thought and meditation, but he must be a man of wide and comprehensive knowledge; his love must be well-distributed, and he must not, like the saint, seek to flee from the world, and save his own soul otherwise than through the salvation of mankind.

If I were to say that it is just the want of a clear conception of this ideal man, this hero and saint in one, that is the chief defect and fundamental weakness of modern education, I should only be saying the truth. This conception is lacking, not only in our schools, but, what is far worse, in life itself; and it will not find its way into the former, until it has embodied itself in the latter. Parents and teachers have no ideal of education for their children and pupils, because they have no ideal in their own lives, beyond the beggarly one of a certain degree of respectability and physical well-being. The first step toward unity and efficacy of education must be the establishment of a new ideal of heroic sainthood in the general consciousness of the people—a sainthood including wide knowledge, deep, well-distributed affection, and strong, beneficent will, extending to all mankind. When this ideal has become a part of the general consciousness, and every boy and girl learns from the ordinary conversation of society that it is what he or she must labor to attain, then the means for its attainment will not be long in becoming apparent. But ideals that are to become part of the common consciousness, always appear first in the consciousness of some individual, and thence spread, by some degrees, through personal influence. Now, the future ideal of manhood and womanhood is already present, more or less clearly, in a considerable number of minds, who may thus fairly be said to possess the light of the world. From these must issue the education of the future.

In a later paper I hope to consider by what process these aims of life and education may be realized.

THOMAS DAVIDSON.

# THE GREAT DECLARATION AND ONE OF ITS SIGNERS\*

BY MOSES COIT TYLER

... Moreover, during the century and a quarter since the close of the Revolution, the influence of this state paper on the political character and the political conduct of the American people has been great beyond all calculation. For example, after we had achieved our own national deliverance, and had advanced into that enormous and somewhat corrupting material prosperity which followed the adoption of the constitution, the development of the cotton interest, and the expansion of the republic into a trans-continental power, we fell, as is now most apparent, under an appalling national temptation—the temptation to forget, or to repudiate, or to refuse to apply to the case of our human brethren in bondage, the very principles which we ourselves had once proclaimed as the basis of every rightful government, and as the ultimate source of our own claim to an untrammelled national life. The prodigious service rendered to us in this awful moral emergency by the Declaration of Independence was, that its public repetition, at least once every year, in the hearing of vast throngs of the American people, in every portion of the republic, kept constantly before our minds, in a form of almost religious sanctity, those few great ideas as to the dignity of human nature, and the sacredness of personality, and the indelible rights of man as mere man, with which we had so gloriously identified the beginnings of our national existence, and upon which we had proceeded to erect all our political institutions both for the nation and for the States. . . . It was the preamble of the Declaration of Independence which elected Lincoln, which set forth the Emancipation Proclamation, which gave victory to Grant, which ratified the Thirteenth Amendment. . . .

The writer of a piece of literature which has been neglected, need not be refused the consolation he may get from reflecting that he is, at least, not the writer of a piece of literature which has become hackneyed. Just this is the sort of calamity which seems to have befallen the Declaration of Independence. Is it, indeed, possible for us Americans, near the close of the nineteenth century, to be entirely just to the literary quality of this most monumental document—this much belauded, much bespouted, much beflouted document?—since, in order to be so, the obstreperous memories of a lifetime of Independence Days. . . .

Had the Declaration of Independence been, what many a revolutionary state paper is, a clumsy, verbose, and vaporing production, not even the robust literary taste and the all-forgiving patriotism of the American people could have endured the weariness, the nausea, of hearing its repetition, in ten thousand different places, at least once every year, for so long a period. Nothing which has not supreme literary merit has ever triumphantly endured such an ordeal, or ever been subjected to it. No man can adequately explain the persistent fas-

cination which this state paper has had, and which it still has, for the American people, or for its undiminished power over them, without taking into account its extraordinary literary merits—its possession of the witchery of true substance wedded to perfect form:—its massiveness and incisiveness of thought, its art in the marshaling of the topics with which it deals, its symmetry, its energy, the definiteness and limpidity of its statements, its exquisite diction—at once terse, musical, and electrical; and, as an essential part of this literary outfit, many of those spiritual notes which can attract and enthrall our hearts—veneration for God, veneration for man, veneration for principle, respect for public opinion, moral earnestness, moral courage, optimism, a stately and noble pathos, finally, self-sacrificing devotion to a cause so great as to be herein identified with the happiness, not of one people only, or of one race only, but of human nature itself.

Upon the whole, this is the most commanding and the most pathetic utterance, in any age, in any language, of national grievances and of national purposes; having a Demosthenic momentum of thought, and a fervor of emotional appeal such as Tyrtæus might have put into his war-song; it is a stately and a passionate chant of human freedom; it is a prose lyric of civil and military heroism. We may be altogether sure that no genuine development of literary taste among the American people in any period of our future history can result in serious misfortune to this particular specimen of American literature.

On Monday morning, the fifth of September, 1774, four-and-forty gentleman, representing twelve "colonies and provinces in North America," quietly made their way into Carpenters' Hall, in Philadelphia, and there sitting down together began "to consult upon the present state of the colonies, and the miseries to which they are and must be reduced by the operation of certain acts of parliament respecting America." . . . Thus came into life the first Continental Congress. . . .

As they came out from that hall of anxious deliberation, some of them may have found, on stepping into Mr. John Dunlap's shop, not far away, a lively-looking little book, just come from the printer's hands, in which book they could read a graphic and indeed a quite tremendous history of the very events that had brought them together:

A

## PRETTY STORY

written in the

YEAR OF OUR LORD 1774

by

PETER GRIEVOUS, ESQ.

A. B. C. D. E.

*Veluti in Speculo*

PHILADELPHIA

Printed and sold by John Dunlap  
M. DCC. LXXIV.

\* A selected reading from *The Literary History of the Revolution*, by Moses Coit Tyler. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. See Book List, page 92.

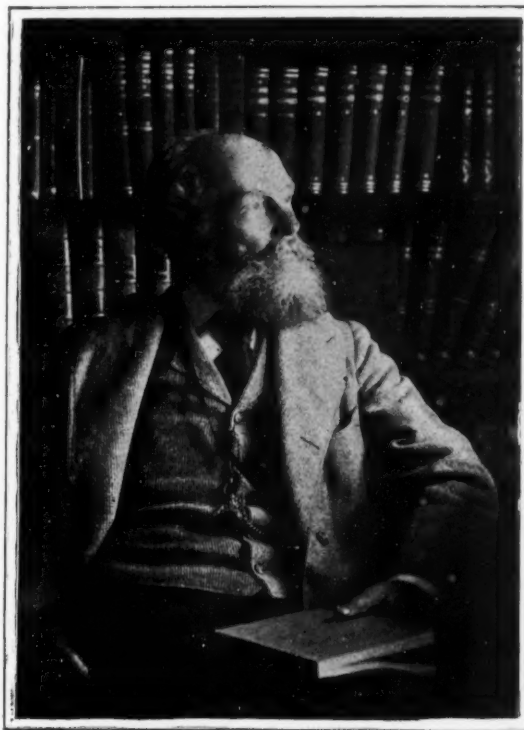


As this title-page, however, gave no clew to the real import of the book, the reader who should then seek for such clew in the preface, would find himself there decoyed by explanations which still failed to give him warning that he was about to peruse a tractate. . . . "A book," gaily remarks Peter Grievous . . . "is like a house. The grand portico is the Dedication; the flagged pavement is an Humble Address to the Reader, in order to pave the way for a kind reception of the work; the front door with its fluted pillars, pediment, trigliffs and modillions, are the Title-page, with its motto, author's name and titles, date of the year, etc.; the entry is the Preface—oftentimes of a tedious length; and the several apartments and closets are the Chapters and Sections of the work itself. As I am but a clumsy carpenter at best, I shall not attempt to decorate my little cottage with any out-of-door ornaments; but as it would be inconvenient and uncomfortable to have my front door open immediately into the apartments of the house, I have made this Preface by way of entry.

"And now, gentle reader, if you should think my entry too plain and simple, you may set your imagination to work, and furnish it with a grand staircase, with cornices, stucco and paintings. That is, you may suppose that I entered very unwillingly upon this work, being compelled to it by a chain of unforeseen circumstances; that it was written in the midst of a great hurry of other business, and under particular disadvantages of time and place, and that it was only intended for the inspection of a few friends, without any expectations of ever seeing it in the press. You may, kind reader, go on to suppose that when my friends perused my work, they were struck with the energy of my genius, and insisted that the public ought not to be deprived of such a fund of amusement and improvement through my obstinate modesty; and that, after many solicitations and powerful persuasions, I had been prevailed upon to bless mankind with the fruits of my labor. Or, if you like not this, you may suppose that the following sheets were found in the cabinet of some deceased gentleman; or that they were dug out of an ancient ruin, or discovered in a hermit's cave, or dropped from the clouds in a hail storm. In short, you may suppose just what you please. And when, by the help of imagination, you have seasoned the Preface to your palate, you may turn over this leaf, and feast upon the body of the work itself."

Here at last was a writer able to defend the colonial cause, and to assail its enemies, with a fine and a very rare weapon—that of humor. The personages included in *A Pretty Story* are few; its topics are simple and palpable, and even now in but little need of elucidation; the plot and incidents of the fiction travel in the actual footsteps of well-known history; while the aptness, the delicacy, and the humor of the allegory give to the reader the most delightful surprises, and are well sustained to the very end. The wit of the author flashes light upon every legal question then at issue; and the stern and even technical debate between the colonies and the motherland is here translated into a piquant and a bewitching novelette. It soon became known that its author was Francis Hopkinson. . . .

The political satire of Freneau and of Trumbull is, in general, grim, bitter, vehement, unrelenting. Hopkinson's satire is as keen as theirs, but its characteristic note is one of playfulness. They stood forth the wrathful critics and assailants of the enemy, confronting him with a hot and an honest hatred, and ready to overwhelm him with an acerbity that was fell and pitiless. Hopkinson, on the other hand, was too gentle, too tender-hearted—his personal tone was too full of amenity—for that sort of warfare. A man who, in his private life, had so kindly and gracious a nature as to be able to establish intimate relations with a poor little Ishmaelite of a mouse which, on his taking his seat at table, would steal from its hiding-place and disport itself by him at his meals; or who could so prevail over the distrust and fugaciousness of a flock of pigeons, that they would wait for him daily in his garden, would flutter around him as he approached, and contend for places on his person, crowding upon his head and shoulders, and even clinging to the slopes of his arms—such a man was not the one to



MOSES COIT TYLER

make use, even against his worst political enemies, of the rancorous and acrid methods of literary strife. No one saw more vividly than he what was weak, or despicable, or cruel, in the position and conduct of the enemy; but in exhibiting it, his method was that of good-humored ridicule. Never losing his temper, almost never extreme in emotion or in expression, with an urbanity which kept unfailingly upon his side the sympathies of his readers, he knew how to dash and discomfit the foe with a raillery that was all the more effective because it seemed to spring from the very absurdity of the case, and to be, as Ben Jonson required, "without malice or heat."

## AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: HENRY VAN DYKE

By F. M. HOPKINS

Rev. Henry van Dyke, D. D., has been for years one of the best loved pastors and foremost preachers of New York City, but to the literary world he has been known as a critic, essayist, story writer—in short a versatile prosewriter of exceptional powers. Charles Scribner's Sons have just published a volume of his poetry that will add to his well-earned reputation in other fields the fame of a poet,

work of a man who knows his time and loves it."

The first book to win the author a wide reputation as a litterateur was *The Poetry of Tennyson*, 1889, which is not only a careful study of the technique of the poet, but in a much broader way an interpretation of the views of art and life with which the poems abound. This volume met with the warmest approval from the poet himself, who furnished

the material to make the second edition more complete. In 1893 *The Christ Child in Art*—a commentary on the work of the masters in painting who have portrayed the Madonna and Child—appeared and was warmly welcomed.

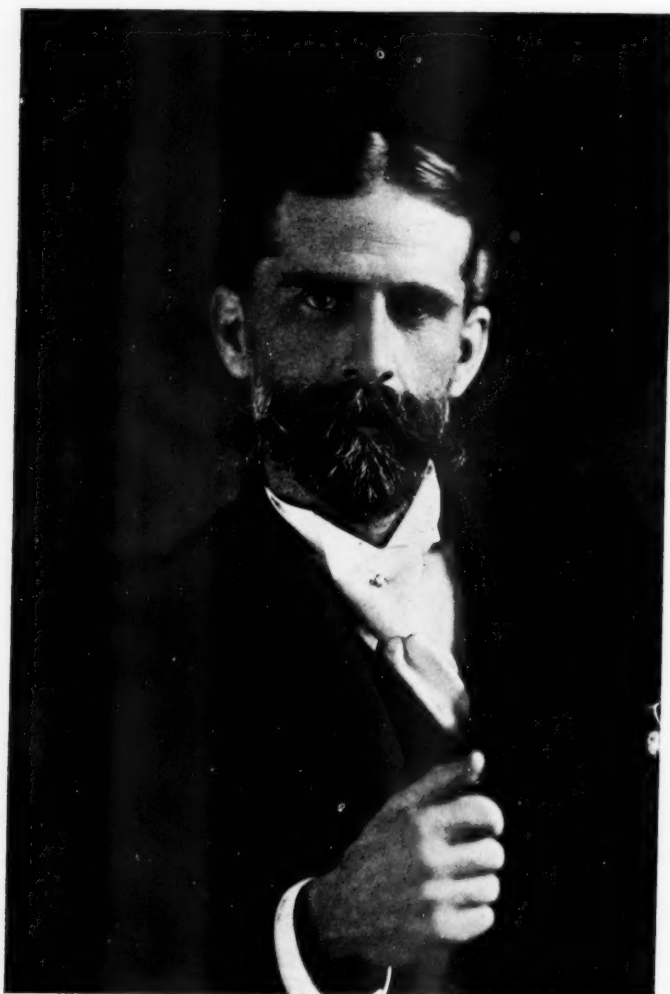
In 1895 *Little Rivers*—a volume of delightful out-of-door essays, now in its sixth edition—was published, and greatly strengthened a growing reputation. As Mr. Mabie well says, "the breath of the imagination stirs to rare music of speech in this series of papers which is likely to become a classic in its field." Last year a number of allegorical stories of unusual beauty of diction and most graceful in fancy were published under the title, *The Story of the Other Wise Man*.

Dr. van Dyke's new volume of poetry, *The Builders and Other Poems*, contains about two score of titles which are divided into four classifications: the ode which gives the title to the collection, *Lyrics of Friendship and Truth*, *Songs Out of Doors*, and *Four Birds and a Flower*. The Builders, an academic ode recited by Dr. van Dyke at the 150th anniversary of Princeton College, is smooth and stately in movement and well sustained from beginning to end, and will rank with the few American odes that have survived the occasions for which they were written. There are several poems of singular beauty among the "lyrics of friendship and truth," but the finest is the short poem on the death of Tennyson, which is here reproduced from an autographic copy of the poem by the author.\* It

is not too much to say that it is the most beautiful of the many tributes evoked by the Laureate's death. One critic has said, and with truth, that the "elegist has caught something of his master's highest manner, so that in this one poem it may almost be said, as was said respecting Landor's *Citation of Shakespeare*, that 'only two men could have written it; he who wrote it and the man it was written on.'"

The out of door songs contain as clear woodland notes as can be found in American poetry. The Angler's Wish, The Snow Song, and Roslin and

\* See page 65.



HENRY VAN DYKE

for this collection is destined to be one of the most notable of recent years.

A glance at Dr. van Dyke's previous books is all that can be given, for it is our wish to reserve space for two or three of his beautiful lyrics, for a better idea of the charm of this collection can be given in this than in any other way. Dr. van Dyke's volumes of a distinctly religious character are *The Reality of Religion*, 1884; *The Story of the Psalms*, 1887; *Straight Sermons*, 1893; *The Gospel for an Age of Doubt*, 1896—lectures delivered a year before at the Yale Theological Seminary. These books are all sound, clear, vital, catholic in spirit, brotherly in feeling, and to quote another, "the

Hawthornden are gems of rare beauty. More striking in its imagery and not less melodious is *The Fall of the Leaves*:

In warlike pomp, with banners streaming,  
The regiments of autumn stood;  
I saw their gold and scarlet gleaming  
From every hillside, every wood.

Beside the sea, the clouds were keeping  
Their secret leaguer, gray and still;  
And soon their misty scouts came creeping,  
With noiseless step, from hill to hill.

All day their sullen armies drifted  
Athwart the sky with slanting rain;  
At sunset for a space they lifted,  
With dusk they settled down again.

At dark the winds began to blow  
With mutterings distant, low;  
From sea and sky they called their strength,  
'Till with an angry, broken roar,  
Like billows on an unseen shore,  
Their fury burst at length.

I heard through the night  
The rush and the clamor;

Doubtless the bird and flower lyrics will bring the largest measure of popularity. In *The Veery*, for instance, the singer and artist unite in a rare degree. A lyric of such haunting melody cannot die. It is a short poem and is given here in full:

The moonbeams over Arno's vale in silver flood were pouring  
When first I heard the nightingale a long-lost love deploring.  
So passionate, so full of pain, it sounded strange and eerie;  
I longed to hear a simpler strain,—the woodnotes of the veery.

The laverock sings a bonny lay above the Scottish heather;  
It sprinkles down from far away like light and love together;  
He drops the golden notes to greet his brooding mate, his dearie;  
I only know one song more sweet,—the vespers of the veery.

In English gardens, green and bright and full of fruity treasure,  
I heard the blackbird with delight repeat his merry measure:  
The ballad was a pleasant one, the tune was loud and cheery,  
And yet with every setting sun, I listened for the veery.

But far away, and far away, the tawny thrush is singing:  
New England woods, at close of day, with that clear chant are ringing;  
And when my light of life is low and heart and flesh are weary,  
I fain would hear before I go, the woodnotes of the veery.

Not less exquisite is *The Lily of Yarrow*, written in a difficult measure, but singularly musical:

Deep in the heart of the forest the lily of Yarrow is growing;  
Blue is its cup as the sky, and with mystical odor o'erflowing;  
Faintly it falls through the shadowy glades when the south wind is blowing.

Sweet are the primroses pale and the violets after a shower;  
Sweet are the borders of pinks and the blossoming grapes on the bower;  
Sweeter by far is the breath of that far-away woodland flower.

Searching and strange in its sweetness, it steals like a perfume enchanted  
Under the arch of the forest, and all who perceive it are haunted,  
Seeking and seeking forever, till sight of the lily is granted.

Who can describe how it grows, with its chalice of lazuli leaning  
Over a crystalline spring, where the ferns and the mosses are greening?  
Who can imagine its beauty or utter the depth of its meaning?

Calm of the journeying stars, and repose of the mountains olden,  
Joy of the swift-running rivers, and glory of sunsets golden,  
Secrets that cannot be told in the heart of the flower are holden.

Surely to see it is peace and the crown of a lifelong endeavor;  
Surely to pluck it is gladness,—but they who have found it can never  
Tell of the gladness and peace: they are hid from our vision forever.

'Twas but a moment ago that a comrade was wandering near me:  
Turning aside from the pathway he murmured a greeting to cheer me.  
Then he was lost in the shade, and I called, but he did not hear me.

Why should I dream he is dead, and bewail him with passionate sorrow?  
Surely I know there is gladness in finding the lily of Yarrow:  
He has discovered it first, and perhaps I shall find it to-morrow.



## CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

SOME EDITORS OF GREAT MAGAZINES: II.—THE CENTURY'S STAFF

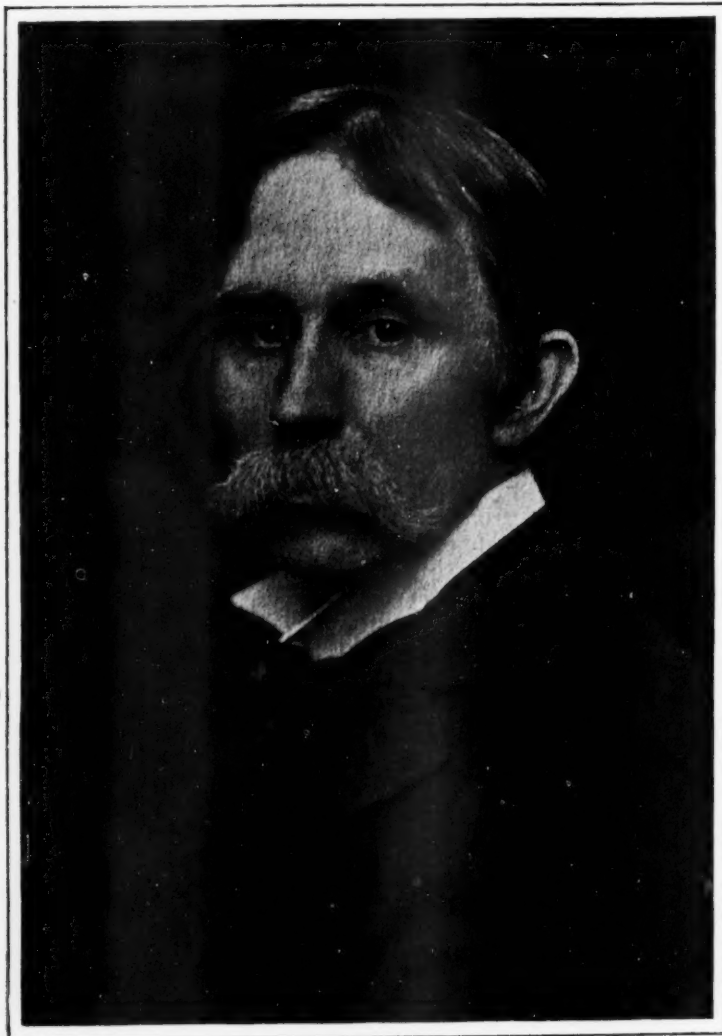
BY ERNEST INGERSOLL \*

The founding of what is now the Century Magazine was certainly one of the most interesting incidents in the history of American literature; no

purpose than mere monetary success—a purpose to hold up at full arm's length a literary and moral ideal, which should be raised from month to month, as fast as the minds of its promoters grew. This proposal was more than a purpose to please the people, even the very best people, by good work; it was to build up a higher taste and nobler sense of righteousness in America, and to do what it could to satisfy these new demands.

The publication of the new magazine began in November, 1870, with Dr. Holland as editor-in-chief.

One of the preliminary arrangements had been the absorption of *Hours at Home*—an illustrated magazine of that day which would seem rather small now; and with it they took its editor or manager—a young man named Richard Watson Gilder. Mr. Gilder has come of a New Jersey family, all of whose recent members had done or were doing something noteworthy. As a boy he had been keen for writing and printing, then had gone into the army of the Union, and returning had become a newspaper editor in Newark, N. J., and finally had taken charge of *Hours at Home*. It was a fortunate circumstance for the public as well as for himself that such a chance for promotion came as placed him in the chair of assistant to Dr. Holland at the start of the new magazine in 1870; and when Dr. Holland died in 1881 there was no question as to who should take his place. Mr. Gilder became at once the editor-in-chief of what had just been re-organized into



RICHARD WATSON GILDER

From a photograph by Hollinger & Rockey, 518 Fifth Avenue, New York

monthly periodical, probably, has had a greater influence upon the United States than this.

Charles Scribner, senior, then at the head of his famous publishing house, invited Dr. J. G. Holland, at that time in the height of his success as Timothy Titcomb, to undertake the editorial charge of a magazine he, Mr. Scribner, proposed to issue. Dr. Holland turned this around, and replied: "I will not edit a magazine for you, but I will go in with you if I can take in a third man." This third man—a most fortunate choice—was the late Mr. Roswell Smith.

These three coadjutors found themselves agreeing in a desire to make a magazine having a higher

The Century; and he is likely to continue in active conduct of it for many years to come.

The Century Magazine, from its business circumstances, is perhaps less the product of one man's purpose than are most periodicals, yet Mr. Gilder's influence has been paramount in shaping its course; and he has carried out to its fullest development the notion of leadership which was the germinant idea. The Century has boldly assumed to say what people ought to read and how they ought to think, and has forced them to take an interest in the things it considered of moment, and to worship at the shrines it approved of, whether they seemed disposed to do so or not. This ex cathedra attitude was most strikingly manifested at first, perhaps, in respect to the art of illustration, where a revolution

\* Written for Current Literature.

has resulted, the history of which is matter sufficient for a separate essay. More lately it has been distinctly marked in the treatment of public questions, in which this editor and his associates have made the magazine a trumpet for calling men first to repentance and then to battle on questions of national ethics that other "popular" periodicals have treated, if at all, only with the elegant moderation—not to say indifference—of the dilettante. This missionary, militant, conception of magazine editing has given to *The Century* its distinctive character among the periodicals of the world.

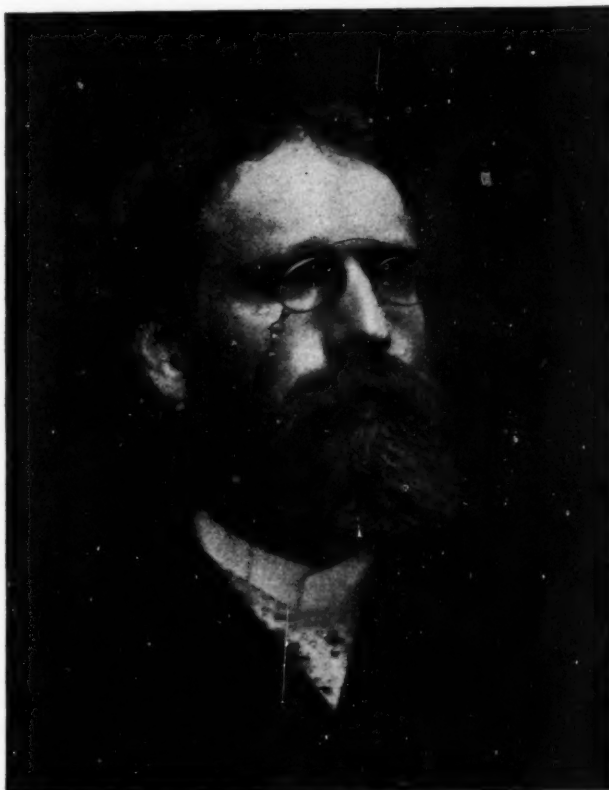
Yet Mr. Gilder does not personally appear the sort of man for that sort of work. Slight of frame; simple, perhaps almost shy, in manner, with a face which, it has been said, any one would pick out in a crowd as that of an artist and poet, approachable, kindly and merry withal, all his inclinations seem to lead him to the cloister rather than to either a fight or a forum. He probably would say, if cornered, that really he was a poet, and only an editor by force of circumstances—circumstances that have, however, provided him with worldly comfort and social position, for his elegant home in Clinton Place is a focus of what is truly the best society of the metropolis. That he is in the front rank of American poets needs no telling, for the many volumes of exquisite verse which have come from his pen since *The New Day* led the list, long ago established for him that place, at least. Of the high quality of his prose one may judge any month in the editorial department of his magazine, where some question of social or political ethics moves his pen to expression.

*The Century*, like other publications able to pay generously, has offered to it vastly more than it can find room for, apart from any question of literary quality, and apart from the fact that, least of all the "literary" periodicals, does it make such a quality of first importance in its selection of what it is best for itself to give to its readers. Hence, more often perhaps than any of their guild, in this country, at least, has its editors been charged with favoritism and the neglect of the rising generation of literary aspirants. Upon this matter Mr. Gilder has expressed himself more than once, pointing out by the records of the magazine how many an "old" writer began here to be read as a "new" one, and hence the injustice of the charge; but I fear his labor has been largely in vain. In fact he has latterly been provoked in giving some plain doctrine which will hardly conciliate this class of critics, but is good doctrine nevertheless, namely that new writers, instead of being necessarily overlooked, may even get more attention from the "great editors" than is good for them, or for the true interests of literature.

"And yet," as Mr. Gilder protests, in a communication to *The Independent* last year, "this editorial anxiety and sympathy is the very life of a literary periodical. The care of manuscripts is the care of literature. A periodical that edits solely on the star principle, or on the topical principle, fre-

quently misses the charm of literary art. An unknown name does not guarantee originality or superior excellence; but it is through the gateway of the unknown that every new force in literature must arrive. Neither should an editor nor a reader resent the reappearance of familiar names; that would be a strange reward for persistence and unusual ability—in a word for success. The editor's patient search among new manuscripts—his conscientious effort to recognize the 'literary touch' of a new hand—should be supplemented on the part of the public with an equal interest and appreciation. . . . An editor nowadays is apt to get into a sort of panic before each new manuscript. In this mood he is more in danger of coddling the commonplace than of neglecting genius."

The associate editor of *The Century* is Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, who has from time to time had complete charge of the magazine in the absence of Mr. Gilder in Europe or elsewhere. Mr. Johnson is of an Indiana family, many of whose members have been marked by literary tastes, a fact especially true of his father. After his graduation from Earlham College, at Richmond, Ind., he became a clerk in the Chicago branch of the Scrib-



ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

ner's, whence he was transferred to the staff of the monthly in its third year. He has remained with the magazine ever since, and now as associate editor, has a large measure of responsibility. He is tall, slender, blonde, eager, wideawake and jolly. It was his journalistic perception that saw what the people wanted to learn from General Grant in relation to his military life; and it was under his promptings and guidance, first called out by the

General's attempt to make an article for the War Series, that that great soldier, but inexperienced author, learned how to make his invaluable Memoirs.

Mr. Johnson, like Mr. Gilder, is deeply interested in public matters, especially the elevation of political aims and methods. He is an active supporter of municipal reforms in New York, and of certain national movements. His services in connection with the establishment of International Copyright have been widely and substantially recognized by a degree from Yale University and by authors and publishers here and abroad, and he has received the crosses of the French Legion of Honor and of the Crown of Italy, in token of this appreciation. In the midst of this agitation Mr. Johnson became greatly interested in the matter of public parks and forestry; and after a visit to California in 1889 took the leading part, in company with Mr. John Muir, in the creation of the Yosemite National Park. He has since taken active interest in the establishment of the National forest reserves, supporting every effort toward a national and scientific forest policy.

From so practical a publicist one hardly expects the flowers of poesy, yet Mr. Johnson is the author of a volume of poems, *The Winter Hour*, which The Century Company published in 1892, and another volume is in preparation for early publication.

A third factor in the Century's office is Mr. Clarence C. Buel, its assistant editor, who joined the staff as a graduate from the New York Tribune in 1881. He had previously written for the magazine, and now and then has prepared special signed articles for it of a commanding character, on particular and important themes. It was he who wrote the brilliant and memorable article upon the Louisiana Lottery, making a study of the subject on the spot; and this exposition just preceded and doubtless contributed to the overthrow of that institution. He also wrote a history of the early blackmailing customs in New York à propos of the Tammany régime. Mr. Buel's name is more popularly associated, however, with the celebrated "war articles" of the Century, afterward expanded into the notable book, *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*. This remarkable example of magazine enterprise, which ran from November, 1884, to November, 1887, and increased the circulation of *The Century* by 100,000 copies, was proposed in detail by Mr. Buel in October, of 1883. The original idea was for eight or ten articles on the decisive battles of the war, written by the leading generals on both sides. The magazine accepted the plan at once, and Mr. Gilder committed the charge of its execution to Mr. Johnson, assisted by Mr. Buel. "The elaboration of the first plan," we are told, "the securing of the contributions and the shaping and editing of the first series were shared by Mr. Johnson and Mr. Buel, the former devoting more time to the work during the months of organization, and the latter having entire charge of the editing for nearly the whole of the second year."

#### MRS. ANNIE BESANT AND HER MISSION

HENRY TYRRELL.....LESLIE'S WEEKLY

Mrs. Annie Besant, the famous theosophist organizer and teacher, who has recently come directly

from India to make what will be her fourth lecturing tour in the United States, represented the Theosophical Society at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, in 1893, since which date she has traveled extensively in the East, and has successfully organized a "section" of theosophists in Australasia. This peculiarly gifted woman is in her fiftieth year. Her hair is now rather silvery than dark; and what



MRS. ANNIE BESANT

may be called the spiritual expression of her face has become intensified to a degree strikingly suggestive of a life in which contemplation predominates over action. The old-time persuasiveness of speech, far from having waned, is in more subtle force than ever. The limpid clearness of thought and scientific precision of phrase, combined with sympathetic spontaneity, which count for so much in the charm of her discourse, are especially in evidence now that the material side of occultism, so to speak, is the subject of popular exposition. Order, system and self-control are the mainsprings of her power over others. From her precept and example proceeds an impression of the serene force of the inevitable. Mrs. Besant, moreover, has the genius of organization. Her successful work in this line began with her collaboration with Charles Bradlaugh in building up the National Secular Society of England, and included the organization with Mr. Herbert Burrows, of the Matchmakers' Union, which was the pioneer female trade-union of the world. Her active connection with the Theosophical Society



began eight years ago, since which time she has contributed more than a score of published works to the elementary and ethical series of its propaganda, besides lecturing in nearly every country of the civilized globe.

The Theosophical Society was founded in New York in 1875, under the leadership of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, with the co-operation of Colonel H. S. Olcott, Mr. W. Q. Judge, and others. The cult of theosophy, being ethical rather than religious, unless in the universal sense of the latter term, involves no specific articles of faith. The scope of the society, therefore, is world-wide; its declared objects being to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, and to revive and propagate the ancient knowledge of the mysteries of the universe and of man's nature as handed down by successive lines of teachers or "masters," embodying the fundamental truths which underlie all religions, philosophies and sciences. In 1879 the society transferred its headquarters to India, whence its work is mainly directed to-day. The present epoch of its literary activity, however, dates from the visit of Madame Blavatsky to London in 1887. It was two years after this that Mrs. Besant's identification with the theosophists began. Colonel Olcott has remained at the head of the society since its foundation. The late Mr. Judge was its vice-president. Mr. Judge's somewhat sensational policy, while acting in this capacity, brought upon him the charges of fraud formulated by Mrs. Besant, and the trouble culminated in his secession from the society, followed by a large number of the organized chapters, particularly the American ones. Upon the death of Mr. Judge, one year ago, the American branch of his followers chose for their leader and teacher Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, and inaugurated their present "crusade" in Europe and the East. Inasmuch as the secessionists are divided from the original society on a question of policy only, and both are working practically to establish the same ideas, it is still the hope of Mrs. Besant that their differences may be adjusted. In the meantime she continues her work on the old lines, apparently with no reference to dispute or aggression.

"The aim of my lectures," says Mrs. Besant, "is to gain first the serious attention, then the interest and confidence, of a materialistic and somewhat cynical public, in matters that are not so exclusively occult as has been supposed. To this end, I am trying a novel experiment, which consists in illustrating my exposition of certain phases of theosophy by means of the stereopticon. In this way I project upon the illuminated screen a visible representation of what is called the human aura. The aura may be defined as the effect resultant from the vibration of waves of psychic ether emanating from the invisible bodies clothing a human individuality. It is known to physics that the effects of light, sound, and color are produced by vibrations. The vibrations are in themselves invisible, and become apparent to the eye only through the medium of materialization. In the same way, every human body is surrounded by an invisible psychic cloud of magnetic vibrations, upon which are projected the spiritual and moral emotions of the individual, in what may be termed chromatic shades, visible to the clairvoyant eye. These auræ vary according to the

state of development of the individual, just as the colors visible to the material eye vary with the etheric conditions of light. Through countless ages the soul of man has evolved from dull sense towards the infinite fineness of spirit, while his body has evolved through graduating forms from the primeval chaos. This evolution of the soul, and its corresponding effects upon the human aura, is what I endeavor to symbolize in concrete form by my stereopticon illustrations. Naturally, the temptation is irresistible for some newspaper reporters to announce that I am showing ghost pictures. I do not mind this particularly, so long as I can interest my audiences to the degree of persuading them to think upon these things for themselves. Symbolism is only a tentative effort towards expressing the inexpressible."

Replying to an inquiry about India, in which ancient country she lives during half the year, and whence she has newly come, Mrs. Besant said: "My work there is in the continuance of that so splendidly begun by Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, of turning the heart of the Indian youth towards spiritual ideals. . . . No one who knows the country," she added, in conclusion, "denies the fact that theosophy has finally stemmed the tide of modern materialism that twenty years ago threatened to submerge India."

Most portraits of Mrs. Besant fail to suggest either the meditative grace of her features in repose, or the winning animation of her smile. Her dress is picturesquely simple, consisting of soft white silk, with the chuddar, or shawl, thrown over one shoulder, after the fashion of the Indian women. On the third finger of the left hand she wears the famous signet-ring of Madame Blavatsky—an Oriental onyx, engraved with the symbolical device of the double triangle, and the Sanscrit word, Sat, signifying the Divine Existence.

#### THE CHANCELLOR OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

BARON PIERRE DE COUBERTIN.....REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Gabriel Hanotaux was born at Beaurevoir, a village in the neighborhood of St. Quentin, in the Aisne, on November 19, 1853. His grandfather was a peasant, and cultivated his land, and managed his affairs well; his father was the notary of the place. The little house where he was born was a modest habitation, with plaster walls, and a photograph of it adorns his study in the apartment which he occupies on the Boulevard St. Germain. At the Lyceum of St. Quentin the memory of young Hanotaux's successes still is cherished; he always ranked first. His teachers observed his precocious taste for historical studies; his comrades judged him as those who know him best at the present day judged him, as good, frank, gentle and faithful. He did not appear to be ambitious, his desire to do well was restrained; he was very conscientious and exact in his daily tasks. When he came to Paris to study law, and at the same time to present himself at the School of Charters, he went to see the celebrated historian Henri Martin, who was his father's cousin. Madame Henri Martin tried to persuade him that he would never succeed in the legal profession, because of his Picardy accent; that accent, she declared, would make him ridiculous, and a lawyer who is ridiculous never comes to anything. The

old lady insisted strongly on this point; so much so that Hanotaux conceived the idea of presenting himself at the Conservatory, the national school of music and elocution, for the purpose of learning how to pronounce well, and training his voice. Very fortunately, he perceived for himself that such a plan would result in a considerable loss of time for him, and he gave it up.

It was Henri Martin who took him to Gambetta. The illustrious tribune was then at the apogee of



M. HANOTAUX

power; everything pointed to his becoming the President of the Republic, and his influence was daily increasing. Gambetta became interested in the new comer, whose qualities he immediately appreciated. He engaged him to write in the French Republic, the journal which he had founded, and which he continued to inspire, if not to direct. In it Hanotaux published Historical Studies on the XVI. and XVII. Centuries, which attracted notice and deserved it. He was attached to the department of the Archives, one of the most important in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. There he soon became chief clerk; at the same time he was a professor at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, and as his resources were extremely small, and in spite of the simplicity of his mode of life he sometimes found himself in rather straitened circumstances, he wrote for various publications, on all subjects within his range. When Gambetta became Prime Minister he took him as the sub-chief of his Cabinet, at the same time as M. Gerard, who is now Minister from France to Peking. He filled the same post under other ministers. Under the ministry of M. Challemlacour in particular, he had over him that same M. Marcel, his friend, who is the chief of his Cabinet at the present time. One of Gabriel Hanotaux's most marked characteristics is his fidelity to his friends.

He is faithful to the dead, as well as to the living; for he has not shown himself any more faithful toward M. Marcel than toward Cardinal Richelieu. The Cardinal constantly occupied his mind, from the day when the idea of writing the history of that great man first occurred to him.\* The Archives of the Department of Foreign Affairs are installed in a damp and gloomy building. During the last few

years a little light and, above all, a little order, have been introduced; but at that time it was not very pleasant to work in that place. For his thesis at the Ecole des Chartes Hanotaux had had to deal with the subject of "Intendants," one of the institutions to which Richelieu attached the most importance and of which he made the greatest use. So he began to study the correspondence of the Cardinal, and all his papers, constituting about three hundred volumes; any other man would have recoiled before such an alarming task! But Hanotaux said to himself that he would take his time about it, and would accomplish it. . . . And he did accomplish it, at the end of sixteen years, since the second volume appeared in 1896, and the date of his entrance to the Archives in 1879. During all this time, Hanotaux has carried his Cardinal about with him everywhere: to the hunt; to the great plains of the Aisne which he loves to pace; in his strolls about Paris; on the Bosphorus, and in the electoral hubbub of 1889. In the midst of noise, of distractions, of business, his mind remained intent upon that strange figure whose mystery he desired to solve.

On July 13, 1889, Gabriel Hanotaux was appointed Councilor to the Embassy of France at Constantinople. . . . Hanotaux liked Constantinople; he soon became used to the life which presented itself to him there, though it is rather disconcerting at first. He rendered great services, particularly in the regulation of the Bulgarian question. But when he received from his native land the proposition that he should stand as candidate at the approaching elections, he did not hesitate, and gave the preference to politics. . . . Once elected deputy, he brought to the discharge of his new functions his habitual qualities of intelligence, tact, exactness. He busied himself—as a duty—with military and labor questions which did not interest him and for which he had little aptitude. The French Chamber is re-elected every four years. Consequently, that of 1886 was to be renewed in 1889. In 1889 the situation was serious. General Boulanger had everywhere aroused the spirit of revolt and paved the way for civil war. . . . Hanotaux, like all the sensible part of the nation, had declared himself the resolute adversary of Boulanger and of all the adventurers who composed his staff. . . . Their manoeuvres succeeded; Hanotaux was not re-elected, and this campaign seems to have left him many unpleasant memories. For he does not feel in the least disposed to try again for the votes of the electors. He is neither Senator nor Deputy, which is rare in a French Minister. When they desired to confide to him the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs, they sought him at the "Office of Consular and Commercial Affairs," which he had managed since 1892, after having been, from 1889 to 1892, the "sub-director of the Protectorates."

Hanotaux became Minister on May 31, 1894. He succeeded Casimir-Périer. Since that date he has remained constantly in charge, with the exception of a period of six months, during which the Radicals were in power.

\* M. Hanotaux's work on the great Cardinal was one reason for his election to the French Academy, of which he is a member.

## CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

The memorial bust of Sir Walter Scott in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, erected by his admirers on both sides of the Atlantic, was unveiled on May 21. The ceremonies preceding the unveiling were delivered in the Chapter

Ambassador Hay on  
Sir Walter Scott

House of the Abbey, the Dean of Westminster reading the prayers and the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, and the Hon. John Hay, the new United States Ambassador, making short speeches. We reprint the concluding portion of Col. Hay's interesting address:

In this most significant and interesting ceremony I should have no excuse for appearing, except as representing for the time being a large section of Walter Scott's immense constituency. I doubt if anywhere his writings have had a more loving welcome than in America. The books a boy reads are the most ardently admired and the longest remembered; and Americans revelled in Scott when the country was young. I have heard from my father, a pioneer of Kentucky, that in the early days of this century men would saddle their horses and ride from all the neighboring counties to the principal post-town of the region when a new novel by the author of *Waverley* was expected. All over our straggling states and territories—in the East, where a civilization of slender resources but boundless hopes was building; in the West, where the stern conflict was going on of the pioneer subduing the continent—the books most read were those poems of magic and of sentiment, those tales of bygone chivalry and romance, which Walter Scott was pouring forth upon the world with a rich facility, a sort of joyous fecundity like that of Nature in her most genial moods. He had no clique of readers, no illuminated sect of admirers, to bewilder criticism by excess of its own subtlety. In a community engaging in the strenuous struggle for empire, whose dreams of the past were turned in the clear, broad light of a nation's mourning to a future of unlimited grandeur and power, there was none too sophisticated to appreciate, none too lowly to enjoy those marvelous pictures of times gone forever by, though the times themselves were unlamented by a people and an age whose faces were set toward a far-distant future.

Through all these important formative days of the Republic, Scott was the favorite author of Americans, and, while his writings may not be said to have had any special weight in our national and political development, yet their influence was enormous upon the taste and sentiment of a people peculiarly sensitive to such influences from the very circumstances of their environment. The romances of courts and castles were specially appreciated in the woods and plains of the frontier, where a pure democracy reigned. The poems and novels of Scott, saturated with the glamor of legend and tradition, were greedily devoured by a people without perspective, conscious that they themselves were ancestors of a redoubtable line, whose battle was with the passing hour, whose glories were all in the days to come.

Since the time of Scott we have seen many fashions in fiction come and go; each generation naturally seeks a different expression of its experience and its ideals, but the author of *Waverley*, amidst all vicissitudes of changing modes, has kept his pre-eminence in two hemispheres as the master of imaginary narrative. Even those of us who make no pretensions to the critical faculty, may see the twofold reason of this enduring masterhood. Both mentally and morally Scott was one of the greatest writers who ever lived. His mere memory, his power of acquiring and relating serviceable facts, was almost inconceivable to ordinary men, and his constructive imagination was

nothing short of prodigious. The lochs and hills of Scotland swarm with the imaginary phantoms with which he has peopled them for all time; the historical personages of past centuries are jostled in our memories by the characters he has created, more vivid in vitality and color than the real soldiers and lovers with whom he has cast their lives.

But it is probably the morality of Scott that appeals more strongly to the many than even his enormous mental powers. His ideals are lofty and pure; his heroes are brave and strong, not exempt from human infirmities, but always devoted to ends more or less noble. His heroines, whom he frankly asks you to admire, are beautiful and true. They walk in womanly dignity through his pages, whether garbed as peasants or princesses, with honest brows uplifted, with eyes gentle but fearless, pure in heart and delicate in speech; valor, purity and loyalty—these are the essential and undying elements of the charm with which this great magician has soothed and lulled the weariness of the world through three generations. For this he has received the uncritical, ungrudging love of grateful millions.

This magic still has power to charm all wholesome and candid souls. Although so many years have passed since his great heart broke in the valiant struggle against evil fortune, his poems and his tales are read with undiminished interest and perennial pleasure. He loved with a single straightforward affection man and nature, his country and his kind; he has his reward in a fame forever fresh and unhackneyed. The poet who as an infant clapped his hands and cried "Bonnie" to the thunderstorm, and whose dying senses were delighted by the farewell whisper of the Tweed rippling o'er its pebbles, is quoted in every aspect of sun and shadow that varies the face of Scotland. The man who blew so clear a clarion of patriotism lives forever in the speech of those who seek a line to describe the love of country. The robust, athletic spirit of his tales of old, the royal quarrels, the instinctive loves, the stanch devotion of the incomparable creations of his inexhaustible fancy—all these have their special message for the minds of our day, fatigued with problems, with doubts and futile questionings. His work is a clear, high voice, from a simpler age than ours, breathing a song of lofty and unclouded purpose, of sincere and powerful passion, to which the world, however weary and preoccupied, must needs still listen and attend.

There have been strong protests from very intelligent sources in recent years against much of the specially-prepared reading matter for children. It has been argued, and sometimes

**Reading for Children** with a good deal of spirit, that the tendency of enterprising publishers to supplant Defoe, Hawthorne, Irving and the older classics was a sin against the intelligence, growth and character of the young. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, in a recent article in the *Outlook*, on *Reading for Children*, discusses this very important subject. He writes in a very temperate mood but none the less decidedly in favor of the great books that were formerly the children's classics. The main points of his article are given in the following extract:

Parents make no more serious mistake than taking the tone of the family life from the children, instead of giving that life, clearly and pervasively, the tone of their own ideals, convictions and intelligence. Nature does not present one aspect to children, another to mature persons, and a third to the aged; she presents the same phenomena to all, and each age takes that which appeals to it;



dimly discerning, at the same time, the larger aspects which are to disclose themselves later on. The child loves Nature for certain obvious and beautiful things which it readily finds; but Nature is all the time enriching the imagination of the child beyond its care and consciousness. And the method of Nature must be our model.

If we could arrange Nature for children by selecting a few pretty flowers, a few colored stones, a few fleecy clouds, and separating them from the sweep and majesty of the universe, we should make the same blunder which we are constantly making by excluding children from the influence and power of great books and condemning them to the companionship of books written to fit different stages of development, as shoes are manufactured to fit feet of different sizes. The attempt to create reading matter for children, based on their ability to receive and understand at a given age, shows lamentable ignorance of the child mind and lamentable ignorance of the stuff of which great books are made. The mind is not, like the feet, accurately measurable at a given moment; it presents, at given moments, certain definite limits of expression, but it never discloses its capacity for reception. And it is an open secret that it can receive, brood over, and find delight in ideas which it only dimly understands; more than this, such ideas are often the most nutritious food of the growing mind.

There are a great many so-called children's books which are wholesome, entertaining and educative in a high degree; but they possess these high qualities, not because they are children's books, but because they are genuine veracious, vital and human; because, in a word, they disclose, in their measure, the same qualities which make the literary masterpieces what they are. It is a peculiarity of such books that they are quite as interesting to mature as to young readers. Of the great mass of books written specifically for children, it is not too much to say that it is a sin to put them in the hands of those who have no standards and are dependent upon the judgment and taste of their elders; a sin against the child's intelligence, growth and character. Some of these books are innocuous save as wasters of time; many more are sentimental, untrue and cheap; some are vulgar.

The years which are given over to this artificially prepared reading matter—for it is a profanation to call it literature—are precisely the years when the mind is being most deeply stirred; when the seeds of thought are dropping silently down into the secret and hidden places of the nature. They are the years which decide whether a man shall be creative or imitative; whether he shall be an artist or an artisan. For such a plastic and critical time nothing that can inspire, enrich and liberate is too good; indeed, the very highest use to which the finest results of human living and doing and thinking and speaking can be put is to feed the mind of childhood in those memorable years when the spirit is finding itself and feeling the beauty of the world. This is the moment when the race takes the child by the hand, and leaning over it in the silence of solitary hours, whispers to it those secrets of beauty and power and knowledge, in the possession of which the mastery of life lies. This is the time when the boy who is to write *Kenilworth* is learning, with bated breath, the great stories and traditions of his race; when the boy who is to write the lines on *Tintern Abbey* is feeling the wonder of the world and the mystery of fate; when the boy who is to write the *Idylls of the King* is playing at knighthood with his brothers and sisters in the Lincolnshire fields, and the brave group of noble boys and girls are weaving endless romances of old adventure and chivalry. This is the time when, as a rule, the intellectual fortunes of the child are settled for all time.

In these wonderful years of spiritual exploration and discovery the child ought to have access, not to cheap stories, artificially and mechanically manufactured to keep it out of mischief, but to the records of the childhood of

the race; his true companion is this august but invisible playmate. That which fed the race in its childhood ought to feed each child born into its vast fellowship. The great storybook of mythology, with its splendid figures, its endless shifting of scene, its crowding incident, its heroism and poetry, ought to be open to every child; for mythology is the child's view of the world; a view which deals with obvious things often, but deals with them poetically and with a feeling for their less obvious relations. The dream of the world which those imaginative children who were the fathers of the race dreamed was full of prophetic glimpses of the future, of deep and beautiful visions, of large and splendid achievement, and of that wholesome symbolism in which the deeper meanings of nature become plain. Out of this dim period, when men first felt the wonder of the world, and felt also the mysterious ties which bound them to Nature, issued that great stream of story which has fed the art of the world for so many centuries, and will feed it to the end of time. For these stories were not manufactured, they grew; and in them is registered the early growth of the race. They are not idle tales; they are deep and rich renderings of the facts of life; they are interpretations and explanations of life in that language of the imagination which is as intelligible to children as to their elders; they are rich in those elements of culture which are the very stuff of which the deepest and widest education is made.

Now, this quality, which invests Ulysses, Perseus, Thor, Siegfried, Arthur and Parsifal with such perennial interest, is characteristic of the great books, into so many of which mythology directly enters. The *Odyssey* is not only one of the great reading-books of the race; it is also one of the great text-books. Shakespeare is not only a great story-teller; he is also an educator whose like has been seen only two or three times in the history of the world. Teach a child facts without the illumination of the imagination and you fill the memory; give these facts dramatic sequence and impart to them that symbolic quality which all the arts share, and you stir the depths of a child's nature. The boys whose sole text-books were the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and who learned, therefore, all their history and science in terms of the imagination, became the most original, creative, and variously gifted men who have yet appeared in history; they were drilled and disciplined, but they were also liberated and inspired. A modern writer has happily described Plutarch's *Lives* as "the pasture of great souls;" the place, that is, where such souls are nourished and fed. Now, the great poets, novelists, historians, supply the food which develops a strong, clear, original life of the mind; which makes the imagination active and creative; which feeds the young spirit with the deeds and images of heroes; which sets the real in true relations to the ideal.

These writers are quite as much at home with the young as with the mature. Shakespeare is quite as interesting to a healthy boy as any story-writer who strives to feed his appetite for action and adventure; and Shakespeare is a great poet besides. He entertains his young guest quite as acceptably as a hired comedian, and he makes a man of him as well. There is no need of making concessions to what is often mistakenly supposed to be the taste of children, by giving them inferior things; let them grow up in the presence of superior things, and they will take to them as easily as they will take to cheaper things. Accustom a child to good painting, and he will never be attracted by inferior pictures; accustom him to good music, and the popular jingle will disgust him; bring him up with Homer, Shakespeare, Plutarch, Herodotus, Scott, Hawthorne, Irving, and it will be unnecessary to warn him against the books which are piled up at the news-stands and sold in railway trains. The boy who grows up in this society will rarely make friends with the vulgar and the unclean; he will love health, honor, truth, intelligence and manliness. For reading is not

only a matter of taste and intelligence; it is a matter of character as well.

The Lotos Club, of New York City, recently gave a dinner in honor of Mr. William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic. One of the features of the evening was a very interesting review of the present status of the stage by the distinguished critic.

#### The Degeneracy of the Stage

Mr. Winter is a conservative, and has always striven for the highest development of the dramatic art. We reprint a couple of paragraphs from his address, which treat particularly of the much-discussed problem of the degeneracy of the stage:

Moralists upon the Drama are fond of dwelling on its alleged decline from certain "palmy days" of the past,—a vague period, which no one distinctly remembers or defines, and which still recedes, the more diligently it is pursued, "in the dark backward and abysm of time." One difference between the Past and the Present is that the stage which once lived in a camp now lives in a palace. Another difference is that eminent talents which once were concentrated are now diffused. The standard of taste has fluctuated. At the beginning of the century it appears to have been more fastidious and more intellectual than it is now, but not more so than it has two or three times been within the intervening period. In my boyhood the great tragic genius of the stage was the elder Booth, whom I saw as Pescara, during his last engagement in Boston, in 1851,—and a magnificent image he was, of appalling power and terror. The tragic sovereign, however, was Edwin Forrest, and for many years his influence survived, affecting the style of such compeers as Eddy, Neafie, Scott, Proctor, Kirby and Marshall, and more or less moulding that of the romantic Edwin Adams, the intellectual Lawrence Barrett and the gentle, generous, affectionate, stalwart John McCullough, "the noblest Roman of them all." In comedy the prevalent tradition was that of Finn,—whom I never saw, but of whom I constantly heard,—but the actual prince was the elder Wallack; and very soon after he had sparkled into splendid popularity the rosy gods of mirth released such messengers of happiness as Warren and Gilbert, Burton and Blake, Hackett and Fisher, Placide and Owens, and the buoyant John Brougham, whose memory is still cherished in all our hearts. A little later,—the more intellectual taste in tragedy gaining a sudden pre-eminence from the reaction against Forrest,—the spiritual beauty and the wild and thrilling genius of Edwin Booth enchanted the public mind and captured an absolute sovereignty of the serious stage; while, in comedy, the glittering figure of Lester Wallack bore to the front rank, and reared more splendidly than ever before, the standard of Wilks, and Lewis, and Elliston, which had been preserved and transmitted by Charles Kemble, the elder Wallack and both the chieftains of the house of Mathews. Meanwhile Murdock, Vandenhoff, E. L. Davenport and the younger James Wallack maintained, in royal state, the fine classic tradition of John Kemble, Cooper, Macready and Young. The grandeur of Sarah Siddons lived again in Charlotte Cushman; and, in the realm of imaginative, romantic, human drama, a more exquisite artist of humor and of tears than ever yet had risen on our stage—an artist who is to Acting what Reynolds was to Painting and what Hood was to Poetry—carried natural portraiture to ideal perfection, and made illustrious the name of Joseph Jefferson.

The stage, in itself, is not degenerate. The old fires are not yet dead. The world moves onward, and "the palmy days" move onward with the world. At this moment the public taste is fickle and the public morality infirm; but this moment is reactionary, and of course it will not last. The stage has been degraded; the press has been polluted; the church has been shaken; the whole fabric of

society has been threatened. The assaults of materialism, blighting faith and discrediting romance, have had a temporary triumph. The dangerous delusion that there is a divinity in the untaught multitude has everywhere promoted disorder, violence and vulgarity. So, from time to time, the dregs endeavor to reach the top. But all this fever and turmoil will pass; and, in those sane times which are at hand, the Stage, as we know it and love it,—the stage of Wignell and Dunlap, the stage of Keach and Barry, the stage of Wallack and Booth and Henry Irving, and Augustin Daly, the stage that, in our day, has been adorned by Rachael, Ristori, Seebach, Janauschké and Modjeska, and by Adelaide Neilson and Mary Anderson (twin stars of loveliness, the one all passion and sorrow, the other all innocence, light and joy!), the stage that possesses the wild, poetic beauty and rare, elusive, celestial spirit of Ellen Terry, and the enchanting womanhood, and blithe, gleeful, tender, human charm of Ada Rehan, the stage that is consecrated to intellect, genius and beauty,—will again assert its splendid power, and will again rejoice in all the honors, and manifest all the inherent virtues, of the stage of our forefathers, in the best of their golden days.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward recently laid the cornerstone for a new public library at Edmonton, once the home of Lamb and Keats. Her address was chiefly a reply to some of the criticisms of free public libraries in England. While objections of

#### The Value of Free Public Libraries

this character have had little force in this country, there is much of eloquence and wisdom in her remarks for American readers.

Now we all know that there is an opposition to free public libraries, says Mrs. Ward, and that

some very cultivated people have combined to say that free libraries exist for the reading of novels and newspapers, and that it is unfair to tax a community for the novel-reading section of it. Well, there is no doubt something in this charge. Vast numbers of novels are read through the free libraries. Perhaps you will hardly expect me to object! You will rather expect me to hold that a man or woman who does not read novels cannot possibly be a healthy human being, just as in Charles Lamb's language, "A man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings." But, on the contrary, I have a good deal of sympathy with the attack upon wholesale novel-reading.

Highly as I respect my own craft, if free libraries were to exist always and only for the provision of novels and newspapers, I at least should not feel toward them as I do. For, after all, the best of novels, though it may be and often is, an education, yet if it will perversely try to be a discipline, why, then, we are wroth with it, and throw it away. But in this, as in other things, happiness is best got by aiming at something different—by aiming at knowledge, let us say, and putting yourself to toil for it. Then in the end, like Charles Lamb's Oxford friend, you will be "as happy and good on the Muses' hill as one of the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains," but it will be because you have tempered your novels with the harder things of literature, and been not merely lazy and languid in your courting of books.

But, of course, the truth is that these free libraries are the great opportunities of our day and the days to come. Perhaps the majority of those who come to them will come to them for pleasure and rest—and small blame to them, for our modern life is a hard and hurrying one. But here and there, if the books in them are what they ought to be, they will feed the exceptional aptitudes that too often run to waste, as it is, in our huge industrial class. There is always, every week, every month, the chance of this; and it is a chance that a great democratic nation,



wholly dependent on the brain-wealth of its children, cannot afford to refuse. We depend, for instance, upon science; it is to the interest of the whole community that no fine scientific gift, in whatever class it may arise, should lack stimulus and fertilization. It is in libraries like this that you provide the first elements of both. We depend for the solution of our social difficulties, far more than most of us imagine, upon the humanizing of English feeling and imagination; it is in libraries like this you should find the means of this humanizing.

Your invitation card is a very suggestive document. It brings to the mind all the classic glories of Edmonton. More fortunate than John Gilpin, who would have dined with you and could not, your free library has come to stay. Gilpin lives forever, and here you are building a new shrine for his gentle poet. Two other great men are to be associated with this delightful building—two men of genius, whose names Edmonton has a special right to honor—John Keats and Charles Lamb. Keats spent his earliest youth here; he wrote his first poem here. Charles Lamb came to Edmonton at the end of life, worn out before the time by the burden of living, and by the anxieties of that touching duty—to his poor sister. If Keats wrote his first poem here, it was from Edmonton that the *Last Essays of Elia* were published, it was at Edmonton that Lamb heard of Coleridge's death, and it was here he died. Let me commend to any boy or girl who may use this library in after days the methods and the matter of Keats' reading. We all remember the account of how Cowden Clarke read him the great marriage poem of Spenser, and then lent him the *Faerie Queene*. "He went through it," says Cowden Clarke, "ramping." If only we could see more of the modern youths of Edmonton or elsewhere go through their English classics ramping! Let me tell them that youth is the time for it, for that passion, that complete joy in the "better world" of literature, which the word expresses.

Their whole after life might well be the richer for it, whether in daily work or in business or in colonization—in that great, that indispensable work of pushing forward and spreading the English Empire, which, unless we can infuse it with a humaner and more ideal temper than has sometimes prevailed in it, with the temper of justice and the temper of mercy, the temper that flows from, that makes the glory of the best literature, is here and there more likely, it often seems to me—as one broods upon the hard and ugly facts that meet one in current books and newspapers—to lead us to national remorse than to national honor! But books are not only the stimulus of youth; they are the friends of life, the comrades of old age. Turn to Charles Lamb, the hard-worked servant for thirty-three years of the East India Company and the bearer of a domestic burden such as few men know, solaced and cheered throughout by books, and those not books of any particular remoteness and obscurity, but just those writings of great Englishmen, Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, Marvell and Sir Thomas Browne, Milton and Jeremy Taylor, Steele and Addison, which are or ought to be in every public library, and are the natural food of the English mind.

And how well Lamb read! With what quickness, yet lingering, what love and persistence! You remember the account of his buying the *Beaumont and Fletcher folio*, how he saved for it, how he went without a new suit to buy it, how he and Mary lugged it home, how Mary mended the pages with paste, while he read up and down in it, gloating over his new treasure? Do we love our books like that now? Do we suffer for them? or is it all made too easy for us by cheap reprints or buildings such as this is to be? Well, in my own experience, I have known workmen who suffered more for reading, I think, than dear Charles Lamb ever suffered. I have known a man to train himself—by the help of our modern lectures and libraries—to read a Greek play with ease and ac-

curacy, while working at a mine an average of eleven hours a day and for eleven days a fortnight. I have watched a young reedmaker in a Lancashire town, working factory hours, hurry to the Mechanics' Institute Library when his work was done, to read some branch of economics that interested him, and I have heard Prof. Huxley say that nothing in his scientific experience had ever touched or attracted him more than the passion for science shown by some workmen in their scanty leisure.

These are desires and self-denials that libraries like this are meant to kindle and to satisfy. And as to the mere average mass of hard-worked men and women who come to these free libraries all over the country in their leisure moments—even if they only come for a novel or a newspaper—they deserve it no less, I am inclined to think, than Charles Lamb deserved his *Beaumont and Fletcher*. Many people, no doubt, will come here in the future who will get small good from the library. What matter? It is always a question of the "many called and the few chosen." And it is on these few, or comparatively few, in every class, that our English future depends. It is for them that it is always worth while to make provision, and it is in their names—their shadowy, but honorable names—that I venture to thank Mr. Passmore Edwards to-day for the founding of this building, which in future years Edmonton itself is to cherish and maintain.

The *Scottish Review* has an interesting article in review of the new *Life* and the *New Light on Burns* new editions of Burns. The writer, Mr. James Davidson, thus sums up the labors of Messrs. Wallace, Henley and Henderson:

There will be available to the student, as a direct product of the centenary, a hitherto undreamt of corpus of Burnsiana, in the best acceptance of the term. To the querulous query of the uninterested or half-interested man, "What possible new light can be thrown on the poet, whose life and work have for a hundred years been subjected to scrutiny of unparalleled closeness?" no answer should be required but the contents of the volumes before us. There we learn, from innumerable revisions, corrections and fresh facts, how little of really valid labor has hitherto been spent on Burns, how neglected has been the study of his origins, and how necessary it was to put on record the best informed estimate formed by the present generation of the life and works of Burns, and of his place in literature. Though the myth which envisages Scotland's greatest son, as a drunken gauger, uncultured and a singer by accident, has almost disappeared from this country, gross ignorance of the truth about both his conduct and his education still remains to be sapped, as is shown by the example of the Poet-Laureate, mourning—and not to be comforted—over the blindness of Scotchmen to their hero's faults. Inquisitiveness and the craving for novelty are ever creating new myths. Mr. Wallace has demolished a few of these concerning the poet himself, Jean Armour, and Mary Campbell. If Messrs. Henley and Henderson have evolved one of their own in the statement that Burns "was the satirist and singer of a parish," it is positively harmless in its unverisimilitude, and is not noted here in disparagement of the valuable services the editors of the Centenary Burns have rendered to the cause of historical truth, especially in regard to what the poet actually wrote. What new light, then, has been thrown recently on Burns? Briefly stated, this: Mr. William Wallace, editor of the new Chambers, besides accumulating a vast amount of notes and fresh information about the life, the poems and the letters, has at a stroke justified the world's refusal to dis sever the life from the works of Burns by the essay in which he exhibits the poet's conscious moral reconstruction of his career, vindicates his conduct not merely from the artistic, but also from the ethical standpoint, and holds



him up to admiration as poet, prophet and man, as one whose management of the business of his life, rightly regarded, is no less morally helpful to those who can understand it than his poetry has been, and is auxiliary to the progress of the human race, in manners as well as in thought. The editors of the Centenary Burns have set before themselves the production of a perfect text and a sufficient bibliographical history, and the investigation of the "origins" of the poet, mainly in respect of the form of his writings, and their work as a whole, redounds to the credit of their literary instinct, scholarship and industry. In their account and collation of the available MSS. they have accomplished a task which has long awaited a competent doer, and their text will stand till—the day when all the Burns MSS. in the world are collected in one room, and submitted to the judgment of an ideal jury of experts.

Volumes of essays have rarely been absent from the publishers' lists during the past year. Current

#### Popularity of the Essay

Literature has called attention before to the apparent revival of interest in this delightful branch of literature. The New York Commercial Advertiser, in an editorial discussing this same subject, declares that

pessimists who bewail the apparent flimsiness of the prevailing literary tastes, should find comfort in the fact that that aristocratic form of literature—the essay—is not only much in favor with authors, but also with the public. Another sign of its popularity is its demand among magazine editors. Many of them prefer a good essay to a good short story. Naturally, the supply is not equal to the demand, since the essay cannot be written by an apprentice, even though he is a genius. It requires not only experience in the two difficult arts of life and literature, but it requires also a certain mellowness of maturity; a certain kindliness of temper in the ancient sense of the word. The young novelist must write with fire and passion, but the essayist, in whom the critical faculty is uppermost, must have recovered from the fevers of youth. His power lies in wise impartiality.

The popularity of the essay is a sign, therefore, not only of maturity among the writers themselves, but also of sound taste on the part of the reading public. It is an indication that they crave bread, as well as cake; that they value well-digested thought. The most ardent lover of fiction cannot undergo a prolonged diet of the modern novel without an antidote in the form of the sane, quiet and dignified essay, which has no mission beyond discouraging, in a well-bred, easy and cultivated manner upon some timely topic. Richard Le Gallienne's book reviews, which are in reality complete little essays, are quite as pleasant reading as the best short story. Alice Meynell's essays, in which she handles ordinary topics with rare distinction of thought and feeling, demand much more of the reader than the average novel, but they also bestow more upon him in return for his mental concentration. Agnes Repplier, Hamilton Mabie, Edmund Gosse, the late Walter Pater and many others of diverse gifts have also aided in re-establishing the prestige of the essay.

It would be well for the young authors who are springing up like mushrooms in the world of letters to put the poem and the short story aside on occasions, that they may have the time to think which the composition of an essay requires. A characteristic of much of the present-day fiction is its absence of style and of form, its total lack of thought ballast. Practice in essay writing could not, of course, supply these deficiencies altogether, but it would go far toward supplying them. It would inevitably infuse more dignity and more firmness into the tale of the poem. Intensive, rather than extensive, writing is the great need of the age in literature. The quantity of books is sickeningly large, but the quality is often thin

and poor. There is much cleverness but little thoughtfulness, displayed in the majority of novels. A thorough study of the essay in theory and in practice is the best remedy for the prevailing slovenliness of style and thought in the average works of fiction.

Much newspaper discussion has been occasioned by the recent removal from the shelves of the Carnegie Free Library at Allegheny, Pa., of certain

#### Fiction in Public Libraries

popular works of fiction. The librarian, Mr. William M. Stevenson, defends his course in the Library Journal. The list of excluded books include the novels of Horatio Alger, Jr.; Mrs. C. M. Brème (Bertha M. Clay), Martha Finley (Elsie books), May Agnes Fleming, C. A. Fosdick (Harry Castlemon), A. C. Gunter, Mary Jane Holmes, E. P. Roe, Mr. E. D. E. (N.) Southworth, Mrs. M. V. (H.) Terhune (Marion Harland) (in part), and Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson.

The reasons which Mr. Stevenson assigns for withdrawing these books are

First, their low rank in the literary scale; they are not immoral, but they are not literature. Secondly, the books are made of such poor paper, so badly bound, and so high in price in proportion to their value as reading, that the library's funds are utterly inadequate to supply the demand for them. Thirdly, the theory advanced by librarians of standing, that readers to whom books of this grade are supplied will gradually rise to something better, has proved in the six years' experience of this library absolutely false. The young who have no personal literary guides, it is particularly an injustice for the public library to put it in their power to acquire thus early in life a vitiated taste in their reading, a fault which long years of study may not suffice to correct. Fourthly, school principals have complained that many of their pupils were reading books of this grade to the gross neglect of their school studies.

The editor of the Library Journal mildly protests against the position that Mr. Stevenson has taken. He says that there are some names in the Albany Index Expurgatorius to which even librarians may be tempted to take exception—notably E. P. Roe and Marion Harland.

It may be questioned if either of these writers ever produced anything that can be called literature, nor are their works of interest to persons of intellectual perception; but they are not hurtful—indeed their aggressive morality is one of their most disagreeable characteristics. Both also occupy a warm corner in the hearts of a multitude of readers, who have found in them a common place and harmless contentment, while among the writers whose works remain unbanned are a number whose influence must be conceded to be more directly toward sensationalism and false perspective. Indeed, in glancing over the fiction supplement of the Allegheny library, the question arises whether the old-fashioned trashy novel, with its sentimentality, didacticism and high-flown language, is as harmful in its influence as the latter-day school of "slum stories" and "keynote fiction."

For the average youth or young girl, the Library Journal declares that the tritest platitudes of Roe or the most tearful sentimentalities of Mrs. Holmes are preferable to the "imbruted vulgarity" of Maggie, a Girl of the Streets, the "perverted hysteria" of A Superfluous Woman, or the "morbid unpleasantness" of Celibates. As these last named books are printed on paper of fair quality, it is to be presumed from Mr. Stevenson's statement that the Allegheny Library will continue to circulate them.

## CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

*The Woman of Three Cows.....James Clarence Mangan.....Poems*

O woman of three cows, agragh! don't let your tongue thus rattle;  
O don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.  
I've seen (and here's my hand to you, I only say what's true!)  
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,  
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser.  
And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;  
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good woman of three cows!

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants;  
'Tis they that won the glorious name and had the grand attendants;  
If they were forced to bow to fate, as every mortal bows,  
Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my woman of three cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;  
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning;  
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?  
Yet you can give yourself these airs, O woman of three cows!

O think of Donnell of the Ships, the chief whom nothing daunted!  
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted.  
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, whom thunder cannot rouse;  
Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good woman of three cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story,  
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory;  
Yet how their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs.  
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O woman of three cows!

The O'Carrolls, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,  
Rest in forgotten sepulchres, with Erin's best and oldest;  
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle and carouse?  
Just think of that, and hide your head, good woman of three cows.

Your neighbor's poor, and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,  
Because, inagh, you've got three cows; one more, I see, than she has!  
That tongue of yours wags more, at times, than charity allows;  
But if you're strong, be merciful, great woman of three cows!

## AVRAN

Now there you go: you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing;  
And I'm too poor to hinder you. But, by the cloak I'm wearing,  
If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,  
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my woman of three cows!

*The Sisters... William Emory Griffiths.....The Lotus*

Night, in the chambered east,  
Sits with Dawn at the door.  
Dropped from her golden feast,  
Star-crumbs scatter the floor.

Mice, from behind the sun,  
Patter along the sky.  
Nibbling the crumbs they run,  
Touching with foot-prints shy.

Echoes, of purring sound,  
Softly begin to grow,  
Nothing more to be found—  
Scamper—away they go!

Dawn in the chambered east,  
Sits by an open door.  
Night has gone from the feast:  
Barren of crumbs the floor.

*Jack in the Box, Arthur Christopher Benson, Lord Vyet*

The bolt is slipped, the wiry rings  
Release their struggling mystery:  
The merry monster, out he springs,  
With whiskered cheek and cheery eye!  
He leaps and claps his cymballed hands,  
Then still in frozen silence stands.

Come, cram the ruddy rascal down,  
Thrust pointed chin on springy breast:  
No matter, let him fret and frown,  
Within his cedarn prison prest:  
Through hours of anguish let him gain  
New strength to spring and clap again.

When Epimetheus half undid  
Pandora's box in surly greed,  
Slipping from out the lifted lid,  
Came darling dream and pretty deed,  
And fifty sweet imaginings  
With beaded eyes and filmy wings.

"For shame, for shame," Prometheus cried,  
"Dear silly brother, they are sped:—  
Nay throw the vacant casket wide,  
It prisons one ethereal head;  
Still nestling in the fragrant dusk  
Lies hope, a frail and faded husk."

Spring up, and clap thy nimble hands,  
O irrepressible delight!  
At thy light-hearted shrill demands  
Our burdened hearts go strong and bright:  
Though faith wax faint and love take wing,  
Unreasoning hope shall leap and sing.

*The Broken Charge..James Buckham..The Heart of Life*

Would you hear of the bravest, coolest deed  
Was ever inspired by a nation's need?

Thomas McBurney—Kansas-bred Scot—  
Lay in his rifle-pit, waiting a shot.

Over him whistled the enemy's balls,  
Ping—and they sank in the fortress walls.

Suddenly out of the woods there broke  
A line of cavalry, gray as smoke.

A troop—a regiment—a brigade!  
God! what a rush and a roar they made!

A wild, swift charge on the frail redoubt,  
Carbines ready and sabres out.

Hither and thither, like frightened hares,  
Fled the sharpshooters out of their lairs.

All save Thomas McBurney. He  
Thought not first what his fate might be.

Uppermost thought in his hero-soul,  
To save the fortress, clean and whole!

On they thundered, the cavalcade.  
McBurney waited; his plan was made.

Fifty yards from his cairn of rocks—  
Up he rose, like a Jack-in-the-box.

Bang!—and the leader's horse went down,  
Neck outstretched in the wire-grass brown.

Over him tumbled a dozen more;  
And the colonel—his heart and his head were sore

"Halt!" he cried; and the broken line  
Stopt, strung out like a trailing vine.

Lo! in the valley's dim expanse,  
Tossing flags and bayonets' glance!

Reinforcements! At double quick  
They cross the meadow and ford the creek;

Boys in blue, with their banners bright—  
Just in season to turn the fight.

Thomas McBurney, as cool as you please,  
Settled down on his dust-grimed knees.

To pray? Yes, thankfully! and to run  
A well greased cartridge into his gun.

*The Silent Muse.....Alfred Austin.....Poems*

When slowly through the noonday sleep  
A phantom something seems to stir,  
Like waves of dewy light that creep  
Along gray chords of gossamer.

At first it is nor sight nor sound,  
But feeling only, inward sense  
Of motion slowly rising round.  
You know not where, you know not whence.

Then, noiseless still, but plain to see,  
The languid waters wake and wind;  
The wave before now fears to be  
O'ertaken by the wave behind.

The race, long pent, from out the mill  
Comes rushing, rippling, gleam on gleam;  
The runnels rise, the shallows fill,  
And deep and happy flows the stream.

And so, if I be shaped to sing  
What kindly hearts are pleased to hear,  
And blissful were, did Nature bring  
A rush of music all the year;

Seasons there are it doth not flow,  
When Fancy's freshets will not come,  
The springs of song seem shrunk and low,  
And all my being dry and dumb.

When suddenly from far-off source,  
Unseen, unsounding, deep, immense,  
Something, with swift resistless force,  
Flushes the heart and floods the sense;

And as tho' Heaven and earth did drain  
Into that deep mysterious spring,  
Brims all the windings of the brain;  
Then like replenished stream I sing.

*The Train Among the Hills...C. G. D. Roberts...Poems*

Vast, unrevealed, in silence and the night  
Brooding, the ancient hills commune with sleep.  
Inviolable the solemn valleys keep  
Their contemplation. Soon from height to height  
Steals a red finger of mysterious light,  
And lion-footed through the forests creep  
Strange mutterings; till suddenly, with sweep  
And shattering thunders of resistless flight  
And crash of routed echoes, roars to view  
Down the long mountain gorge the Night Express  
Freighted with fears and tears and happiness...  
The dread form passes; silence falls anew.  
And lo! I have beheld the thronged, blind world  
To goals unseen from God's hand onward hurled.

*Sleep.....Archibald Lampman.....Harper's Magazine*

Behold I lay in prison, like St. Paul,  
Chained to two guards that both were grim and stout;  
All day they sat by me and held me thrall:  
The one was named Regret, the other Doubt.  
And through the twilight of that hopeless close  
There came an angel shining suddenly  
That took me by the hand, and as I rose,  
The chains grew soft, and fell away from me,  
The doors gave back and swung without a sound,  
Like petals of some magic flower unfurled—  
I followed, treading on enchanted ground,  
Into another and a kindlier world.  
The master of that black and bolted keep  
Thou knowest is Life; the angel's name is Sleep.

*To Hafiz.....Thomas Bailey Aldrich.....The Critic*

Though gifts like thine the fates gave not to me,  
O Hafiz, one thing we both hold in fee—  
Nay, it holds us; for when the June wind blows  
We both are slaves and lovers to the rose.  
In vain the pale Circassian lily shows  
Her face at her green lattice, and in vain  
The violet beckons, with unveiled face;  
The bosom's white, the lip's light purple stain—  
These touch our liking, yet no passion stir.  
But when the rose comes, Hafiz—in that place  
Where she stands smiling, we kneel down to her!

*The Sleeping Beauty.....John B. Tabb.....Lyrics*

The sculptor in the marble found  
Her hidden from the world around,  
As in a donjon keep:  
With gentle hand he took away  
The coverlet that o'er her lay,  
But left her fast asleep.

And still she slumbers e'en as he  
Who saw in far futurity  
What now before us lies—  
The fairest vision that the stream  
Of night, subsiding, leaves a gleam  
Beneath the noonday skies.



## A GROUP OF UNLAURELED SINGERS

II.—ROBERT CLARKSON TONGUE

The large amount of good verse contributed to the magazines, weeklies and newspapers by the younger and comparatively unknown poets, in recent years, has attracted much attention. Quite frequently a poem of conspicuous merit appears that goes the round of the press bearing a name wholly unknown to the reading public. But poetry generally receives so little attention in the great mass of matter that makes up our newspapers and periodicals that a poet rarely becomes known until he begins to print in book form.

As one of this series we here present a young poet—Robert Clarkson Tongue—whose verse has appeared in the *Independent*, *Churchman*, *St. Nicholas*, *Critic*, *Youth's Companion*, and other well-known papers, and, for two or three years, has been very popular with the exchange editors of the country. Mr. Tongue was born in Omaha, Neb., in 1869. He graduated from McLean Seminary, Simsbury, Conn., in 1886, and in 1887 became principal of a private school in Tolland,

Conn., where he remained until 1891. He then entered Trinity College, Hartford, and while there was editor of the *Tablet*, the college publication, and upon graduation, was chosen class poet. In 1892 he became instructor in English and English literature in the Episcopal Academy of Connecticut at Cheshire, where he remained two years. He then entered Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, where, during his last year, he was an assistant in the large local parish. He is now rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Rockville, Conn.

Mr. Tongue's poetry shows much technical skill, maturity of style, and versatility in choice of subjects. He has a liking for simple, melodious words, a keen ear for rhythm, and a rounded completeness in thought and expression. The poem *The Bicycle* won first prize in a spirited competition conducted by *The Critic*, and well deserves the honor which it received. We shall look before long for a volume of verse by Mr. Tongue and shall expect it to receive a hearty reception when published.

## QUESTION

Why is the king so sad, Father, why is the king so sad?

More than his sire the king is blessed,  
The times are fair and the land at rest;  
With the little prince on the queen's fair breast,

Why is the king so sad?

He put the woman he loved aside,  
He steeled his heart when his true love cried,  
And took a princess to be his bride!  
And so the king is sad.

Why is the rich man sad, Father, why is the rich man sad?

Fair on the hills his turrets glow,  
Broad is the manor spread below,  
Garners and wine-vats overflow;

Now, why is he so sad?

His truth for a lordly price he sold,  
He gave his honor for yellow gold;  
It's oh for the peace he knew of old!  
And therefore he is sad.

Why is the poor man sad, Father, why is the poor man

Health and freedom and love has he; [sad?  
A vine-clad cottage beyond the lea  
Where children clamber about his knee;  
Yet why is he so sad?

He thought of the rich man's wealth and fame,  
He looked on his humble lot with shame;  
Into his life black envy came,  
And therefore he is sad.

Why is the priest so sad, Father, why is the priest so sad?

Little he knows of worldly care,  
His place is found in the house of prayer,  
And honor and peace attend him there;

Why is the priest so sad?

He marks how the proud ones spoil the meek;  
His heart is hot, but his spirit weak,  
And the words that he would he dare not speak;  
And so the priest is sad.

Why is the world so sad, Father, why is the whole world

Every day is a glory sent, [sad?  
Sunshine, beauty and music blent,  
Fresh from the gracious firmament;  
Then why is the world so sad?

Alas for the evil ever done!

Alas for the good deed not begun!

Alas for our blindness every one!

By this the world is sad.

## OVER THE TUBS

Up from the laundry, all day long,  
Comes the croon of a little song;  
Low and plaintive its measures seem  
To rise and melt with the wreaths of steam.

Mrs. McGill in the mist below,  
Heaping the linen, snow on snow,  
Sings at her task as the moments fly;

Still as the busy hours go by,  
Mrs. McGill over the tubs,  
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Bare are her strong arms, rough and red  
Her hands, with striving for daily bread.

While she works in the steam and foam,  
Thoughts of the "childer," left at home,  
Come to cheer her, till, after all,

The day seems short and the washing small;

For mother-love, with tender spell,  
Is working its ceaseless miracle;

While Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,  
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Down through the areaway there floats

The cry of the newsboy, strident notes

Telling how on a field of fame

A warrior won him a hero's name;

The sailors clung to a reeling deck,

And served the guns of a shattered wreck;

A hero mounted the ladder tall,

And plucked a life from the flaming wall;

While Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,

Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Six o'clock! And the music swells

Loud from the throats of a thousand bells;

So, at last, when the shadows fall,

She draws about her a faded shawl,

While sweet content in the rough, worn face

Kindles a brighter than beauty's grace.

Home she hastes, where, the long day through,

The little ones watched and waited, too,

While Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,

Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Mrs. McGill, your humble name  
Has no place in the rolls of fame.  
Little it matters to such as you;  
Brief the page is, the names are few.  
Still I know that your faithful love  
Finds a place in the scroll above.  
So, when my heart grows weak and faint,  
This is the thought that stops complaint:  
Mrs. McGill over the tubs,  
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

## THE BICYCLE

Spun in some mighty wizard's brain,  
The potent spell that gave thee birth!  
He questioned Nature, not in vain,  
And called thy being from the earth;  
To share the task he summoned fire;  
Æolus at his bidding came;  
He fashioned by his vast desire  
The mystic bond of steel and flame.  
The subtle genius of the Greek,  
That bade swift Hermes tread the air,  
And Icarus, on pinions weak,  
The vast ethereal spaces dare,  
And Phaeton forget his fears,  
And speed the cloud-borne chariot free,—  
Prophetic looked adown the years,  
And dreamt a deed fulfilled in thee.  
What if he wrought not what he sung?  
The vision into being came;  
And it were meet the Grecian tongue  
Should lend the magic wheel a name.  
For sure, the god-like force that woke  
The pulsings of the Attic heart  
Is present here in every spoke,  
And latent dwells in every part.  
The Caliph's carpet, magic-spun,  
The Lord of Bagdad bore alone,  
None other ever gazed upon  
Or mounted on that airy throne  
The modern necromancer weaves  
A myriad mystic steeds of steel.  
Alike, or king or common cleaves  
The gale upon the ready wheel.

Outdone, outdone, O genii, ye  
Who wrought that Orient fabric rare!  
A nobler steed is waiting me,  
And I am regent of the air.  
With regal foot I spurn the dust,  
All baser barbs are left behind,  
I launch me like the lance's thrust,  
And speed triumphant down the wind.

## THE SPRING IN THE MEADOW

There's a spring in the meadow  
Beside the old wall,  
Where the grass through the summer  
Is freshest of all;  
Where the water flows forth  
With a lullaby sound,  
As glad to escape  
From its home under ground.  
And deep is the shade  
Of the tall elms above,  
As bending to catch  
The soft music they love.  
They leave but a space  
For the skies to peer through,  
And lend to the streamlet  
Their tenderest blue.

Ah, green is the bowl  
Whence those pure waters flow,  
With ferns and long grasses  
Reflected below.

The bird lingers long  
On the moss-covered rim,  
And drinks at that fountain  
New joy for his hymn,  
It calls me; it calls me!  
The hot city street  
Has changed to the meadow.  
And under my feet  
The grasses and field flowers  
Bend low at my tread,  
And the fair summer wind  
Sways the boughs overhead.

## LIFE AND LOVE

"*Vivamus, mea Lesbia atque amemus*"

Let us live while the heart is lightest,  
Let us love while the heart is strong,  
And laugh while the day is brightest,  
And quicken the morn with song;  
Let us mourn for no joy untasted,  
Let us envy no bliss gone by.  
The pleasure ungrasped is wasted.  
To-morrow, we die, we die!

Let us quaff from the crystal, showing  
The wine on the beaded rim.  
Let us gather the fruitage glowing  
Full ripe on the bending limb.  
To-morrow the bowl is shattered.  
Ere ever the shards be dry,  
The fruit is withered and scattered.  
To-morrow, we die, we die!

To-day is for love and kisses,  
With life at its golden prime.  
A century's wealth of blisses,  
We reap in a moment's time.  
The heart keeps time to the measure,  
While the harp of love rings high.  
To-day is for love and pleasure.  
To-morrow, we die, we die!

## EASTER EVE

Surely the faith that sees below  
The wreathed drifts of Winter's snow,  
The springtide blossoms bud and grow,—

The faith that knows the perfume shed,  
Where lilies droop the modest head,  
Though all the world be cold and dead,—

The faith that hears in lifeless trees  
The songster's mingled melodies,  
The swarm and drone of countless bees,—

That faith may pierce with undimmed eyes,  
The cloudy curtains of the skies,  
That hide the heights of Paradise,

May view the empty sepulchre,  
And know beyond all doubt and fear  
"The Lord is risen; He is not here."

## AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT

Our lives are like the stars, that give no sign  
In the full glory of the noon-tide sun;  
But rayless wait, unseen, till day be done,  
Masked in the splendor of his light divine.  
Then of a sudden, through the gloom they shine,  
And lo, a thousand worlds their courses run,  
Made holier by that lustre. Weary one,  
So, gently favored, doth the soul recline,  
And yield not light to any, in the blaze  
Of full prosperity; till sinking low,  
Its sun of bliss be darkened, spent its days;  
Then through the dusk of grief and tears doth glow  
A new effulgence, lighting on their ways  
The feeble-hearted. May thy lot be so.

## STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

### COLONIAL-DAY ADVERTISING

PAUL REVERE AS A MAN OF PEACE.....N. Y. TRIBUNE

WHEREAS MANY PERSONS ARE SO UNFORTUNATE AS TO LOSE THEIR Fore-Teeth by Accident, and otherways, to their great Detriment, not only in Looks, but Speaking both in Public and Private:—This is to inform all such, that they may have them re-placed with artificial Ones, that looks as well as the Natural & answers the End of Speaking to all Intents, by PAUL REVERE, Goldsmith, near the Head of Dr. Clarke's Wharf, Boston.

This quaint advertisement, which appeared in The Boston Gazette, of December 19, 1768, serves to show that Mr. Revere was a man various and versatile. It appears that his business was not solely to be a Revolutionary hero, to take exciting midnight rides and warn the Lexington minutemen, but that in his odd moments he carried on the more lucrative trades of goldsmith and dentist. His occupation as a handicraftsman in precious metals has long been known, but the landlord who said, "Listen, my children, and you shall hear," did not give the wide-eyed young people the interesting details in regard to Paul's dental work. In fact, his skill in this regard might never have been known had he not conceived the rare value of advertising.

In these end-of-the-century days no branch of business has shown more development and diversification than advertising. The problem how to let the world know what wares you have to offer it, either in brains, steam engines, soap, real estate or butter and eggs, has been a burning one ever since Noah sent Shem, Ham and Japhet out in the world to shift for themselves. Men have always had to solve the problem in about the same way—by modestly proclaiming their merits from the housetops; and the only reason that advertising in these times has assumed such prodigious proportions is that there are millions more men, they have infinitely more things to offer and use vastly more words in which to say so.

The successful advertiser has always been the man that adopts methods so startling as to catch the eye of the casual observer. And with all due respect to the \$10,000-a-year advertisement writers of the present age, it seems that the advertisers of the last century had a fetching and attractive style that it would be hard to equal now. Look, for instance, at this touching and ingenious tribute to Bacchus that appeared in a Baltimore paper in 1788:

"IN GOOD WINE THERE IS TRUTH."

THE ROSY GOD, ever attentive to the wants and wishes of his votaries here below, has for their use deposited in the hands of the subscriber (one of his oldest tapsters) some of his CHOICEST GIFTS, the best Produce of various Vintages. Such exhilarating Beverage as, of old, cheered the Hearts of Gods and Men. . . . The Public's most obliged and devoted Servant.

THOMAS HEPBURN.

Baltimore, April 11, 1788.

Some people say nowadays that they read the hundred odd pages of advertising in the magazines before they read the articles, and the advertising columns of some of the old colonial periodicals must have possessed equal interest. How would this do for a Dime Museum?

### CURIOUS LIVING ANIMALS.

MR. GILBERT informs the Public that he has purchased, at considerable expense, a Collection of Living Animals, harmless and playful.

A large Baboon, which is allowed to be the most curious Animal of its kind, ever seen in America.

A Porcupine, Bear, Rackoon and Rabbitt, which are also very great curiosities.

The Collection may be seen every day (except Sundays) from 4 o'clock in the afternoon until sunset, at the Granary, Head of the Mall, Boston. Admittance Nine pence for Ladies and Gentlemen, and half price for Children.

—(Columbian Centinel, May 12, 1798.

Or with this from The Essex Gazette in 1773, in the days before there were a thousand hair-restorers on the market to bring back to the "most important Heads" (as Mr. Lang says herewith) the curling locks of youth:

WILLIAM LANG,

Wig-Maker and Hair-Dresser,

Hereby informs the Public, that he has hired a Person from EUROPE, by whose assistance he is now enabled, in the several branches of his business, to serve his good customers, and all others, in the most genteel and polite Tastes that are at present in Fashion In England and America.—In particular, WIGS made in any Mode whatever, such as may grace and become the most important Heads, whether those of Judges, Divines, Lawyers or Physicians; together with all those of an inferior Kind, so as exactly to suit their respective Occupations and Inclinations.

—HAIR DRESSING, for Ladies and Gentlemen, performed in the most elegant and newest Taste.—

Ladies, in a particular Manner, shall be attended to, in the nice, easy, genteel and polite Construction of ROLLS, such as may tend to raise their Heads to any Pitch they desire,—also French Curls, made in the neatest Manner. He gives cash for Hair.

When it comes down to the matter of books it must be acknowledged that the lists of publications that our publishers announce are somewhat more attractive than those fresh from the presses before the Revolution. Take this one from The Boston Gazette, in 1767:

THIS DAY PUBLISHED

An ADDRESS to

Persons of FASHION

Concerning frequenting of

Plays, Balls, Assemblies, Card-Tables, &c., in which is introduced the character of

LUCINDA,

Printed and sold by W. McAlpine, in Marlboro'-street.



A Pamphlet worthy the Serious Attention of every Christian especially at a Time when Vice and Immorality seems to have an Ascendancy over Religion, and the Prince of the Power of the Air reigns with almost an untroubled Restraint.

Or this one from The Massachusetts Gazette in 1774, which seems fairly to bubble over with cheerfulness:

A BOOK WHICH UPON PERUSAL recommends itself, and which it is only necessary to read to approve; extremely proper to be given at Funerals or any other solemn Occasion; being written expressly with that intention.

THIS DAY WAS PUBLISHED,  
(price 2s. Lawful Money Single and 1s 8 the doz.)

By Thomas Leverett, Nicholas Bowes

and Henry Knox in Cornhill,

REFLECTIONS

on

DEATH.

By WILLIAM DODD, LL. D.

Prebendary of Brecon and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty.

It is appointed once for all men to die, but after this the Judgment.—Heb. ix., 27.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

A desire of extending the very laudable Practice of giving Books at Funerals, and the great propriety of the present Work for that Purpose, have induced the Editors to put this valuable Performance one Third cheaper than the London Edition, although it is by no Means Inferior in point of Elegance.

It is easy to see points of similarity between eighteenth and nineteenth century advertisers. The tendency a hundred years ago was in many advertisements to begin, not with a huge display of type, but with some subtly phrased paragraph that was interesting enough to read merely in itself. The gullible fish swallow the glittering bait, as it were, and then are gradually hauled up and landed on the dry facts about silk goods at so much the yard. This device was employed before the Revolution more generally even than now, and the latter-day advertisers might get plenty of hints from their forbears if they had the patience to peruse the musty old files.

Take it all in all, however, the art of advertising has advanced in the last century, along with other things. The optimists say that everything is improving—the position of woman included. But what woman of the present day enjoys the ascendancy that Sarah Brooks enjoyed in 1793? Just look at Sarah's proud announcement in The Salem Gazette on March 27 of that year:

THE Subscriber being apprehensive that her Husband, JOHN BROOKS, will contract debts on her account—this is to forbid any person trusting him on her account, as she will not satisfy any debt so contracted after this date—altho my compassion for him is such, that he shall not want for anything I can help him to—knowing him to be a poor, forlorn young man. I cannot but pity his condition, and sincerely hope he will alter his way of life for the better—tear jealousy from his heart—bury in oblivion his unhappy temper—and take

up a firm resolution, that he will turn from the error of his ways, to a better course of life, become a good citizen, a friend to his wife and children, and not hearken any more to his supposed friends (the greatest enemies)—this is the sincere wish of the Subscriber.

SARAH BROOKS.

Marblehead, March 27, 1793.

#### THE LEGEND OF SIR DINAR

A. T. QUILLER COUCH.....THE SPEAKER

The legend of Sir Dinar is as old as the Round Table, though later touches, easily detected, have been added to it. And this is how they tell it:

Sir Dinar was the first son and comeliest of King Geraint, who had left Arthur's Court for his own castle above Portscatho-in-Roseland, and was buried, when his time came, over the Nare, in his golden boat with his silver oars beside him. To fill his seat at the Round Table he sent, in the lad's sixteenth year, this Dinar, who, in two years, was made knight by King Arthur, and in the third was turned an old man before he had achieved a single deed of note, as is to be shown.

For, on the fifth day after he was dubbed knight, upon the Feast of Pentecost, there began the great quest of the Sancgrael, which took Sir Lancelot from the court, Sir Perceval, Sir Bors, Sir Gawaine, Sir Galahad, and the flower of Arthur's knights. And because, after their going, it was all sad cheer at Camelot, and heavy, empty days, Sir Dinar took two of his best friends aside, both young knights, Sir Galhartin and Sir Ozanna le Coeur Hardi, and spoke to them of riding from the court by stealth, "for," he said, "we have many days before us, and no villainy upon our conscience and besides are eager. Who knows, then, but we may achieve this adventure of the Sancgrael?" So they listened, and imparted it to another, Sir Sentrail, and the four rode forth privily one morning before the dawn, and set their faces northward.

Now the day of their setting-out was the next after Christmas, and is the Feast of Stephen the Martyr. And as they rode through a thick wood, it came into Sir Dinar's mind that upon this day it was right to kill any bird that flew, in remembrance that when Saint Stephen had all but escaped from the soldiers who guarded him, a small bird had sung in their ears and awakened them. By this, the sun was growing white with the morning, but nothing yet clear to the sight; and while they pressed forward under the naked boughs, their horses' hoofs crackling the frozen undergrowth beneath them, Sir Dinar was aware of a bird's wing ruffling ahead, and let fly a bolt without warning his companions why he did this, who had forgotten what morning it was, and drew rein in their astonishment.

But pressing forward in a minute, they came upon a gervalcon lying with long lunes hanging about his feet, and through his breast the hole that Sir Dinar's bolt had made. While they stooped over this bird the sun got up, and lifting their heads they saw a green glade before them, and in the midst of the glade three pavilions set, each of red sendal, that shone at the first touch of the morning. In the first pavilion slept seven knights, and

in the second a score of damsels, but by the door of the third stood a lady, fair and tall, in a robe of samite, who, as they drew near to accost her, inquired of them:

"Which of you four has slain my gerfalcon?"

And when Sir Dinar confessed, and began to make his excuse, "Silly knight," said she, "who couldst not guess that my falcon, too, was abroad to avenge the blessed Stephen. Or dost think that it was a hawk, of all birds, that sank a sweet melody in the ears of his guards?"

With that she laughed, as if pacified, and asked of their affairs, and being told that they rode in search of the Sancgrael, she laughed again, saying:

"Silly knights all, that seek it before you be bearded! For three of you must faint and die on the quest, and you, sir," turning to Sir Dinar, "must many times long to die, yet never reach nearer by a foot."

"Let it be as God will," answered Sir Dinar. "But hast thou any tidings to guide us?"

"I have heard," said she, "that it was seen latest in the land of Gore, beyond Trent water." And with her white finger she pointed down a narrow glade that led to the northwest. So they thanked her and pricked on, none guessing that she herself was King Urience' wife, of Gore, and none other than Queen Morgan le Fay, the famous enchantress, who, for loss of her gerfalcon, was lightly sending Sir Dinar to his ruin.

So all that day they rode, two and two, in the straight alley that she had pointed out; and by her enchantments she made the winter trees to move with them, serried close on either hand, so that, though the four knights wist nothing of it, they advanced not a furlong for all their haste. But towards nightfall there appeared close ahead a blaze of windows lit and then a tall castle with dim towers soaring up and shaking to the din of minstrelsy. And finding a great company about the doors, they lit down from their horse and stepped into the great hall, Sir Dinar leading them. For a while their eyes were dazed, seeing that sconces flared in every window and the place was full of knights and damsels brightly clad, and the floor shone. But while they were yet blinking, a band of maidens came and unbuckled their arms and cast a shining cloak upon each, which was hardly done when a lady came towards them out of the throng, and though she was truly the Queen Morgan le Fay, they knew her not at all, for by her necromancy she had altered her countenance.

"Come, dance," said she, "for in an instant the musicians will begin."

Now the other three knights tarried awhile, being weary, but Sir Dinar stepped forward and caught the hand of a damsel, and she, as she gave it, laughed in his eyes. She was dressed all in scarlet, with scarlet shoes, and the hair lay on her shoulders like burnished gold. As Sir Dinar set his arm around her, with a crash the merry band began, and, floating out with him into the dance, her red shoes twinkling and her tossed hair shaking spices under his nostrils, she leant back a little in his arms and laughed again.

It happened that Sir Galhartin, leaning by the doorway, heard the laugh and saw her feet twinkle

like blood-red moths, and he called to Sir Dinar. But Sir Dinar heard nothing, nor did any of the dancers turn their heads, though he called again more loudly. Then Sir Sentrail and Sir Ozanna also began to call, fearing, they knew not what, for their comrade. But the guests still drifted by as if they were ghosts, and Sir Dinar, with the red blood showing beneath the down on his cheeks, smiled and whirled with the woman upon his arm.

By and by his breath came shortly, and he would have rested; but she denied him.

"For a moment," he said, "because I have ridden far to-day."

But she hung the more heavily upon his arm, and still the music went on. And now, gazing upon her, he was frightened, for it seemed she was growing older under his eyes, with deep lines sinking into her face, and the flesh of her neck and bosom shriveling up, so that the skin hung loose and gathered in wrinkles. And now he heard the voices of his companions calling about the door, and would have cast off the sorceress and run to them. But when he tried, his arm was welded around her waist, nor could he stay his feet.

The three knights now, seeing the sweat upon his face and the looks he cast towards them, would have broken in and freed him; but they, too, were by enchantment held there in the doorway. So, with their eyes starting, they must needs stay there and watch it all, and while they stood the boards became as molten brass under Sir Dinar's feet, and the hag slowly withered in his embrace, and still the music played, and the other dancers cast him never a kind look as he whirled round and round again. But at length, with never a stay in the music, his partner's feet trailed heavily, and, bending forward, she shook her white locks clear of her gaunt eyes, and laughed a third time, bringing her lips close to his. And the poison of death was in her lips as she kissed him upon the mouth. With that kiss there was a crash, the lights went out, and the music died away in a wail, and the three knights by the door were caught away suddenly and stunned by a great wind.

Awaking, they found themselves lying in the glade where they had come upon the three red pavilions. Their horses were cropping at the turf, beside them, and Sir Dinar's horse stood in sight a little way off. But Sir Dinar himself was deep in the forest, twirling and spinning among the rotten leaves, and on his arm hung a corrupting corpse. For a whole day they sought him and found him not, for he heard nothing of their shouts, and towards evening mounted and rode forward after the Sancgrael, on which quest they died, all three, each in his turn.

But Sir Dinar remained, and twirled and skipped till the body he held was a skeleton; and still he twirled, till it dropped away piecemeal, and yet again, till it was but a stain of dust on his ragged sleeve. But before this his hair was white and his face wizened with age.

But on a day a knight in white armor came riding through the forest, leaning somewhat heavily on his saddle-bow as he rode, and was aware of an old decrepit man that ran towards him, jiggling and capering as if for gladness, yet caught him by the



stirrup and looked up with rheumy tears in his eyes.

"In God's name, who art thou?" asked the knight. He, too, was past his youth, but his face shone with a marvellous strange glory.

"I am young Sir Dinar, that was made a knight of the Round Table but five days before Pentecost. And I know thee. Thou art Sir Galahad, who shouldst win the Sancgrael; therefore, by Christ's power, rid me of this enchantment.

"I have not won it yet," Sir Galahad answered, sighing. "Yet, poor comrade, I may do something for thee, though I cannot stay thy dancing."

So he stretched out his hand and touched Sir Dinar, and by his touch Sir Dinar became a withered leaf of the wood. And when mothers see him dancing before the wind they tell this story of him to their children.

#### THE LOG OF THE MAYFLOWER

TRANSFER OF AN HISTORICAL DOCUMENT.....ILLUST'D LONDON NEWS

A graceful act of international courtesy on the part of the Consistory Court of London has drawn attention to the remarkable history of a manuscript volume which is essentially one of the most precious heirlooms of the American nation, although it has long been stored in English keeping. The Pilgrim Fathers who left their native land on board the Mayflower in 1620 bequeathed to their children a detailed chronicle of all their doings in the form of a manuscript book, entitled *The Log of the Mayflower*. This volume, destined to acquire a unique importance as an historical document, was compiled by William Bradford, one of the foremost members of that devoted band, which set forth into the unknown for conscience' sake, and subsequently governor of Plymouth Colony, and within its pages were recorded the names of all the pilgrims and the chief incidents of their voyage and ultimate landing at Cape Cod. But the log of the Mayflower did not end with the voyage. Its narrative was continued as a history of the formation of the first settlement at New Plymouth, and of the general colonization work of the next twenty-eight years. The inclusion of an official register of baptisms, marriages and funerals added a legal importance to the historical value of this authoritative account of the origin of New England. It was probably due to this circumstance that the volume was some time or another sent to the library of Fulham Palace, for up to the time of the Declaration of Independence the American colonies, strangely enough, formed part of the diocese of London. Nothing is definitely known, however, of the transference of this valuable document from the new country to the old beyond the fact that it has been stored at Fulham Palace with other archives of the diocese of London. But at last the historic log is to be restored to the commonwealth of whose earliest beginnings it forms so precious a relic. At the application of the United States ambassador, the Consistory Court of London has decided, with the approval of the bishop, to hand over the volume to the President of the United States, zincographic copies being kept for the diocesan registry and the episcopal library at Fulham Palace.

This decision naturally recalls the tender soli-

tude with which everything associated with the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers is regarded by all true Americans. Anti-British politicians may do their utmost to prevent the tightening of the bonds of friendship which should unite the two great English-speaking peoples, but there will still remain a huge section of new world inhabitants actuated by feelings of keenest admiration and deepest sympathy for the old mother country. The State of Massachusetts is especially interested in the present act of courtesy. It was a vicar of Boston in Lincolnshire who practically founded the chief city of Massachusetts. Several of the earliest governors of Massachusetts hailed from the Lincolnshire Boston. Governor Bellingham, whose character is sketched in *The Scarlet Letter*, was recorder of the old England town. William Brewster, chief of the Pilgrim Fathers, and William Bradford, who kept the log of the Mayflower, both suffered imprisonment at Boston before they managed to find a way of escape for their Puritan brethren. And, seeing that the new Boston claims to be "the hub of the universe," optimists may detect great significance in the generous surrender of what, to Bostonians even more than to Great Britain, is a precious historical record and antiquarian treasure.

The little village of Scrooby, on the borders of Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire, where Brewster lived and taught lessons in freedom to Bradford and other brave souls, has been denominated "the cradle of Massachusetts." And if so, why not "the cradle of the American nation"?

The traveler on the Great Northern Railway from London may catch a glimpse of the slim white spire of Scrooby church on his left ere he reaches Doncaster. Visitors from Massachusetts know it well. There are two shrines that the enthusiastic American tourist never misses. One is Stratford-on-Avon; the other, Brewster's old manor house at Scrooby, with the neighboring village of Austerfield, where William Bradford first saw the light. There is, indeed, comparatively little left of the structure that was familiar to the secret worshippers of Brewster's day. One of the few old oak beams remaining has already been secured by an enterprising descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers to adorn his dwelling across the seas, and, bit by bit, other memorials of the past are finding their way over the Atlantic to keep alive the feeling of kinship between New England and the old. The Norman font at which William Bradford was baptized still occupies a place in Austerfield church, and the parish register contains Bradford's baptismal entry. This quaint old edifice sadly needs restoration; and Americans, in particular, are being invited to contribute to the fund. So far, their response is not encouraging, nevertheless the church wardens intend to retain the font. As the Earl of Crewe writes in his appeal on behalf of the memorial fund, Austerfield is linked with Scrooby, the home of Brewster, as a cradle of the Pilgrim Fathers; and so long as the sailing of the Mayflower remains one of the historic cameos upon which English and American eyes alike love to rest, the footsteps of travelers will turn toward these quiet little hamlets in reverence for the men who embarked on an even nobler quest than did the fleet of Columbus.



# PARODIES OF WORDSWORTH

BY ARTHUR SHADWELL MARTIN

Parody when confined to its proper literary province is the poetry or poetic form of castigation. It takes notice of offences against recognized literary canons and punishes them. It follows, that since every great poet must create the taste by which he is accepted and admired, the most original poets may be picked out by the amount of parody they evoke. Of no poet is this truer than of Wordsworth. His poems stimulated parody among his most intimate acquaintances. Hartley Coleridge, for instance, holds the mirror up to Lucy as follows:

"He lived amongst th' untrodden ways  
To Rydal Lake that lead;  
A bard whom there were none to praise  
And very few to read.

"Behind a cloud his mystic sense,  
Deep-hidden, who can spy?  
Bright as the night when not a star  
Is shining in the sky.

"Unread his works—his Milk White Doe  
With dust is dark and dim;  
It's still in Longman's shop, and oh!  
The difference to him."

This, however, is genial banter compared to the treatment which Peter Bell received. This poem was written and frequently repolished for twenty-one years before it was finally given to the public. In the meantime, of course, it was shown to many friends, and this accounts for the fact that when Wordsworth expected the first copy from the publisher's he actually received a copy of a wicked parody called Peter Bell the Second, written by Hood's brother-in-law. It represents Peter finding Wordsworth's buried reputation in a churchyard, and concludes:

"He quits that moonlight yard of skulls,  
And still he feels right glad and smiles  
With moral joy at that old tomb;  
Peter's cheek recalls its bloom.  
And, as he creepeth by the tiles  
He mutters ever 'W. W.'  
Never more will trouble you, trouble you."

This satire of J. H. Reynolds is, nevertheless, very mild in comparison with Shelley's "Peter Bell the Third," which is an extraordinary example of how far astray one great poet may go in his estimate of a rival. Byron's antagonism is not so surprising, since even for Keats he had only a sort of contemptuous pity, scoffing that "The mind, that fiery particle, should let itself be snuffed out by an article." From him Wordsworth received no quarter:

"There's something in a stupid ass  
And something in a heavy dunce;  
But never since I went to school  
I saw or heard so damned a fool  
As William Wordsworth is for once.  
And now I've seen so great a fool  
As William Wordsworth is for once,  
I really wish that Peter Bell\*  
And he who wrote it were in hell,  
For writing nonsense for the nonce.  
It saw the light in '98,  
Sweet babe of one and twenty years!  
And then he gave it to the nation,  
And deems himself of Shakespear's peers.  
He gives the perfect works to light!  
William Wordsworth—if I might advise—  
Content you with the praise you get  
From Sir George Beaumont, Baronet,  
And with your place in the excise."

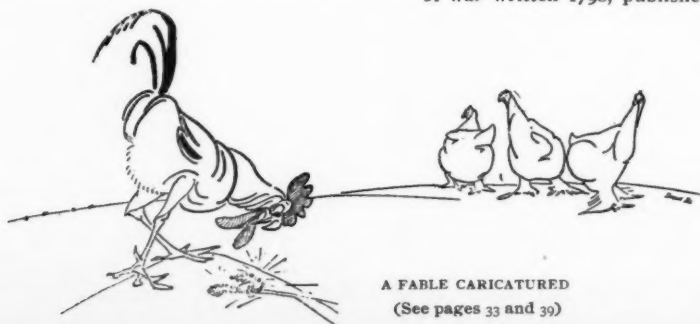
The finest parody of all, beginning, "There is a river clear and fair, by Catherine Fanshawe, cannot be included in this company, as it is not a direct personal attack, but we may perhaps be forgiven for quoting the last two stanzas, as they are exquisitely Wordsworthian:

"And I have said, my little Will,  
Why should not he continue still  
A thing of Nature's rearing?  
A thing beyond the world's control—  
A living vegetable soul,—  
No human sorrow fearing.  
It were a blessed sight to see  
That child become a willow-tree  
His brother trees among.  
He'd be four times as tall as me,  
And live three times as long."

The avowed critical purpose of parody has never been better exemplified, however, than in a sonnet by J. K. S. (James Kenneth Stephen), parodying Wordsworth's great sonnet, "Two voices are there." In the poet's own words it contains "Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles":

"Two voices are there: one is of the deep;  
It learns the storm cloud's thunderous melody,  
Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,  
Now birdlike pipes, now dozes soft in sleep;  
And one is of an old half-witted sheep,  
Which bleats articulate monotony,  
And indicates that two and one are three,  
That grass is green, lakes damp and mountains steep;  
And, Wordsworth, both are thine: at certain times  
Forth from the stream of thy melodious rhymes,  
The form and pressure of high thoughts will burst:  
At other times—good Lord! I'd rather be  
Quite unacquainted with the A. B. C.  
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst."

\* It was written 1798, published 1819.



A FABLE CARICATURED  
(See pages 33 and 39)

## APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

### AN INVENTION TO RENDER SHIPS UNSINKABLE

INTERVIEW WITH M. LEVASSEUR.....BLACK AND WHITE

With the horrors of the Victoria, the Drummond Castle and the Warren Hastings—though, fortunately, in the last there was scarce any loss of life—fresh in mind, the average man must wonder how it happens that in this age of invention no scheme has been devised for rendering ships unsinkable. Not for the first time have French inventors come to the rescue, and of late the attention of shipbuilders and others connected with the navy and the mercantile marine has been attracted to an efficacious but simple plan of this sort. Anxious to secure a lucid and non-technical account of the invention, a member of our staff called on M. L. Levasseur, the London representative of the inventor.

"We do not claim," he said, as he rolled up his sleeves preparatory to experimenting on the model floating in a huge tank in his office, "to make shipwreck pleasant; neither is it our aim to prevent collisions or the many dangers of those who go down to the sea in ships, but we do claim to make unsinkable any ship, large or small."

Observing an incredulous aspect on the face of his visitor, he walked across to the tank and filled the model hulk with sand-bags and bricks till her water-line was submerged. Then he pointed out that she had in her side two gaping holes supposed to be the result of collision amidships, which, for the moment, were covered with collision mats to keep her afloat. These he proceeded to remove, and the little vessel began to sink rapidly. Presently there was a hissing sound—as of a soda-water bottle being opened—a bursting of something under the deck, and the gallant little ship was floating proudly on the surface with the collision holes still unstopped. Another turn of the gas lever, a bubbling of gas on the water, and the boat lay on her side at the bottom of the tank. Yet another pull of the lever, and in a couple of seconds the submerged model, quivering from stem to stern, rose like a cork. Comment was needless.

"That boat," said M. Levasseur, "some five feet in length, was, as you have seen, rendered unsinkable; but for the purpose of experiment she was twice allowed to touch the bottom, and on each occasion was raised to the surface. That was accomplished by the use of a liqueur-glass full of carbonic acid gas. I claim that in a relatively short space of time and with a proportionate consumption of gas—or ordinary air if you like—we can keep any ship afloat, no matter how badly she may be smashed below the water-line. Had we our apparatus to hand we could have raised the Orotava in Tilbury Dock in a few hours, and had our air-bags been on the Drummond Castle she would not be lying at this moment in her rocky bed at Ushant."

"But explain the invention to me."—"It consists of a number of independent collapsible reservoirs—air-tight and waterproof—which when not in use hang under the deck of a ship, or, indeed, in any space not required for use, as the ceilings of cabins,

engine-room, etc. As you see, they fold up like concertinas, and when not needed lie quite flat against the ceilings or under the decks. It matters not where they are placed. On deck, or again wherever most convenient, are placed a number of small cylinders filled with liquid carbonic acid, which by means of pipes are connected with the various balloons or air-bags, each of which is independent, and in case of one being damaged the others are not injured."

"These cylinders, I take it, are charged at the beginning of a voyage?"—"Precisely, and at the moment of danger the mere pulling of a lever by the officer on the bridge causes the gas to rush into any of the air-bags at will."

"And the cost of this appliance?"—"O, roughly speaking, I should say big ocean liners like the Paris or the Lucania could be fitted with 'L'Insubmersible'—for that is the name of the patent—for £1,000. The invention is based upon the well-known principle of the fish bladder. It was devised in its present form by M. G. Dubois, an engineer of the Paris Ecole Central. It was only after some eighteen months' study that the present form was adopted. M. Dages originated the balloon idea, only in his case the bags were placed outside the ship; this was found to be unworkable in a heavy sea. M. Dubois's improvement has been approved by all who have seen it, and some of the highest authorities in England have expressed their satisfaction with it."

"But isn't the space it will occupy, especially in a cargo boat, a serious objection?"—"Not at all. Any properly loaded ship has a vacant space between the cargo and the deck, and this and any odd spaces on board are more than sufficient for our purpose. The character of the air-bags is such that by the pressure of the gas they fit themselves automatically to the contour of the cargo. In the case of passenger ships there is, it is evident to all, plenty of room for our apparatus. It must be remembered, too, that it would only be in very bad cases that it would be necessary to fill all the air-bags. It would only be necessary to inflate those in that part of the ship that had received damage. But in the worst possible case a ship kept afloat by the air-bags—even if washed by the sea and unable to steer—would be perfectly safe until assistance came."

### ARTIFICIAL SILK

RISE AND GROWTH OF THE INDUSTRY.....CLOTHIER AND FURNISHER

The manufacture of silk from wood pulp is one of the most promising of new industries; only a few persons besides those who are directly interested in the matter realizing the present extent of the product or the excellence of its quality. The factory in France is undergoing extensive alterations; another establishment has been started in England, and American capitalists are looking into the subject with the view of locating a silk-mill at Niagara Falls.

The manufacture of silk from wood has been the fond dream of inventors for years, but how was it to be accomplished? It was left for a certain wor-

thy Count Hilaire de Chardonnet, a graduate of the French Polytechnic School of France, and Knight of the Legion of Honor, to work out the problem and remove the question of difficulty. This same Count sat, so the story goes, in an unfrequented wood, chewing the cud of thought, and at the same time munching a scrap of bark which he had stripped from one of the giants of the forest. It was now, as he carelessly masticated the bit of white rind and noticed the fibrous character of the morsel, that the first intelligent idea of a great invention filtered into his mind, and he felt that he was on the road by substitution to a real and substantial development of an industry that had hitherto been in the hands of a comparative few, and that was hampered by the cost of production. How the scheme was slowly and gradually evolved, how a method was eventually projected for procuring from such a seemingly intractable substance as wood, soft glossy yarn not distinguishable from the silk of the little worms, and capable of being woven into dress fabrics, tie silks, etc., we need not stay to inquire. The obstacles in the way of the inventor were many, and at times appeared insuperable; but by persistent thought, and endless experiment, this genius at length triumphed over all difficulties and succeeded in perfecting an invention which is a marvel of mechanical and chemical ingenuity, and by means of which a beautiful silk is obtained, equaling in brilliancy, fineness, and softness of texture that made in the mysterious laboratory of the unlovely grub.

In 1891 Count Hilaire de Chardonnet founded a company to work his invention, and the enterprise has proved a great commercial success. Of course this success was not achieved all at once; the process needed perfecting, and toward this end a number of chemists and eminent engineers have contributed. A flourishing industry in the manufacture of artificial silk is now established in France, and at the works at Besançon some 200 kilos of silk are made daily, of a quality said to be so superior that it rivals the best products of China and Japan; but the demand has grown so enormously that it has been necessary to enlarge and duplicate the works.

The process by which the pulp is converted into silk yarn is, as might be supposed, exceedingly interesting. At the works at Besançon the labor of 12,000 glass silk-worms is utilized, the said glass silkworms being little fractions of glass tubes, of which the lower extremity has a capillary opening, through which passes, by the action of powerful pressure, a liquid matter, which is nitro-cellulose, in the form of a special collodion. This is transformed into a filament of silk scarcely perceptible, and serves to constitute the final thread.

To show how infinitely fine these filaments are, it is only necessary to state that no fewer than ten of them would be required to make up the thickness of a human hair. These almost invisible filaments, forced through the orifices of the tubes under pneumatic pressure, are taken in hand by nimble-fingered girls and passed through the guides and on to the bobbin, so many filaments being passed on to one bobbin, according to the thickness of the thread required. After being spun, the silk needs to be denitrified, so as to render it non-inflammable after the chemical process it has undergone. Final-

ly the hanks are placed on two revolving rollers, which stretch and also iron them, producing that high degree of luster which is a notable feature of the artificial silk. This, in brief, is a description of the process employed in the manufacture of the new silk.

The Chardonnet Silk Factory is at Pres de Vaux, Besançon, France. Pres de Vaux is an attractive suburb of Besançon, and the works cover a considerable area of ground. The spinning department is most interesting, the skill of the girls in attaching the almost invisible fibers to the guides being only acquired after considerable practice. The twisting department is a marvelous sight, and the spectacle of thousands of bobbins rapidly revolving in the operation of twisting the fairy-like yarn is well worth seeing. The doubling and skeining department is devoted to the final operation in the manufacture of the silk.

For some time past artificial silk has been sold in London, and it is among the leading features of this season's Paris novelties. So extensive has grown the demand for this beautiful commodity, that the existing powers of manufacture are entirely unable to cope with it, and the idea has now occurred to a number of enterprising and well-known silk and cotton manufacturers in this country of adding to the number of our industries by introducing the making of artificial silk.

#### MANUFACTURE OF CELLULOID

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROCESS.....TRADE JOURNAL REVIEW

Celluloid is made by the combined action of pressure and heat, or with the aid of solvents, in that case in the cold. The camphor is dissolved in alcohol, as little as possible, and the solution sprayed through a rose on to the pyroxyline, which must be perfectly dry. A second layer of pyroxyline is added, moistened again with camphor solution, and so on. The gelatinous lump is worked between iron rollers to which it adheres; the layer is slit longitudinally and rolled again. The cakes, 0.4 inch thick, are cut into plates, about 2 feet by 1 foot, which pass for twenty-four hours into hydraulic presses, which are doubly steam-jacketed. The mass is now sawn into plates, which are dried at about 95° Fah. for a week or two, and finally cut into smaller pieces, from which the articles are stamped. Further particulars are difficult to obtain. The writer in the *Gummi Zeitung* believes, however, that Magnus & Co., of Berlin, pour 100 parts of ether on 50 of collodion wool and 25 of camphor, and stir the covered mass in earthenware vessels with rubber sticks until a homogeneous gelatinous mass is obtained, which is then rolled. At St. Denis ethyl alcohol is said to be used. Apart from dyestuff and other additions the celluloid consists on an average of two-thirds of pyroxyline and one-third of camphor; more camphor imparts an unpleasant smell and impairs the strength of the product. The chemical constitution of celluloid is still doubtful.

The celluloid is generally supplied in rods of 3 feet length, or in plates of 30 inches by 12 inches, of a yellowish color, unless dyed. It cannot be exploded by heat, blows, nor friction. It burns, but the flame can easily be blown out; it leaves an ash skeleton, which continues to sparkle faintly for

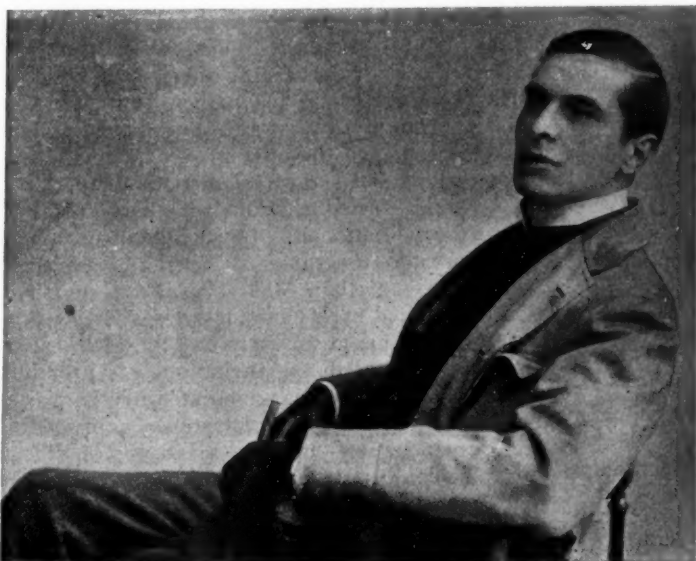


some time. It is soluble in ether-alcohol, while either of the ingredients alone only attacks the camphor. Concentrated acids and caustic alkalis decompose or carbonize the celluloid. While the finished article is not dangerous, the manufacture is highly so. Various additions to render the celluloid less inflammable are hardly required. The smaller articles are cut ready in the cold, dipped into hot water, bent and shaped, and plunged into cold water again to retain their shape. Larger articles are pressed in heated moulds. If reheated during further operations, the articles lose their shape. The comb manufacture is simpler than with hard rubber. The teeth are stamped with dies, by hand or machinery, and then polished with pumice stone and cold water. The dyes are generally added at the time when the pyroxyline and camphor are mixed. Striped articles are obtained by superposition of plates of different colors and cross cutting of the compressed blocks. Surface dyes may be dissolved in acetic acid or acetic ethers, which slightly attack the celluloid.

#### CONCERNING ANIMAL INDUSTRY

REPORT OF A GOVERNMENT BUREAU.....SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

A person unacquainted with the facts might be puzzled at first to conjecture what the functions were of a "Bureau of Animal Industry" in our system of government. Perhaps something relating to draught horses or the use of dogs in treadmills



JAMES AFFLECK SHEPHERD

From a photograph by Lavender, Bromley, England (See pages 30 and 39)

might suggest itself. In reality, this bureau is a subdivision of the Department of Agriculture, with the human animal performing the labor, which is largely that of the inspection of quadrupeds slaughtered for food, and it can display some remarkable figures to show its industry.

The prodigious number of 35,917,479 meat-producing animals thus underwent official inspection during the last fiscal year, as is shown by a report just printed. Of these, 23,275,739 were inspected at or for slaughter houses and 12,641,740 in stock yards, whence they went to the established abat-

toirs of other places, or else into the possession of buyers. The number was made up of 7,529,523 cattle, 314,846 calves, 6,318,284 sheep, and 21,754,826 hogs. The figures thus given are of living animals, ready for slaughter, but last year there were also inspections, officially known as "post mortem," numbering 18,883,275.

The law on the subject covers animals slaughtered or to be slaughtered in the country for sale through the channels either of foreign or interstate commerce. Its enforcement has been a gradual work, as shown by the fact that the number of inspections was over twice as great last year as the year before, and that of the abattoir inspections six times as great as in 1892. What is more, there is to be a further increase of the inspection service, so that its figures will be still more enormous. That the inspection is not merely perfunctory is shown by another set of facts. Last year the "ante mortem" inspections alone showed that there had been condemned, as unfit for food, 22,356 cattle, 2,837 calves, 13,225 sheep, and 50,981 hogs, making a total of 89,399 animals. These were marked with a condemnation tag, while those that passed muster had a tag showing that fact. In regard to the 23,275,739 inspections at or for official abattoirs, it is noted that these represent nearly the same number of animals; but as to the 12,641,740 inspected elsewhere there must doubtless be some deductions, as the inspection is made at the scales, and the animals

may change hands several times, being weighed on each occasion, and thus must pass the inspector more than once. But the total of different animals inspected must still be enormous. Among the animals examined the highest ratio of condemnations was in the calves, nearly one in a hundred. The sheep represented only about one in 500, the hogs about one in 400, and the cattle about one in 360.

There was a heavy falling off in the exports of animals for the last fiscal year, and that makes the increase in the number of inspections the more noteworthy. The exports of microscopically inspected pork fell off from 45,094,598 pounds to 22,900,880. But it should be observed that the preceding year had been an unusually heavy pork export year, and besides, there has been an intentional discouraging of microscopical work for countries not requiring that form of inspection, on account of the expense. The number of microscopic inspections the previous year had been 1,910,415, whereas last year it was only 979,380; still it cost \$60,486.

It takes almost a regiment of men, counting inspectors, taggers, clerks, microscopists, and laborers, to do all the work. There are examinations of imported as well as exported animals, and there are experiments on animals relating to their diseases. The expense of ante mortem inspections is put at \$341,456, or a little less than one cent. each. The total disbursements of the Bureau were \$600,000.

## GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

*The "Maid of Athens" \* :—*

Quite naturally, now when the eyes of the world are turned toward the gallant little nation which is so desperately struggling, not only with the infidel Turk, but also against the diplomacy and the intrigues of allied Europe, we are reminded by more than one magazine writer upon Modern Greece, of a chapter in its history which is always full of interest, as well as of romance; the true story of the beautiful maiden who inspired Byron's famous song:

Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart!  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest!  
Hear my vow before I go,  
Ζών μοι, οὐς ἄγαπῶ.

But these magazine writers fall into errors. One of them gets astray conspicuously. He says: "The Maid of Athens was really the Maid of Missolonghi. Her name was Zoe. After Byron's death she married a peasant who lived near Naupactus. They afterwards moved to Athens. Her second husband was an Englishman named Black."

This writer is evidently under the impression that there was really a "love affair" between the poet and the beautiful Greek girl. The reader would infer that the love was mutual, and was only broken off by Byron's death at Missolonghi in 1824. But Maid of Athens was written in 1810, during Byron's first visit to Greece, nearly fourteen years before he went on that noble mission of help to a struggling people, which ended his life, but forever crystallized his fame. The "Maid's" name was not Zoe; but Theodora Macri.† The name Zoe (Greek Ζών) along with the possessive pronoun μοι—together mean "My Life"—a common expression in Greece for love and tenderness. The story of the "Maid's" family, which I received in Athens from several of the older people who had known them, was, substantially, that her father, in Byron's day, lived in a house near the Athenian Acropolis. Athens at that time was a poor, ragged town of about 300 houses nestling under the famous old Rock which was both the glory and the monument of the ancient city. The father had three daughters, of whom Theodora was the youngest. According to Eastern custom, the chief occupations of the girls were embroidering and needle work. In their rooms they worked, seated upon cushions after the Oriental fashion. Their room was in the second story. Byron, then a young man who had barely reached his majority, lodged in a room just across the narrow street, and in full view of the girls at their work. The verses were written by him, it is said, and thrown through the open window into their room. This was just before his departure to

Constantinople—the journey forecast in the line:  
"Though I fly to Istambol."

It does not appear that he ever spoke to the "Maid," or that he had any kind of correspondence with her. The rumor that he had, I understand, Mrs. Black has always strenuously denied. Indeed, any allusion to Byron, or to the "Maid of Athens," in her presence, was very offensive to her. The venerable Mrs. Hill, who so long was at the head of the Girls' School at Athens, came to Greece about 1830. She was an intimate friend of Mrs. Black. I was told by Mrs. Hill that Mrs. Black was so much annoyed by the notoriety Byron's lyric had given to her, that she withdrew almost entirely from society, and absolutely refused to see any transient foreigners who might be visiting the city. On one occasion Mrs. Black was at Mrs. Hill's house when some English naval officers from a ship anchored at the Peiræus, came up to the city and called at Mrs. Hill's. One of the first questions they asked was as to how they could manage to see the "Maid of Athens." Mrs. Black, who was sitting in the parlor, immediately slipped from the room by another way, and for several years thereafter did not darken Mrs. Hill's door. She had great repugnance to any association of her name with Byron's, though his verses had made her immortal. I find no authenticated account that Byron ever saw Theodora Macri after leaving Athens in 1810.

I had the good fortune to meet the "Maid of Athens" not very long before her death. It was a rare opportunity for a foreigner. One afternoon while sauntering in the olive groves along the Cephissos, about the site of the ancient Academy of Plato, I was accosted by a handsome Greek dressed in the graceful national costume. The man was an official in some Government bureau, and proved to be a nephew of the "Maid of Athens." As we leisurely strolled back to the city together, he proposed to take me at an early day to see his aunt. As may be guessed, the invitation was promptly accepted. But on the day appointed for the visit—the nephew had, I think, previously apprised his aunt of our coming—my new friend was on official duty and could not get leave of absence, but the visit could not be given up nor deferred. So, with my friend, Dr. Chrysicopoulos—one of the librarians of the Greek University—and several American friends who insisted on being of the party, we got our direction from the nephew and started. The house was in the Old Town; i. e., in the part near the Acropolis. Up an outside stairway the writer and Dr. C. ascended to the second story. At the sound of the kloptron—the knocker which swings loose against the main door of every well-appointed Greek house—the door opened, and an elderly lady received us. It was the "Maid of Athens" herself.

Though she must then have been considerably past her three-score and ten her appearance would hardly have indicated more than fifty years. Her hair—"Those tresses unconfined"—was still black as a raven's wing; while her lustrous eyes "wooded by

\* Written for Current Literature by Henry A. Scomp.

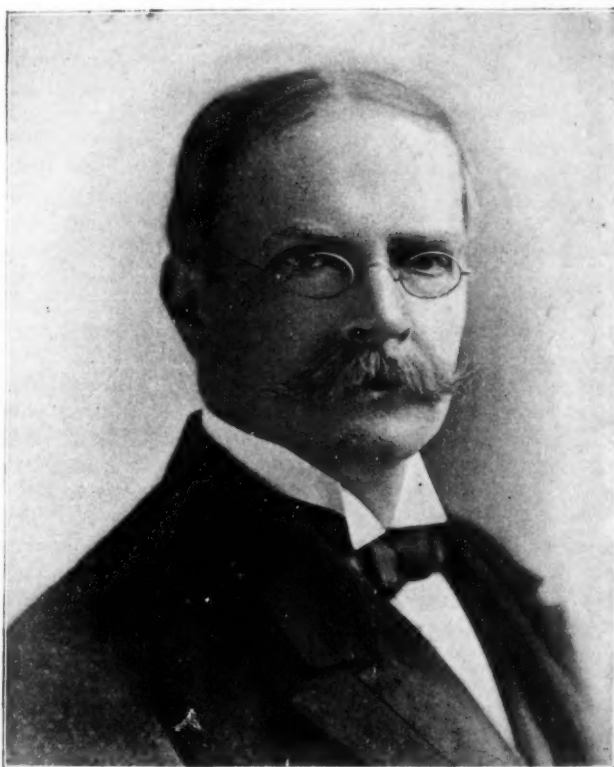
† Her name has also been given as Theresa, that of Theodora being attributed to her mother, and she has been called the eldest of the sisters, or at least not the youngest; but Professor Scomp, who lived many years in Greece, and who is reputed to speak its language like a native, writes us that her personal friends in Athens are his authority on both these points.—Eds.

each Ægean wind"—those "wild eyes like the roe" shaded by "lids whose jetty fringe kissed the soft cheek's blooming tinge" had all the sparkling brilliancy characteristic of the old Hellenic race. Her features bore a striking resemblance to those of the beautiful picture made of her in her youth, by C. R. Cockerell—copies of which are found in illustrated editions of Byron. Whoever has noted in that beautiful picture the peculiarly gazelle-like expression, in which delicacy of features is mingled with a look of almost pathetic appeal, could have recognized Mrs. Black that afternoon. In a moment the other members of our party hastened up the stairway, and we were entertained for a considerable time by Mrs. B. and her accomplished daughter—her only surviving child out of a family of twelve; her husband had long been dead. Mrs. B. at first evidently felt somewhat embarrassed by our visit. She had long been withdrawn from the social world, and doubtless she felt a degree of suspicion as to the purpose of our visit. Very soon, however, her reserve wore off, and she entered freely into the conversation. To the writer, who was seated on the sofa beside her, she expressed her great appreciation of our country and people. Like all the Greeks who had passed through their terrific revolution she remembered with a lively sense of gratitude the sympathy expressed in those dark days by our Congress and people for her glorious land. In those days when a Clay swayed our National House with his fiery eloquence, that august body did not fear to voice our nation's sympathy for those Klepht and Pallicar heroes who were giving their hearts' blood that "Greece might yet be free." Our interview with this famous lady was most delightful. During all the time of our stay, every allusion to Byron, or to his immortal lines, had been studiously avoided. But just as we were taking our leave, one lady in our party, a lady who could not speak Greek, was glibly telling our hostess who could not speak English, of her great pleasure in meeting with the "Maid of Athens." These words Mrs. B. comprehended, and like lightning the old Hellenic fire flashed from her eyes. She drew herself up proudly, and her finely-cut Greek features colored with suppressed excitement. The American lady hastily stammered an apology which Mrs. B. did not understand, but by united efforts on our part the *faux pas* was set as nearly right as possible and we had the pleasure to receive Mrs. Black's sincere thanks for our visit. We took our leave feeling ourselves indeed fortunate in the enjoying of a favor, which, for many years, had been accorded to very few foreigners. Not long after our visit the Death Angel called at the little home, and bore away the woman, whose youthful beauty had inspired a lyric which will live while the English tongue shall have a literature, and passion shall find expression in poetry and song.\*

\* See portrait, page 74.

James Lane Allen:—

James Lane Allen comes of Virginia stock, as is the case with most of the oldest families of Kentucky, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. His grandfather was a pioneer, and played an honorable part in conquering the wilderness. . . . On his mother's side James Lane Allen comes of sturdy Pennsylvanna Scotch-Irish stock. His great-grandfather, Daniel Foster, was a Continental soldier, and lost his life during the revolution. The family is connected collaterally with some of the most distinguished people of the South, among whom, notably, the gallant Richard Johnson, hero of the war of 1812 and Vice-President of the United States. James Lane Allen, the youngest of seven children, was born in Fayette county, Kentucky, on one of the beautiful Blue-



JAMES LANE ALLEN  
Courtesy of The Bookman

grass estates. It is a country where the gentleman-farmer's possessions are so large that he is necessarily more or less remote from his neighbors. It so happened that no children lived on the adjoining places and consequently in his early youth Allen's mother was his sole playmate and companion. Indeed, she is the potent influence of his life, and he is himself conscious that she has directed the course of his after conduct. First of all she was an ardent lover of nature and took the young lad on her long walks over the Bluegrass hills, developing subtly in him a love for birds and beasts and green and growing things. From her fine enthusiasm his young spirit caught the passionate love for the beauty of God's world, which is interwoven in golden threads throughout his work. She began early to cultivate in him a love of literature, and in their long hours together often quoted to him those



favorite passages from the English poets, with which her memory was well stored. It was her wish, too, that he should choose a profession and play an honorable part in the world's progress. She early inspired in him an ambition to do something great in the world, something that should be of lasting benefit to his fellow-men. She gave him too, an earnest religious training, and by precept and example cultivated those spiritual forces which dominate the man's nature as well as his books. However sweet and admirable this intercourse of mother and son, the isolation from those of his own age was not altogether good. It developed solitary habits, since his mother could not be with him always, and a certain aloofness which shows in him yet. He says that this love of solitude and of brooding over nature made him an intensely serious youth. His early education was carried on at home, and his only recreations seem to have been lonely rambles in the woods and fields. His reading was confined to Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Thomson. The spectacle of a boy of seventeen reading entirely through Pollock's interminable *Course of Time* is so unnatural as to call for prompt treatment. "The gloom and dignity of these contemplative poets," he said, "coupled with my own solitary habits, made me of a severe and melancholy turn of mind. The impress of this part of my life is discernible in *The White Cowl* and *Sister Dolorosa*, and others of my earlier efforts." Strangely enough at this time he had a profound contempt for novelists, and seems to have cherished an ambition to be a poet or a practical benefactor of mankind in some wonderful but yet-to-be-discovered way. But this perhaps was the natural feeling of a young, ardent and religious nature. Mr. Allen's early education was obtained at home for the most part, but as soon as he was old enough he was entered at Transylvania University in Lexington, now called the Kentucky University, the oldest and most historic institution of learning west of the Alleghanies. Early in Allen's college career his father met with business reverses, but the young man struggled on in spite of discouraging obstacles and graduated with the honors of his class. Then ensued years of bitter struggle with poverty, for his father died soon after the family fortunes were wrecked, and the boy just out of college found himself not only compelled to make his own way in the world, but to care for those of the family left at home. His first work was at teaching a district school, walking twelve miles a day, six going and six coming. He was paid, of course, but a pittance, but the Scotch-Irish sturdiness and the old pioneer's spirit were strong in the young man, and turning from his big ambitions he went into this dull round of rustic teaching with a determination that won success. Promotion came after several years of this life, and he taught a private school in Missouri, for a while at Lexington and then at Richmond. After two years he was elected to a position in the academic department of the Kentucky University, his alma mater. While occupying this position he was elected to the chair of Latin in Bethany College, West Virginia, the institution founded by the famous Alexander Campbell, the father of the Cambellite or Christian church. After finding himself launched into life as

a teacher, Mr. Allen gave up the big ambitions that he had cherished as a boy, and determined to become a comparative philologist. He worked diligently to this end, familiarizing himself more or less thoroughly with Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian and Spanish. Much of the choice and elegant diction so characteristic of him as a writer is due no doubt to this severe training in philology. His work in his specialty was of a very high order and gave promise of his becoming a scholar of repute. It is but necessary to mention one recognition of it. He was the first non-resident student on whom Johns Hopkins University conferred the degree of Ph.D. He saw, however, that to attain eminence in his profession he must study abroad. His plans were laid accordingly, but fresh complications and a lack of means kept him at home. The narrow, hard life of the schoolmaster grew irksome to him; he became restless and turned to literature. He had written random essays and two poems, which Harper's Magazine had accepted. About this time two essays were accepted by the Critic, and this decided him to become a writer. Accordingly, in 1884, with something over \$100 in money, a lead pencil and almost no experience, he went to New York and with this his career as a writer properly begins. At first, of course, it was a bitter struggle, buffeted by poverty, living from hand to mouth, but through it all he maintained his independence and did not become a common "pot boiler," but always attempted something of real literary merit. Besides the Critic, the Continent Magazine and the Manhattan Magazine published his earlier essays. Little attention, however, was paid to the young author until his essay *Literary Circles in Balzac's Time* appeared, and was warmly commended by Edmund Yates, the great English critic. Then his work began to be in demand, and he attempted a story, *Too Much Momentum*, which was published in Harper's Magazine. Then shortly afterward *Part of an Old Story* was written and appeared in the Century. His prospects were now more promising and that summer the New York Evening Post engaged him to write a description of the Cumberland Mountains. On reaching Kentucky he received a telegram from Harper's Magazine ordering two articles on Bluegrass Kentucky. The result was that a whole series was written and issued afterward in book form, entitled *The Bluegrass Region of Kentucky*. It is agreed that this is the best account of Kentucky life ever written. At this time he also wrote *On Horseback Through Cumberland Gap*, giving an interesting description of the famous mountain pass through which the pioneers came to Kentucky. During this pleasant summer of journeyings up and down his native State, the settings and backgrounds of those beautiful stories, afterward published under the title of *Flute and Violin*, began to run through his head. The year or two that succeeded his return to his native State were very prolific; the *White Cowl*, *Posthumous Fame*, *Two Gentlemen of Kentucky*, *King Solomon of Kentucky*, *Sister Dolorosa*, and *Flute and Violin* were all more or less the direct outcome. These stories were published in the Century and Harper's and afterward in book form, and won Mr. Allen a place among contemporary story tel-

lers. Of these tales *The White Cowl* and *Sister Dolorosa* deal with monastic life and show a wonderful spiritual insight, but they are pervaded with much of the ascetic sadness which they paint, and are lacking in those touches of mellow humor that mark his later work. The other stories in this volume are tales of life in Kentucky in the forties and fifties. *Flute and Violin*, deservedly the most popular, is a story full of genuine human interest told gracefully and with artless simplicity. Hardly less worthy of comment, however, is the pathetic history of *Two Gentlemen of Kentucky* and the full length portrait of *King Solomon*. His next book was *John Gray*, a novel dealing with pioneer life in Kentucky, a book that has been much praised and much criticised. Many consider it Mr. Allen's best work, though he has his climax in the middle of the book, and in other ways sets at naught the accepted theories of novel writing. It is this story which is the foundation of *The Choir Invisible*, his latest publication. [See Library Table, page 43.] Two years ago *A Kentucky Cardinal*, Mr. Allen's most finished piece of work, *The Choir Invisible* excepted, was given to the world. It is what he calls "a nature story," a story with a background of nature, reflected and irradiated in the texture of the human figures. The poetry of the world penetrates our grosser sense, as we read, and a genuine, half whimsical humor makes it sweet and wholesome. . . . Aftermath, a sequel to the *Cardinal* followed next, and while some things in it are better others are much poorer than the *Cardinal*. *Summer in Arcady*, which was first called *Butterflies*, was the next story he published, it marks a radical departure from his methods of art, a laying aside of much of the old spiritual elevation and coming down to earth. The story was bitterly criticised, especially by those who accounted themselves Mr. Allen's literary friends. They accused him, perhaps unjustly, of coming under the influence of Thomas Hardy, and of imbibing the poison of that talented but not well-balanced English novelist. And yet there can be no doubt of Mr. Allen's sincerity, in what he did, no question of his rising far above any base truckling to popular taste for erotic "suggestiveness." Nevertheless it is refreshing to note in *The Choir Invisible*, if not a complete return to the old method, at least the dominance of the spiritual element.

*Interview with Konni Zilliacus:—*

It was with malice prepense, writes a Black and White representative, that I lured Mr. Konni Zilliacus to the terrace of the Helouan Hotel, Egypt. By a lucky chance I had happened to sit next him at table d'hôte, and his conversation had interested me so deeply that I proceeded to interview him remorselessly. Mr. Zilliacus is a Finnish novelist and journalist who was wintering with his family in Egypt on his way back from a two years' visit to Japan, and as he has studied men and matters in the major portion of the globe, I felt that he was a fit prey for a brother of the pen. "You were telling me, Mr. Zilliacus, that you had made an elaborate study of the Northern emigrant question in the United States?" I said, as we found two comfortable basket chairs out of reach of the burning sun—"Yes," he replied, "I went to America solely for the

purpose of ascertaining the true facts of the conditions under which the emigrants from Finland were obliged to work. I made Chicago my headquarters, and travelled from there in all directions, returning at the end of a couple of months or so to 'write up' my impressions for the *Hufvudstadsbladet*, the Finnish daily paper which had sent me out. It was whilst I was at Chicago that I heard from my paper that various rumors were circulating to the effect that the European and other white laborers employed by the contractors upon a new railway in Costa Rica were being barbarously treated, and were in fact little better than slaves. I hurried off at once, only to find that the rumors were absolutely false, and that my time and trouble had been entirely wasted. However, as I was on the spot I made an expedition through Central Amer-



KONNI ZILLIACUS

From a photograph by Hargrave, New York

ica, accompanied by a German friend. We had a most interesting, not to say exciting, trip through Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, San Salvador, and Guatemala, for sometimes we were obliged to leave our horses and perform part of the journey on rafts, and very frequently had to spend the night out of doors. We travelled eight hundred miles in two months." "And what is your opinion of these Central American Republics?" I asked, as Mr. Zilliacus lighted a cigarette.—"That they would have a big future if their resources were worked by Europeans," he replied promptly. "The country is magnificent, with a soil like garden mould. You can imagine its fertility when I tell you that rich grass grows thickly upon the mountains above what would be the snow-line elsewhere. There are remains, too, everywhere of the old Toltec civilization. One can always judge the degree of civilization of a race by the manner in which it buries its dead; and all over Central America one finds Toltec cemeteries, the graves in which are made of huge slabs of stone. We opened several, and found some fine specimens of stone carvings not at all

unlike that found here in Egyptian tombs, as well as gold work and pottery that showed great artistic skill and knowledge." After this expedition Mr. Zilliacus turned his attention to the emigrant question in the Western States, and at the outbreak of the Sioux Chief, Sitting Bull's, rebellion in '90-'91 at once went to the frontier and saw probably the last great struggle of the Red Indians. A recent article on the American cowboy in an English newspaper led me to ask if the wild stories one heard of the more distant States were the result of imagination or not, and whether the cowboy was the reckless and dare-devil creature he is generally represented to be. "In the remote frontier States," Mr. Zilliacus answered, "he is all that has ever been said of him, but civilization is proving too strong for him [in the] nearer West. I myself have seen men in Arizona and New Mexico go in from the ranches on pay day to the nearest town, and, amidst a scene of indescribable confusion and uproar, lose nearly all their month's earnings before night. But the wildest and most lawless days, dear to the imagination of the novel writer, are over." It was after Mr. Zilliacus had told me that he returned a second time to America on the ill-fated *Elbe* to represent his journal at the World's Fair, that the conversation turned upon Swedish and Finnish literature, which are very closely related, as the whole of Finnish culture still rests upon a Swedish basis; even the Finnish laws are the old ones of Sweden, although the country has been united to Russia for nearly ninety years. Mr. Zilliacus himself has written several volumes of short stories and short novels, and it was naturally a subject upon which he became eloquent. "Yes, you are quite right," he said in answer to a question of mine asking if there had not been a decadence in Swedish literature in the middle of the present century, "Gustavus the Third gave a great impulse both to art and literature during the later years of the Eighteenth Century. But that impulse died out with the great poet, Esaias Tegner. After him the best writer in Swedish was a Finn named Runeberg, and he was followed by another Finn, Professor Topelius, whose books, however, are equally popular in both countries. With these exceptions, there have been no great writers until more recent years. The creative impulse seemed to have died out until Flaubert, Zola, Alphonse Daudet, and Maupassant formed the new school in France. The effect of their work upon Swedish literature can hardly be exaggerated. The work of the foremost writers in Sweden to-day—the poet, Count Snoilsky, Werner von Heidenstam, and Strindberg—bears distinct signs of this influence, though in different manners and different degrees. These three men are at the head of Swedish literature, and certainly rank with the leading poets and novelists of any other country, being followed more or less closely by a large number of younger and rising men. But even the best novelists in Sweden would find it a difficult task to make a living by their books alone, and therefore the majority are obliged to add to their income by means of journalistic work. You see, the reading—or rather book-buying—public in Scandinavian countries is very small, consisting solely of the cultured classes, and these possess too much literary taste to buy any-

thing but tolerably good books. Therefore, 'pot-boiling' is practically unknown, as every writer is well aware that one book carelessly written is sufficient to destroy even a reputation founded upon several good ones. Yes, Ibsen has, of course, influenced several of the younger writers both in Sweden and Finland, though he cannot be said to have one imitator amongst them. The best exponent of the symbolic method is Adolf Paul, a young Finn who writes in Swedish. Karl Tanastjerna, a poet and a novelist, and Yuhani Aho, a novelist, are two Finnish authors—the latter of whom writes entirely in Finnish—who are rapidly coming to the front." This literary gossip led to Mr. Zilliacus showing me a delightful book of his own, *Japanesiska Studier och Skizzer* (Japanese Studies and Sketches), that has just been published in Helsingfors, and from the book we passed to Japan and the Japanese. "I had published some of my books in Swedish in America, one of which, on the States themselves, led my American publisher to suggest that I should do a tour of the world in the same manner. So I started for the East by way of Spain, Italy, Morocco, and Tunis, and had reached Japan by way of India when I heard that he had failed. Three parts of the work is done, and has still to be published. Once in Japan I remained there, and this book is the result, besides a series of contributions to the Finnish newspaper, *Nya Pressen*." "And the Japanese, Mr. Zilliacus?"—"Well," he answered slowly, "that is a difficult question to answer. They are a people with a future, I think—if their conceit does not carry them too far. As a people they are inordinately ambitious, and though they join in the cry of 'Asia for the Asiatics,' in their inmost hearts they feel 'Asia for the Japanese.' But they are morbidly anxious to appear well in the eyes of European nations, so much so that during the war with China the Japanese Government subsidized several newspapers to describe the massacre at Port Arthur, and other mistakes, from the Japanese point of view—and that was not the true one. I was in Japan at the time, and despite the constant asseverations that the Japanese conducted the war on strictly European lines, I assure you such was far from being the case. So far is this desire carried of the Japanese to appear other than they are, that the Mikado's Government every year pays a large sum to a newspaper written in English, published in the country, to represent matters as the Japanese wish the British public to see them. I am certain that from an industrial point of view Japan will, in a few years, be a serious rival to Europe; and their rapid adoption of European methods is not the least sign of their quick-wittedness. In other directions it is difficult to say what will be the ultimate result of their gradual Europeanisation. Mr. Zilliacus has studied the people and the country most thoroughly, and it is his strong opinion that as soon as the attention of Europe is fixed on important matters nearer home, Japan will attempt to annex the Phillippine Islands. He also thinks that a financial crisis is booming ahead for the country, as, owing to the success of the war and the heavy indemnity paid by China, too large a sum of money has been locked up in native industrial enterprises, especially in railroads and works of the same kind.



## MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC



AN OXFORD JOKE

Horace—"In medio totissimus ibis . . ." Undergraduate's translation—"The ibis walks safest in the middle"  
 Drawn for Current Literature by James Affleck Shepherd (See pages 30 and 33)

## AN ENGLISH CARICATURIST BY FABLE\*

ARTHUR MORRISON.....BLACK AND WHITE

Among all the many black-and-white artists whose work has attracted attention within the last few years, perhaps not one is characterised by so complete an originality of theme and treatment as Mr. James Affleck Shepherd. His remarkable animal caricatures, known to all the world through the pages of *Punch* and the *Strand Magazine*, are entirely his own in conception and execution. True, there were artists before him who extracted a certain degree of fun from the lower animals—ablest among them perhaps being Ernest Griset. But their methods comprised little more than a conscientiously unimaginative delineation of the beasts in such civilized and unnatural conditions as the essence of the joke demanded, and their drawings might have been made from stuffed specimens dressed and posed by a good taxidermist. Mr. Shepherd joins, in a manner quite remarkable, an intimate knowledge of the anatomy and action of beasts, birds, fishes and insects, with a faculty of translating and making humanly grotesque those very characteris-

\*To American readers the subject of the above brief personal allusion is as yet known but slightly, though the pages of the *Strand Magazine*, now that they are growing familiar to the general eye, frequently reveal the charm of his unique talents. It is as a result of direct correspondence with Mr. Shepherd that we are enabled to reproduce from a new photograph his likeness (see page 33) and from his own hand the hitherto unpublished sketch of the too convivial ibis. The account of the caricaturist here given, it will be noticed, is by the author of one of the most remarkable among late works of fiction, *A Child of Jago*, a two-page selection from which appeared in *Current Literature* for January.—Editors.

tics that most strikingly differentiate them from men and women. He takes liberties right and left with proportion, it is true, as every caricaturist must, by the very terms and convention of his art; but you may look where you will in vain for more accurate—startlingly accurate, indeed, in the essential truth of the words—pictorial representations of his various models; unless, perchance, it be in the work of the Japanese Kiosai. And in every line there lurks a curious, almost indefinable, human suggestion that carries its just share in the comic effect of the whole. He will make you a farmer, a barrister, a sailor, or a soldier, of a flea; its facial expression and its whole attitude shall be that of astonishment, or dismay, or delight, or what not, and still it shall be a flea accurately and completely observed and touched in all its parts. He will take the face and figure of some well-known public man and he will set it down whole, incisive, and characteristic, in the form of a stork, a giraffe, or a beetle. And this he will do with a simplicity and directness of handling, an economy of line, that distinguish but too little of the most seriously intentioned black-and-white work of the time. Indeed, his mastery of his work as an artist in lines is anything but the least of his claims to distinction, and to a close observer his technique is seen to improve as time goes on. Nobody better than he can compose his lines into a picture; a matter which an artist dealing in his motives has many temptations to neglect. He can express (or better, suggest), by a single bold line, what a weaker draughtsman would botch out painfully in hatchings, twiddles and washes, or at best by half-a-dozen sketchy chance-shot scratches of which one might hit (or not), and the rest remain an offence and a confession of impotence. Al-



"SUCH A DAWG!"

Drawn by James Affleck Shepherd. Courtesy of Strand Magazine.  
(See pages 30 and 33).

though little of it has yet been publicly seen, Mr. Shepherd has achieved some successes in color work—still, of course, in his own peculiar domain of animal caricature. It is said that some of this may be publicly visible before very long in a small exhibition of his work, and I trust that such may be the case. Mr. Shepherd, who is not yet twenty-eight years of age, has made exclusively his own a branch of graphic art wherein he may be confidently looked to for even more striking performances than he has yet accomplished.



"REFORMED"

Drawn by James Affleck Shepherd. Courtesy of Strand Magazine.  
(See pages 30 and 33).

## BRAHMS AND HIS MUSIC

DEATH OF THE GREAT COMPOSER.....THE CRITIC

Johannes Brahms, conceded by almost all music critics to be the greatest composer of absolute music in his day, died at Vienna on April 3. He was the son of a double-bass player at the Hamburg opera, and was born in that city on May 7, 1833. He began the study of music in his early childhood, and at the age of ten became the pupil of Edward Marxson, of Altona. He learned harmony, counterpoint and composition in the next two or three years, and at fourteen played in public works by Bach and Beethoven and variations of his own on a folk-song. Marxson did not spoil his young pupil by permitting him to pose as a child-wonder, but withdrew him from public gaze and kept him hard at work till 1853. He then went on a concert tour with Remenyi, the violinist. His compositions now began to attract critical attention, and Schumann, who was editing his musical journal and to whom Brahms went with a letter of introduction from Joachim, published an article proclaiming to Germany the advent of a new genius. But the acceptance of Brahms was slow, because of the severity of his style. He became director of the orchestra and chorus at Detmold, and in January, 1859, played his first piano concerto in Leipzig, where it was harshly criticized. In 1862 he made his début in Vienna, where cultivated musicians at once perceived his force. He traveled for several years, but in 1867 settled permanently in Vienna.

In 1866, after the death of his mother, he wrote his famous German Requiem, a work of such Miltonic austerity of style that it aroused the ire of the extreme romanticists. In 1870 and 1871 he wrote, to celebrate the German victories over France, his *Triumphied*. In 1871 he accepted the directorship of the Society of the Friends of Music and held it till 1875. After that year he lived quietly in Vienna and devoted himself almost exclusively to composition. He kept himself aloof from strangers, and would not permit his countrymen to make a hero of him. The degree of Doctor of Music was twice offered to him by Cambridge University, but he would not undertake the journey to England. The University of Breslau made him a Doctor of Philosophy, and he wrote as his thesis his brilliant *Academic Overture*. His works most familiar in this country are the piano sonatas, the second concerto for piano and orchestra, the *Academic* and *Tragic* overtures, the *Hungarian dances*, the variations on the *Chorale St. Anthony*, the four symphonies (especially those in D and F), the *clarinet quintet*, the *piano quintet*, and much other chamber music, together with many songs which rank with the best.

Brahms' music has caused quite as much controversy as Wagner's, and to-day meets with far more hostile criticism; but as it is not opera music, the great general public knows nothing about it. Opponents of Brahms declare that his music is mathematical, wholly formal, uninspired and without emotion. It is quite true that the formal element in his music challenges immediate and continued attention, because he was a master of form and his works are models of musical construction. No composer since Schumann has shown such a strong feeling for high organization in music, but Brahms

was a far more profound musical scholar than Schumann, and hence his grasp of musical organism places him in the company of Bach and Beethoven. His melodies are found in possibilities of development, but both they and their harmonies lack that suave, melting sensuousness which appeals most forcibly to the masses. But Brahms' works are not for that reason devoid of feeling. On the contrary, their emotional message is profound and noble. The second piano concerto and the symphonies in D and F have won their way to general recognition, and the other works will surely follow. Brahms has so large a circle of admirers in America that there may be said to exist a decided Brahms cult. His death removes from the list of contemporaneous symphonists the first name.

#### THEATRE-GOING IN ST. PETERSBURG

ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.....LIPPINCOTT'S

Theatre-going in St. Petersburg used to be an art; now it is a lottery. I suppose there are persons in the inside ring who have reduced it to an exact science under the new laws, as they did under the old, to my certain knowledge. When I first reached the capital, I speedily discovered that no one could get into the theatre or opera (especially the latter) who did not have what is called in America "a pull," and in Russia "protection" or "connections." Unless one got hold of some person connected with the theatrical administration, or the influential friend of such a person, no tickets were to be had. Russians said this to me plainly, and I thought they were exaggerating. I believed it after considerable personal experience. At first I got a few tickets through this Circumlocution Office. Then I experimented with the ordinary plan and the theatre ticket-office. I got nothing. Time after time I was informed, at the hour announced for the opening of the sale, that not a seat was left. This was even worse than the plan of selling the worst seats to the first comers, which is practised in some American theatres.

The press and public had long been attacking this system of selling theatre-tickets, which excluded every one who had not a yearly subscription to a seat, or "protection," and made theatre-going an art. A new system was established before the next season began. That is the lottery system.

I must explain that the theatres never advertise in the morning papers (there are no evening papers), in American fashion. The newspapers simply publish the names of the plays at the chief theatres for the current day, in the semi-reading columns, like an American "entertainment directory," with an occasional advertisement of a concert, or something of that sort, inserted by recklessly extravagant managers. If one wishes to know about the entertainments in town, theatres, fairs, concerts, races, plays, prices, actors, hours, change of plays and so on, he must subscribe to the *affiche* which is published by the management of theatres, on tough tissue-paper, and distributed by special messengers between nine and eleven o'clock in the morning.

The *affiche* contains full programmes of all the theatres, and one can carry it to the theatre; other-

wise he must buy a programme from the theatre attendants in the vestibule.

Under the old arrangement, if one depended even on the advance notices printed in the *affiche*, he arrived too late to get anything but the most expensive boxes, and sometimes even those were "sold."

The new, lottery plan is complicated. Ten days in advance, *affiche* and newspapers publish the list of plays for a week in all the imperial theatres, which are the only ones affected by the system. The would-be theatre-goer then writes on a postal card, with return card attached (no notice whatever being taken of letters or irregularly prepared applications), in a stipulated form, a request for one box, or for seats (the latter not to exceed three), specifying date, theatre, play, and location desired. As much latitude of choice as possible as to location is requested—for instance, "fifth to seventh row"—to insure greater chances of obtaining places.

These applications are sorted, put in a lottery-wheel, and drawn out, none being admitted to competition which arrive after a certain time before delivery day. Then the return cards come back, stamped "Too late," or "None," or bearing name



JOHANNES BRAHMS

of theatre, date, and seat-numbers for the lucky winners. These cards must be presented at the central office, and the seats claimed, within two days; otherwise they are put on public sale. For this "insurance" of seats an extra charge is made, varying, at the opera, for instance, from a ruble and a half on the most expensive boxes, costing fifteen rubles, to five kopeks on the cheapest seat in the gallery, costing twenty kopeks; or ten cents. The tickets are never taken back and the money refunded for mere change of actors or of a secondary piece; but if the chief piece is changed the money will be refunded, if desired, minus the insurance tax. The newspapers asserted that the postmen sold the lucky cards to any one who cared to buy. I do not know that the accusation was true, but it would have been an easy thing to do, since there was no way of identifying the people who presented the cards at the office.



## HOWARD PYLE'S QUALITY AS AN ILLUSTRATOR

LONDON MCVICAR\*

The growing demand of the public—of its great magazine-reading contingent—for a picture to every page is a sign of the times worth considering. It may be that this is the "art in the household" which is the goal of the art missionary, and we are to become good citizens and good critics by the half-tone process. We may be living in that apothecosis of religion on plaster and of the domestic virtues on blue china tiles, which have instructed and nourished successive generations of our forbears. On the other hand, with a clever illustrator to turn every page for us, we are in danger of losing the initiative power of our imaginations to draw for ourselves our chosen pictures, a quality essential alike to the highest criticism and to the highest citizenship. We may lose our imaginations, as those happy thought-reading people in Mr. Edward Bellamy's island lost language, through the absence of a necessity to use it. Plainly, the moral responsibility of the illustrator is greater than that of any other artist, for his influence reaches more people and is more constantly exerted. Yet he has fewer advantages. The illustrator must have all the knowledge of drawing and of composition that the painter of exhibition pictures has. He must thoroughly understand the value of color, and at the same time be able to do without color, or rather to suggest it in black and white. He must have the dramatic sense, the synthetic sense, the creative sense, and more than one man's share of common sense. Without the last he can neither teach, lead nor please his varied audience. The exhibition painter knows what to count on. He knows what sorts of people come to exhibitions, and he can choose; but the illustrator knows no more where his picture fares than the Secretary of the Treasury knows who has his portrait on a dollar bill. Moreover, he cannot come into direct relations with his public. He must trust his message to another hand, and reproduction is still very far from an exact science. There is many a slip between the cup of the illustrator and the lip of the public. But the most serious of all his difficulties is, that he runs daily risk—if he is not daily certain—of being called to serve a cause that is not his own, in which he must enlist either as a willing mercenary or as an unwilling conscript. There appeared in the April number of *Current Literature* an excellent portrait of a man who seems to be an exception to all these limitations, particularly the last. Mr. Howard Pyle, himself a writer of delightful books, need never be forced to uncongenial collaboration. He can always furnish his own text to the perfect satisfaction of everybody. When he illustrates other men's books, he comes upon the stage like an actor whose part is created for him, yet he never forgets the etiquette of precedence between author and illustrator. His author and he go hand in hand as happily as the knight and his lady in an old-fashioned valentine. One can imagine them in such a valentine, with this for its motto:

Author: Thus my people thought and talked.

Artist: And thus they looked and walked.

This sympathetic furtherance and self-restraint is

\* Written for *Current Literature*.

not only good manners, but the best illustrative art, for it is when illustration fulfills this ideal that it becomes itself a part of the literature of the times. There may be good art in the sense of good drawing and good composition, but it is not good illustration unless it shows the reader something which he would have lost but for the trained eye and the talent of the artist. In whatever Mr. Pyle does he compels the reader's gratitude by this illuminating quality. Whether he chooses for his scene a buccaneer's deck, the drawing-room of a colonial mansion, a rendezvous of Robin Hood, or *The Garden Behind the Moon*, this artist always tells us what is beyond the text, and tells it with a subtle verity that needs no credential. A little girl of six has said the final word with regard to Mr. Pyle. Upon being offered her choice between one of his charming books for children and an ordinary one of the profusely illustrated sort, she chose the first with the smiling explanation that "there is so much to see," adding to herself, "here's the castle and here's the mill and here's the road the people go up." In short, his illustrations illustrate. One feels in them that this is the road the people went up—and one may be comfortably sure it is free from jolting anachronisms. As a teacher he is equally careful of the consciences of his students and the service he is rendering the future of illustrative art is incalculable.

A pupil of his at Drexel, in speaking of his methods in the class-room—where, by the way, he is very popular—says that while he allows the student his freedom in the choice of subject, he insists upon absolute accuracy in the details of costume and accessories. It is also interesting to find that whatever the faults of the pupil may be, his picture "must tell a story," must be dramatic. Indeed, when one wishes to talk about Mr. Pyle and to learn what he is too modest to give the reporter, there is no pleasanter person to fall in with than one of his pupils. One learns then what a great man in small things a man who is great in large things may be. Sympathy, forbearance, unselfish interest in uninteresting people, an earnest desire to help others to get the best out of themselves and to put the best into the world, intuitive generosity and an invincible love of humanity are the qualities those who know Mr. Pyle attest, and those of us who are so unfortunate as not to know him at all, think we could have guessed them from his work with pen and pencil.

Mr. Pyle seems to be one of the very few men of genius who are born at precisely the proper moment, and it is fortunate that, "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, he remains an"—American. With that quality of permanence which the artists attribute to his work, his scrupulous conscientiousness in matters relating to history, his strong dramatic instinct, he is pre-eminently the one who will hand down reverently the pictorial record of the most important period of our history, a record made before even the more fragile furniture and appointments of that period have been destroyed by time. When our grandchildren are grandfathers there will be some white-headed old antiquarian among them who will be studying Pyle for costumes while his grandchild clamors for the story.

## LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

*The Choir Invisible*,\* W. Robertson Nicoll, *British Wkly*

[Editorial Note.—The following is a letter from Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, the famous arbiter of literary destinies in England, written to the *British Weekly* under the pseudonym Claudius Clear. For further reference to Mr. James Lane Allen, whose newly-published novel, *The Choir Invisible*, is the subject of Dr. Nicoll's communication, see page 35 of this number.]

I have often dwelt on the great loss English readers suffer by their comparative ignorance of contemporary American authors. It is the tritest of trite sayings that while in America every new English writer of promise is hailed with something like rapture—occasionally with more than rapture—the best American work of the time is received on our shores with at most cold respect. I doubt whether many of your readers know much of Mr. James Lane Allen. Yet one may safely apply what P. G. Hamerton said of Robert Louis Stevenson in the old days to Mr. Allen, and say that he is one of the very few living men who may yet produce something which will be held classical.

He may have done it, for I have not read all his books. He has not done it in the new book which I have just received from him, *The Choir Invisible*. It is a story in which his strength and his weakness are alike clearly manifest. Its merits are undeniable, and lie on the surface. Mr. Allen, to begin with, is a man of deep feeling. He understands tragedy—outward and inward—the hidden defeats of the soul as well as the conquests that are counted on the battlefield when the winning and the losing are reckoned. He has a rich, beautiful, and highly cultivated style—bordering often on poetry and very rarely trespassing on forbidden ground. He is steeped in the lore of Kentucky—in its history, in its scenery, in the spirit of its brave men and beautiful women. His sense of religion is very true and entirely catholic. He strives—strives too hard sometimes—to lay his stories on an ethical basis and conduct them to an ethical issue. Every instructed reader feels at once that he is in the company of a man who writes because he must, who has something to say, whose conscience has gone into his work, whose defects, whatever they may be, never come from carelessness and indifference, but rather from a too serious sense of his functions. I know very few writers on either side of the Atlantic who give the same impression of fidelity and ardour in all they write.

In some of his shorter pieces Mr. Allen seems to me almost completely successful. In his longer works, so far as I know, he has not achieved a perfect triumph, and the reasons are not hard to find. One of the most moral of writers, he yet finds an irresistible attraction in delicate and difficult subjects—subjects which perhaps should not be dealt with at all—subjects which he assuredly does not handle with the necessary breadth and certainty. I will not press the objection to his title, *The Choir Invisible*. The detestable and hackneyed phrase is of course taken from those poems of George Eliot's

which are no poems—poems which draw the frontier of her genius so accurately that one would not wish to be without them, but which are full of the shoddy falsehoods of positivism, and which everywhere illustrate the difference between waddling and flying. *The Choir Invisible*. Well, in the first place, there is no choir, for there is no speech nor language, and their voice is not heard. In the second place, they are "invisible," not because a veil hangs between them and us, but because when the veil is drawn there is nothing to see. But let me put in a necessarily bald but not untrue way the point of the book. A young schoolmaster of Kentucky, of the noblest moral instincts, and just ugly enough to remain attractive (powerful and athletic, of course), is in love with a young girl, Amy Falconer, a dainty, bright, thoughtless little being. He imputes to her his own good qualities. This young lady has an aunt who is childless, beautiful, not too old, wise, cultivated and noble to a degree, and married unhappily. Her husband is left in shadow, and does not seem to be guilty of any particular misdeeds. But he is uncongenial. The schoolmaster, John Gray, admires and even worships her, but does not at first think of loving her. But from the highest motives Mrs. Falconer presents John with a book, the name of which is tantalisingly withheld from us for many pages. She thus describes it: "It is my old Bible of manhood, part worthless, part divine. Not Greek manhood—nor Roman manhood—they were too pagan. Not Semitic manhood—that—in its ideal at least—was not pagan enough. But something better than any of these—something that is everything." After much suspense and many more descriptions we discover that the book is Sir Thomas Malory. Mrs. Falconer has the habit of Ian Maclaren's characters: she talks two or three paragraphs at a time. How far this is true to life I do not know; it is an innovation in fiction. It may be allowable when a man is telling a good story, but it presupposes patient listeners, and these are not common. Most of us, when we get to the end of a paragraph, are compelled to stop, owing to circumstances over which we have no control, but Mrs. Falconer has her say and takes full advantage of her opportunity. John Gray enjoys her conversation so much that he falls in love with her. He does not tell her this in so many words, but she seems to understand him, and he goes away. They correspond, and in no very long time Major Falconer dies. The widow builds a fine house and waits for her lover. "Was not womanhood becoming girlhood again? She was still so young—only thirty-eight. She had the right to be bringing in from the woods a bunch of the wild purple violets of November." John writes, but never comes. After long years he sends his son—a lad of eighteen—with the story of his marriage. He has nothing to say in praise of his wife, but he is satisfied with himself, satisfied with his worldly prosperity, and professes to have been true all the while. So the story ends.

I am conscious that I have done no justice at all to the delicacy and fineness of Mr. Allen's touch, to

\* *The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen. The Macmillan Company, publishers, N. Y. See Book List, page 92.



his careful elaboration, to his honest endeavor to extenuate nothing. But I will confess that from this book, and even more from another, I have come to the conclusion that he cannot treat such subjects with a master hand. The conduct of John and of Mrs. Falconer is open to criticism all along the line, and I doubt if their solution of the problem set them will help anyone else. Whether anything is gained by the discussion of such questions, I doubt. Mr. Allen himself writes eloquently. "In the Country of the Spirit there is a certain high tableland that lies far on among the outposts towards eternity. But no man can write a description of this place for those who have never trodden it; by those who have, no description is desired; then fullest speech is silence." Yes; the fullest speech is silence. Mr. Allen will do much better to leave that table-land unvisited save in thought, and to devote his great powers to subjects where speech may help us. But certainly this is no commonplace book, and I have failed to do justice to its beauty, its picturesqueness, its style, its frequent nobility of feeling, and its large, patient charity.

*Literary Movement in France\**, M. W. Hazeltine, N. Y. Sun

We have before us an authorized English version, by Anne Garrison Brinton, of the well-known work by Georges Pellissier entitled *The Literary Movement in France During the Nineteenth Century* (Putnam's). Seeing that M. Brunetière has just been lecturing in the United States, nothing could well be more timely than the publication of a book which he has pronounced "no less the picture than the history of contemporary French literature. In addition, it is also the philosophy, or rather describes the evolution, of the literary movement of our century." The book is a history because it treats the products of literary art as documents bearing no æsthetic development. It is a philosophy because the author grasps what is general in the revolutions of thought, without omitting what is particular in reactions or individual in talents. He traces from their origin the causes of the triumph and decline of adverse theories, thus outlining the course of nineteenth century French literature. Passing the hundred years in review, he points out that we first have Classicism, with its relentless suppression of the ego and inherent optimism; indifferent to the real in respect to details and often limited in its conception of the ideal; servile in the observance of rules; formal and superficial in its Catholicism. Then we have Romanticism, with its ascendant ego and incurable melancholy; more general in its admittance of the details of reality and always universal in its conception of the ideal; liberal in the application of formulas, as well as spiritual and sentimental in its Christianity. Finally, we have Realism, with its triumphant ego and enervating pessimism; as exclusive in its acceptance of the real as it is arrogant in its suppression of the ideal; no less scrupulous in its superstition for form than absolute and decadent in its negation of truths which do not admit of empirical verification. Another point is

to be kept in view before we proceed to follow the author through some of his estimates of particular writers. We are reminded in the introduction that ancient and classic art dealt only with mankind. The nineteenth century, on the other hand, has given to outward nature full æsthetic expression, first in a more subjective, later in a more objective form. Indeed, the constant advance of nature in modern art is one of the distinguishing marks of our epoch. Generally speaking, we see in Classicism the triumph of art over nature; in Romanticism, an aim to conciliate art and nature; in Realism, the triumph of nature over art. There is, to be sure, no such thing as purely objective art. Artistic production implies both man and nature, both the subjective and the objective. Hence it is evident that Realism has never consistently applied its precepts. One other matter should be glanced at by way of premise. Synthesis, of course, is the method of Idealism; analysis is the method of Realism, as defined by its expounders. It is certain, however, that synthesis rather than analysis is the method of art; while analysis rather than synthesis is the method of science. Nevertheless, Realism considered apart from scholastic exaggeration, is as necessary to art as is Idealism to science. As a matter of fact, at no time can Romanticism be said to have proceeded solely by synthesis; on the other hand, in no instance has Realism applied exclusively the analytical methods. Touching the latter assertion, M. Pellissier observes: "With the latter half of the century we set out to combat abstractions, and we proscribed all beauty in things and all virtue in souls. We but broke away, however, from the idealization of the beautiful and the good, to substitute the idealization of the ugly and the evil." He believes that the one phase of thought is moribund as truly as the other is defunct. "Romanticism and Realism, the latter more properly called Naturalism, both in turn express two fundamental tendencies of the human soul; the first, its need for ideal aspiration; the second, its taste for concrete realities. Romanticism and Naturalism are now dead; the former consumed by its fervid ardor, the latter sterilized by its arid method; the first for having substituted sentimental rhetoric for human reality, the last for having reduced reality to what is most stupid, vulgar and abject." When explaining, finally, the causes of the decline of these two mutually adverse theories, our historian says: "The exaggerations into which Romanticism and Naturalism deteriorated must be attributed to schools rather than to principles, for Idealism and Realism will always remain the two essential principles of art. That the two schools have been exhausted by their excesses does but attest the fact that these principles cannot be divorced without resulting in extravagance and absurdity on the one hand and insignificance and vulgarity on the other." The culmination of the present reaction against Naturalism cannot yet be foreseen. Consequently it matters little whether this reaction be called new Idealism or new Realism. All that the author is willing to affirm concerning the outcome of the latest movement is that the Ideal will have fuller scope, that there will be a deeper conception of life and a broader philosophy.

\* *The Literary Movement in France During the Nineteenth Century*, by George Pellissier. Translated by Anne Garrison Brinton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. See Book List, page 92.



We purpose here to note very briefly what the author has to say concerning some of those French writers of the century who are or once were most read on this side of the Atlantic; those writers are Mme. de Staël, Châteaubriand, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier, Baudelaire, Sainte-Beuve, Guizot, Michelet, Taine, Dumas the elder, Georges Sand, Balzac, Octave Feuillet, Flaubert, Daudet, Zola, the Goncourts, Augier, Dumas the younger, and Sardou.

We may here mention that neither Maupassant nor Bourget is referred to by name, although we recognize the latter in the following allusion. . . .

*Watson's Year of Shame*\*. . . Richard Burton. . . Bookman

The advantage to the poet of the expression of unofficial patriotism is seen in the resonant verse that William Watson has written of late, inspired by England's relation to European affairs, especially to the Armenian question. His Purple East sonnet sequence, of which the present volume is an enlargement, was recognized as a fine example of imaginative song upon an immediate topic of vital interest. It did not represent the perfunctory utterance of a laureate forced ex officio to hymn his country; but, springing white-hot from the heart, the poetry had a tone of rebuke and a high quality, neither of which would have been present had the work been conventional. The opinion that Mr. Watson was led by his fervor into a prejudiced view did not in the least affect the impression of sincerity or the enjoyment of the poet's art and ideality. One pardons much to earnestness, and of didactic literature it may be said that the result justifies the means. If the poet turn preacher to the bettering of his verse, well and good.

The poems reprinted from the earlier collections of sonnets bear witness to Mr. Watson's careful workmanship. There are a number of verbal and rhythmical changes, invariably with a gain in music or expression; the order, too, is somewhat altered with the chronology of events in mind, and two of the sonnets are omitted, while eight new pieces are added. Three of these are in the sonnet form—one, introducing the book *To a Lady*, a graceful and happy thing, and those *To Russia* and *To the Sultan*, familiar in the English newspapers, and certainly, in quality and spirit, well up to the high average of the Purple East series, while cognate in their theme.

Mr. Watson's indifference to accuracy for accuracy's sake is illustrated in his retention of the sonorous alliteration *Abdul the Damned* in the sonnet last mentioned. It was pointed out to him when the poem first appeared that, *Abdul* not being a name properly belonging to the Sultan, the epithet was wrong. "I retain in the sonnet to the Sultan," he says, in the author's note, "the inaccurate use of *Abdul*, upon which some critics have very naturally commented." There is a flavor of Wordsworth in the calm words. Watson is well aware that Keats's introduction of Cortez in the immortal sonnet, *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*,

wrong as to fact though it might be, did not injure the lyric as literature. *Abdul the Damned*, in the very sound of it, asserts its right to poetic existence. On a Certain European Alliance (No. XXII.), although it opens with some fine lines, is below the standard set by the volume as a whole, nor is the subject pleasing; there is some lack of clearness, too, almost suggesting the need of a foot note. And there is here, perhaps, and in one or two other of the additional lyrics, a suspicion of rhetoric. To Our Sovereign Lady has the true ring, and doubtless voices a widespread English instinct of devoted loyalty; and the sonnet on France, On the Reported Expulsion of Ahmed Riza by the French Government, has no uncertain sound of music. It is nobly phrased and in the typical Watsonian mood of moral earnestness, with the generous exaggeration which is condoned by its enthusiasm.

Three lyrics remain. The Awakening, in blank verse of great flexibility, strength, and felicity, imagines England as "risen anew," ready to defend the helpless alien. The note is, on the side of patriotism, what one hears in Shakespeare's invocation,

"This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea."

or, for righteous wrath, in Milton's trumpet-blast on the Piedmontese. It is large, inspirational song. How Weary is Our Heart, with its impressive refrain, of a less optimistic temper, is a severe arraignment of kings and governmental cabals,

"Of all the evil whereof this is part,

How weary is our heart,

How weary is our heart these many days!"

And, again, in the final Europe at the Play, the reproof is wider, the warning a Jeremiad scoring all who "listlessly" look on at crimes and cruelties afar, and wash their hands of blame:

"Yet haply she shall learn too late,  
In some blind hurricane of fate,  
How fiercely alive the things  
She held as fools' imaginings,  
And, though circuitous and obscure,  
The feet of Nemesis how sure."

Obvious preaching this, but so plainly literature, that to one who is thinking primarily of form, diction, art, the work satisfies and delights. How exceeding rare it is to find purpose poetry—for such it may fairly enough be called—rising to such a level!

The Bishop of Hereford, in a warmly appreciative foreword, emphasizes the volume as something more than a poet's song—he praises it as a "patriotic appeal, intended to provoke men to serious thought about national honor and duty, and to move the fountains of charity." That the poems do this is, however, no proof that they were written with such an intellectual purpose. Indeed, had they not been the spontaneous product of a poetic nature deeply moved by certain events, and crying out against what seemed to it ethically monstrous, literature would not have been the result. Long after, the particular issue which gave it birth is forgotten or has fallen into the pale perspective of history, this slender fascicle of verse will be read for the pleasure and stimulation it affords; and this is only another way of saying that its final appeal will be literary, that it will stand the test—the eternal test—of beauty.

\* *The Year of Shame*, by William Watson, with an Introduction by the Bishop of Hereford. John Lane, publisher. See Book List, page 92.

## IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

### *A Lament for the Little Boats...C. K. Duer...Collier's*

You who sail over the sea in ships,  
Tall ships, and strong ships, and ships of renown,  
When you go down  
It's the talk of the town;  
But nobody knows  
When the little boat goes,  
And the fishermen drown.

Lost or run down off the Banks in the fog—  
Blinding, blank fog, on the fathomless sea,  
Only the fright  
Of a cry in the night,  
By the steamer's black side,  
And a boat's crew have died,  
Ere you knew them to be.

Driven and wrecked by the score on our coast—  
Poor little boats in the wild winter's gale,  
Poor frozen men  
Who shall never again  
Turn their white faces  
Back to the places  
From where they set sail.

Scant is the livelihood snatched from the sea,  
Long is the labor and hard the men's lives,  
Many are lost.  
What is the cost?  
Nobody knows  
When the little boat goes,  
But the children and wives.

### *Tenderness.....San Francisco Argonaut*

Not unto every heart is God's good gift  
Of simple tenderness allowed; we meet  
With love in many fashions when we lift  
First to our lips life's waters, bitter-sweet.  
Love comes upon us with resistless power  
Of curbless passion, and with headstrong will;  
It plays around like April's breeze and shower,  
Or calmly flows a rapid stream and still.  
It comes with blessedness unto the heart  
That welcomes it aright, or—bitter fate!—  
It wrings the bosom with so fierce a smart,  
That love, we cry, is crueler than hate.  
And then, ah me! When love has ceased to bless,  
Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness!

We long for tenderness like that which hung  
About us, lying on our mother's breast;  
Unselfish feeling, that no pen or tongue  
Can praise aright, since silence sings it best;  
A love, as far removed from passion's heat  
As from the chillness of its dying fire;  
A love to lean on when the falling feet  
Begin to totter and the eyes to tire.  
In youth's bright hey-day hottest love we seek,  
The reddest rose we grasp—but when it dies,  
God grant that later blossoms, violets meek,  
May spring for us beneath life's autumn skies;  
God grant some loving one be near to bless  
Our weary way with simple tenderness!

### *Then? or Now?...Marion Harland....Harper's Bazar*

"When I am dead, Sweetheart," you say,  
"Think of me always at my best;  
When o'er my head tall grasses sway,  
And to my deep and dreamless rest  
Nor sob, nor call, nor sneer can pierce;  
And laud of tongue and stab of pen,—  
'Though love be leal and hate be fierce,—  
Are less than nothing to me then.

"My poor, pale lips no more can ask  
Your gentler thought for fancied wrong,  
Nor love devise atoning task,  
And labor in it, glad and strong.  
Ignore, then, faults that now you chide,  
The hasty word, the careless mien,  
And causeless heat and foolish pride  
Forget, as if they ne'er had been.

"If mem'ry from our Past evoke  
One moment of divine surprise,  
When all the angel in me woke  
And you glimpsed Eden in my eyes;  
If I, surcease of care and pain  
And fullness to heart-famine brought,  
In reverie live that time again,  
And thus enshrine me in your thought."

And I make answer, Love of mine,  
"Think of me at my best, *To-day*.  
This hour renew surprise divine,  
Let Eden's light and fragrance play  
Into our lives while they are one.  
Why should I wait to be forgiven  
Till follies and till faults are done,  
And I am out of reach in Heaven?

"What chism has Death? the grave what art  
To right all wrong? Do tears make sweet  
The Marah of the human heart?  
Beloved! while our pulses beat  
With very joy of living,—while  
I lay my head upon your breast  
And drink your words and feel your smile,—  
Thus—*now*—think of me at my best!"

### *Fraternity.....John B. Tabb.....Lyrics*

I know not but in every leaf  
That sprang to life along with me,  
Were written all the joy and grief  
Thenceforth my fate to be.

The wind that whispered to the earth,  
The bird that sang its earliest lay,  
The flower that blossomed at my birth—  
My kinsmen all were they.

Ay, but for fellowship with these  
I had not been—nay, might not be;  
Nor they but vagrant melodies  
Till harmonized to me.

### *Together...Alice Pettus Dillard...Magazine of Medicine*

You know, sweetheart, since all the weary miles  
Have grown between us, that I needs must miss  
The comfort of your tender words and smiles.  
And yet we are together! It is this  
Glad thought that makes one friendless now to bear  
These lonely days that we must live apart;  
We who have been, and ever will be, dear,  
In every thought and feeling, heart to heart.

We have been spared, my own, the bitter lot  
Of others deemed far happier than we,  
Who walk together, yet whose souls do not  
Meet once in all their lives, which can but be  
For each a life imperfect, incomplete;  
While we, who walk apart, by Fate denied  
Even the touch of hands, yet often meet,  
And folded heart to heart, are satisfied.

*My Dark Rosaleen\*...James Clarence Mangan...Poems*

O my Dark Rosaleen,  
Do not sigh, do not weep!  
The priests are on the ocean green,  
They march along the deep.  
There's wine from the royal Pope  
Upon the ocean green;  
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,  
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and thro' dales,  
Have I roamed for your sake;  
All yesterday I sailed with sails  
On river and on lake.  
The Erne at its highest flood  
I dashed across unseen,  
For there was lightning in my blood,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
O there was lightning in my blood,  
Red lightning lightened thro' my blood,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,  
To and fro, do I move.  
The very soul within my breast  
Is wasted for you, love!  
The heart in my bosom faints  
To think of you, my queen,  
My life of life, my saint of saints,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,  
My life of life, my saint of saints,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,  
Are my lot, night and noon,  
To see your bright face clouded so,  
Like to the mournful moon.  
But yet will I rear your throne  
Again in golden sheen;  
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,  
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dew, over sands,  
Will I fly for your weal;  
Your holy, delicate white hands  
Shall girdle me with steel.  
At home in your emerald bowers,  
From morning's dawn till e'en,  
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My fond Rosaleen!  
You'll think of me through daylight hours,  
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

\*This impassioned song purports to be an allegorical address from Hugh, the Red O'Donnell, a celebrated Tyrconnellian chieftain, in the reign of Elizabeth, to Ireland on the subject of his love and struggles for her, and his resolve to raise her again to the glorious position she held as a nation before the irruption of the Saxon and Norman spoilers.

I could scale the blue air,  
I could plough the high hills,  
Or I could kneel all night in prayer,  
To heal your many ills!  
And one beamy smile from you  
Would float like light between  
My toils and me, my own, my true,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My fond Rosaleen!  
Would give me life and soul anew,  
A second life, a soul anew,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

O the Erne shall run red  
With redundancy of blood,  
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,  
And flames wrap hill and wood,  
And gun-peal and slogan-cry  
Wake many a glen serene,  
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,  
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

*Premonition...A. F. Quiller Couch...Poems and Ballads*

She sat upon the cottage stair,  
A tender child of three,  
And washed and dressed with wisest care  
The doll upon her knee.

And we, who guessed not why there grew  
In Annie's baby eyes  
That little clouding of the blue,  
That shade of awed surmise,

Remembered, in the darkened room,  
Where yesterday we took  
Our Annie's new-born babe, on whom  
Her eyes might never look.

*The Sheepfold.....Katharine Tynan Hinkson.....Poems*

The Shepherd of the sheepfold leant  
Upon his crook, and saw within  
The fold his milky ewes content,  
His white lambs innocent of sin.

The milky mothers giving suck  
He saw, and merry lambs at play,  
Yet, leaning on his shepherd's crook,  
His eyes, his heart, were turned away.

His tender thoughts were turned apart  
To where his orphaned lambs cried on;  
Their cries lay heavy on his heart—  
Poor milkless lambkins and undone.

With tears he saw the milky dams  
Go dropping milk upon the grass;  
These were the mothers of dead lambs,  
The mothers of dead lambs, alas!

O little lambs that would not live,  
Your milk runs all to bitter waste,  
Your milk that makes the Shepherd grieve,  
Runs out like tears so hot and fast.

O comfort, comfort then those sheep,  
Whose little lovely lambs are dead.  
The milk that makes the Shepherd weep  
Runs out like tears, and none is fed.



# GOBSECK THE USURER \*

By HONORÉ DE BALZAC

The man in question was a usurer. Can you grasp a clear notion of that sallow, wan face of his? I wish the Académie would give me leave to dub such faces the lunar type. It was like silver-gilt, with the gilt rubbed off. His hair was iron-grey, sleek and carefully combed; his features might have been cast in bronze; Talleyrand himself was not more impassive than this money-lender. A pair of little eyes, yellow as a ferret's, and with scarce an eyelash to them, peered out from under the sheltering peak of a shabby old cap, as if they feared the light. He had the thin lips that you see in Rembrandt's or Metsu's portraits of alchemists and shrunken old men, and a nose so sharp at the tip that it put you in mind of a gimlet. His voice was low; he always spoke suavely; he never flew into a passion. His age was a problem; it was hard to say whether he had grown old before his time, or whether by economy of youth he had saved enough to last him his life.

This room, and everything in it, from the green baize of his bureau to the strip of carpet by the bed, was as clean and threadbare as the chilly sanctuary of some elderly spinster who spends her days in rubbing her furniture. In winter time, the live brands of the fire smouldered all day in a bank of ashes; there was never any flame in his grate. He went through his day, from his uprising to his evening coughing-fit, with the regularity of a pendulum, and in some sort was a clock-work man, wound up by a night's slumber. Touch a woodlouse on an excursion across your sheet of paper, and the creature shams death; and in something the same way my acquaintance would stop short in the middle of a sentence, while a cart went by, to save the strain to his voice. Following the example of Fontenelle, he was thrifty of pulse-strokes, and concentrated all human sensibility in the innermost sanctuary of self.

His life flowed soundless as the sands of an hour-glass. His victims sometimes flew into a rage and made a great deal of noise, followed by a great silence; so is it in a kitchen after a fowl's neck has been wrung.

Toward evening this bill of exchange incarnate would assume ordinary human shape, and his metals were metamorphosed into a human heart. When he was satisfied with his day's business, he would rub his hands; his inward glee would escape like smoke through every rift and wrinkle of his face—in no other way is it possible to give an idea of the mute play of muscle which expressed sensations similar to the soundless laughter of Leather Stocking. Indeed, even in transports of joy, his conversation was confined to monosyllables; he wore the same non-committal countenance.

This was the neighbor chance found for me in the house of the Rue des Grès, where I used to live when as yet I was only a second clerk finishing my

third year's studies. The house is damp and dark, and boasts no courtyard. All the windows look on the street; the whole dwelling, in claustral fashion, is divided into rooms or cells of equal size, all opening upon a long corridor dimly lit with borrowed lights. The place must have been part of an old convent once. So gloomy was it that the gaiety of eldest sons forsook them on the stairs before they reached my neighbor's door. He and his house were much alike; even so does the oyster resemble his native rock.

I was the one creature with whom he had any communication, socially speaking; he would come in to ask for a light, to borrow a book or a newspaper, and of an evening he would allow me to go into his cell, and when he was in the humor we would chat together. These marks of confidence were the results of four years of neighborhood and my own sober conduct. From sheer lack of pence, I was bound to live pretty much as he did. Had he any relations or friends? Was he rich or poor? Nobody could give an answer to these questions. I myself never saw money in his room. Doubtless his capital was safely stowed in the strong rooms of the bank. He used to collect his bills himself as they fell due, running all over Paris on a pair of shanks as skinny as a stag's. On occasion he could be a martyr to prudence. One day, when he happened to have gold in his pockets, a double napoleon worked its way, somehow or other, out of his fob and fell, and another lodger, following him up the stairs, picked up the coin and returned it to its owner.

"That isn't mine!" said he, with a start of surprise. "Mine indeed! If I were rich, should I live as I do?"

He made his cup of coffee himself every morning on the cast-iron chafing dish which stood all day in the black angle of the grate; his dinner came in from a cookshop; and our old porter's wife went up at the prescribed hour to set his room in order. Finally, a whimsical chance, in which Sterne would have seen predestination, had named the man Gobseck. When I did business for him later, I came to know that he was about seventy-six years old at the time when we became acquainted. He was born about 1740, in some outlying suburb of Antwerp, of a Dutch father and a Jewish mother, and his name was Jean Esther Van Gobseck. You remember how all Paris took an interest in that murder case, a woman named *La belle Hollandaise*? I happened to mention it to my old neighbor, and he answered without the slightest symptom of interest or surprise, "She is my grandniece."

This was the only remark drawn from him by the death of his sole surviving next of kin, his sister's granddaughter. From reports of the case I found that *La belle Hollandaise* was, in fact, named Sara Van Gobseck. When I asked by what curious chance his grandniece came to bear his surname, he smiled—

"The women never marry in our family."

Singular creature, he had never cared to find out

\* A selected reading from *Gobseck*, in *A Woman of Thirty, and Other Stories*, by Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Ellen Marriage, with a preface by George Saintsbury. The Macmillan Co., publishers.

a single relative among four generations counted on the female side. The thought of his heirs was abhorrent to him; and the idea that his wealth could pass into other hands after his death simply inconceivable.

He was a child, ten years old, when his mother shipped him off as a cabin boy on a voyage to the Dutch Straits Settlements, and there he knocked about for twenty years. The inscrutable lines on that sallow forehead kept the secret of horrible adventures, sudden panic, un hoped-for luck, romantic cross events, joys that knew no limit, hunger endured and love trampled under foot, fortunes risked, lost and recovered, life endangered time and time again, and saved, it may be, by one of the rapid, ruthless decisions absolved by necessity. He had known Admiral Simeuse, M. de Lally, M. de Kergarouet, M. d'Estaing, le Bailli de Suffren, M. de Portenduere, Lord Cornwallis, Lord Hastings, Tippoo Sahib's father, Tippoo Sahib himself. The bully who served Mahadaji Sindhia, King of Delhi, and did so much to found the power of the Marhattas, had had dealings with Gobseck. Long residence at St. Thomas brought him in contact with Victor Hughes and other notorious pirates. In his quest of fortune he had left no stone unturned; witness an attempt to discover the treasure of that tribe of savages so famous in Buenos Ayres and its neighborhood. He had a personal knowledge of the events of the American War of Independence. But if he spoke of the Indies or of America, as he did very rarely with me, and never with any one else, he seemed to regard it as an indiscretion, and to repent of it afterwards. If humanity and sociability are in some sort a religion, Gobseck might be ranked as an infidel; but though I set myself to study him, I must confess, to my shame, that his real nature was impenetrable up to the very last. I even felt doubts at times as to his sex. If all usurers are like this one, I maintain that they belong to the neuter gender.

Did he adhere to his mother's religion? Did he look on Gentiles as his legitimate prey? Had he turned Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Mahometan, Brahmin, or what not? I never knew anything whatsoever about his religious opinions, and so far as I could see, he was indifferent rather than incredulous.

One evening I went in to see this man who had turned himself to gold; the usurer, whom his victims (his clients, as he styled them) were wont to call Daddy Gobseck, perhaps ironically, perhaps by way of antiphrasis. He was sitting in his arm-chair, motionless as a statue, staring fixedly at the mantel-shelf, where he seemed to read the figures of his statements. A lamp, with a pedestal that had once been green, was burning in the room; but so far from taking color from its smoky light, his face seemed to stand out positively paler against the background. He pointed to a chair set for me, but not a word did he say.

"What thoughts can this being have in his mind?" said I to myself. "Does he know that a God exists; does he know there are such things as feeling, woman, happiness?" I pitied him as I might have pitied a diseased creature. But, at the same time, I knew quite well that while he had millions of francs at his command, he possessed the world

no less in idea—that world which he had explored, ransacked, weighed, appraised, and exploited.

"Good day, Daddy Gobseck," I began.

He turned his face towards me, with a slight contraction of his bushy, black eyebrows; this characteristic shade of expression in him meant as much as the most jubilant smile on a Southern face.

"You look just as gloomy as you did that day when the news came of the failure of that bookseller whose sharpness you admired so much, though you were one of his victims."

"One of his victims?" he repeated, with a look of astonishment.

"Yes. Did you not refuse to accept composition at the meeting of creditors until he undertook privately to pay you your debt in full; and did he not give you bills accepted by the insolvent firm; and then, when he set up in business again, did he not pay you the dividend upon those bills of yours, signed as they were by the bankrupt firm?"

"He was a sharp one, but I had it out of him."

"Then have you some bills to protest? To-day is the 30th, I believe."

It was the first time that I had spoken to him of money. He looked ironically up at me; then in those bland accents, not unlike the husky tones which the tiro draws from a flute, he answered, "I am amusing myself."

"So you amuse yourself now and again?"

"Do you imagine that the only poets in the world are those who print their verses?" he asked, with a pitying look and shrug of the shoulders.

"Poetry in that head!" thought I, for as yet I knew nothing of his life.

"What life could be as glorious as mine?" he continued, and his eyes lighted up. "You are young, your mental visions are colored by youthful blood, you see women's faces in the fire, while I see nothing but coals in mine. You have all sorts of beliefs, while I have no beliefs at all. Keep your illusions—if you can. Now I will show you life with the discount taken off. Go wherever you like, or stay at home by the fireside with your wife, there always comes a time when you settle down in a certain groove, the groove of your preference; and then happiness consists in the exercise of your faculties by applying them to realities. Anything more in the way of precept is false. My principles have been various, among various men; I had to change them with every change of latitude. Things that we admire in Europe are punishable in Asia, and a vice in Paris becomes a necessity when you have passed the Azores. There are no such things as hard-and-fast rules; there are only conventions adapted to the climate. Fling a man headlong into one social melting pot after another, and convictions and forms and moral systems become so many meaningless words to him. The one thing that always remains, the one sure instinct that nature has implanted to us, is the instinct of self-preservation. In European society you call this instinct self-interest. If you had lived as long as I have, you would know that there is but one concrete reality invariable enough to be worth caring about, and that is—*Gold*. Gold represents every form of human power. I have traveled. I found out that there were either hills or plains everywhere; the plains are monotonous, the hills a weariness; consequently, place may be

left out of the question. As to manners; man is man all the world over. The same battle between the poor and the rich is going on everywhere; it is inevitable everywhere; consequently, it is better to exploit than to be exploited. Everywhere you find the man of thews and sinews who toils, and the lymphatic man who torments himself; and pleasures are everywhere the same, for when all sensations are exhausted, all that survives is vanity—vanity is the abiding substance of us, the *I* in us. Vanity is only to be satisfied by gold in floods. Our dreams need time and physical means and painstaking thought before they can be realized. Well, gold contains all things in embryo; gold realizes all things for us.

"None but fools and invalids can find pleasure in shuffling cards all evening long to find out whether they shall win a few pence at the end. None but drivelling idiots could spend time in inquiring into all that is happening around them, whether Madame Such-an-One slept single on her couch or in company, whether she had more blood than lymph, more temperament than virtue. None but the dupes, who fondly imagine that they are useful to their like, can interest themselves in laying down rules for political guidance amid events which neither they nor any one else foresees, nor ever will foresee. None but simpletons can delight in talking about stage players and repeating their sayings; making the daily promenade of a caged animal over a rather larger area; dressing for others, eating for others, priding themselves on a horse or a carriage such as no neighbor can have until three days later. What is all this but Parisian life summed up in a few phrases? Let us find a higher outlook on life than theirs. Happiness consists either in strong emotions which drain our vitality, or in methodical occupation which makes existence like a bit of English machinery, working with the regularity of clockwork. A higher happiness then either consists in a curiosity, styled noble, a wish to learn Nature's secrets, or to attempt by artificial means to imitate Nature to some extent. What is this in two words but science and art, or passion or calm?—Ah! well, every human passion wrought up to its highest pitch in the struggle for existence comes to parade itself here before me—as I live in calm. As for scientific curiosity, a kind of wrestling bout in which man is never uppermost, I replace it by an insight into all the springs of action in man and woman. To sum up, the world is mine without effort of mine, and the world has not the slightest hold on me. . . . Do you think that it is nothing to have this power of insight into the deepest recesses of the human heart, to embrace so many lives, to see the naked truth underlying it all? There are no two dramas alike; there are hidden sores, deadly chagrins, love scenes, misery that soon will lie under the ripples of the Seine, young men's joys that lead to the scaffold, the laughter of despair, and sumptuous banquets. Yesterday it was a tragedy. A worthy soul of a father drowned himself because he could not support his family. Tomorrow is a comedy; some youngster will try to rehearse the scene of M. Dimanche, brought up to date. You have heard people extol the eloquence of our latter-day preachers; now and again I have wasted my time by going to hear them; they produced a change in my opinions, but in my conduct (as

somebody said, I can't recollect his name), in my conduct—never!—Well, well; these good priests and your Mirabeaus and Vergniauds and the rest of them, are mere stammering beginners compared with these orators of mine.

"Often it is some girl in love, some grey-headed merchant on the verge of bankruptcy, some mother with a son's wrongdoing to conceal, some starving artist, some great man whose influence is on the wane, and for lack of money, is like to lose the fruit of all his labors—the power of their pleading has made me shudder. Sublime actors such as these play for me, for an audience of one, and they cannot deceive me. I can look into their inmost thoughts, and read them as God reads them. Nothing is hidden from me. Nothing is refused to the holder of the purse-strings to loose and to bind. . . .

"There are ten of us in Paris, silent, unknown kings, the arbiters of your destinies. What is life but a machine set in motion by money? Know this for certain—methods are always confounded with results; you will never succeed in separating the soul from the senses, spirit from matter. Gold is the spiritual basis of existing society. The ten of us are bound by the ties of common interest; we meet on certain days of the week at the Café Thémis, near the Pont Neuf, and there, in conclave, we reveal the mysteries of finance. No fortune can deceive us; we are in possession of family secrets in all directions. We keep a kind of Black Book, in which we note the most important bills issued, drafts, on public credit, or on banks, or given and taken in the course of business. We are the Casuists of the Paris Bourse, a kind of inquisition, weighing and analysing the most significant actions of every man of any fortune, and our forecasts are infallible. One of us looks out over the judicial world, one over the financial, another surveys the administrative, and yet another the business world. I myself keep an eye on eldest sons, artists, people in the great world, and gamblers—on the most sensational side of Paris. . . .

"Here," he said, indicating his bare, chilly room, "here the most high-mettled gallant, who chafes at a word and draws sword for a syllable elsewhere, will entreat with clasped hands. There is no city merchant so proud, no woman so vain of her beauty, no soldier of so bold a spirit, but that they entreat me here, one and all, with tears of rage or anguish in their eyes. Here they kneel—the famous artist, and the man of letters, whose name will go down to posterity. Here, in short" (he lifted his hand to his forehead), "all the inheritances and all the concerns of all Paris are weighed in the balance. Are you still of the opinion that there are no delights behind the blank mask which so often has amazed you by its impassiveness?" he asked, stretching out that livid face which reeked of money.

I went back to my room, feeling stupefied. The little, wizened, old man had grown great. He had been metamorphosed under my eyes into a strange visionary symbol; he had come to be the power of gold personified. I shrank, shuddering, from life and my kind.

"Is it really so?" I thought; "must everything be resolved into gold?"



## THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

### GATHERING OF THE CLANS IN HUNGARY

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.....SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

This gathering of the clans in Hungary for the Banderium, as the ceremony was called, was probably suggested by the success of the Exposition at Budapest and by the completion of the Houses of Parliament in that city. The nobles wished to take advantage of the presence in that double capital of the many Hungarians who had been brought there by the Exposition, and to signalize the initiation of the Houses of Parliament by some extraordinary event; so this ceremony which celebrated the one thousandth year of the existence of Hungary as a kingdom was suggested, and later was carried through in a manner which made it one of the historical spectacles of the century.

The day of the ceremony was as beautiful as blue skies and a warm, brilliant sun could help to make it, and a soft summer breeze shook out the flags and banners, and stirred the leaves upon the great hill on which Buda stands, and ruffled the surface of the Danube so that it flashed like a thousand heliographs. In the streets were hurrying groups of gaily dressed peasants, fine stalwart men and simple, kindly faced women, and pretty girls of a dark, gypsy type, with black eyes and red lips with that peculiar curve which leaves the white teeth bare. Soldiers of the Empire stood at ease along the quaint streets of clean, round cobblestones and yellow-faced houses, each marking the holiday with an oak leaf in his cap or helmet. There was no crowding or pushing, but everywhere excellent good humor and good feeling, and from time to time bursts of patriotic pride as a state carriage, or some body of horsemen, passed to take a place in the procession.

The King's palace stands on the top of the hill of Buda, and the tribunals for the Diplomats and the Cabinet face the courtyard of the palace, making the fourth side of the square in which the riders were to pass in review before the Emperor. Then the Emperor stepped out upon the balcony of the palace and saluted, and the people arose and remained standing until one of the Archduchesses, a little girl in pink, and the Empress in deep black, had taken their places beside him, and the members of the Court, the women in the national costume of Hungary, and the men in military uniforms, had grouped themselves back of these three figures, and had crowded the windows so that the old palace bloomed like the wall of an Oxford College when the window-gardens are gorgeous with color, and stand out from the gray stone like orchids on the limb of a dead tree. In the procession that followed there were eleven hundred mounted men in silks, in armor, in furs, and in cloth of gold, and many state carriages gilded and enamelled, and decorated with coats of arms and velvet trappings.

It would have been too theatrical and fantastic had it not been that it was an historical pageant, and correct in every detail, and that the fairy princes were real princes, the jewels real jewels, and the fur the same fur that a few months before had covered a wolf or a bear in the mountains of Bosnia and

Herzegovina, which had been hunted by these same men who now wore their skins. For an hour the nobles passed in dazzling, glittering groups, each rivalling the next, and all making one long line of color that wound along the shady streets, in and out upon the hillside, and down across the great ridge like a many-colored scarf of silk and gold. Each group was preceded by its banner, and each standard-bearer was accompanied by heralds on foot, and by attendant squires on horseback, dressed in the colors of the province or burgh or municipality from which they came. There was no regular uniform, and the costumes varied from the days of the Iron Age to those of Maria Theresa, who had given some of the same uniforms we saw that day to the forefathers of the men who wore them. But in the dresses of the later centuries there was a certain uniformity, and although the materials and colors differed greatly, the fashion was the same. There was a long shirt of silk or satin, silk tights embroidered with gold or silver, high boots of colored leather, and a sleeveless cloak of brocade or velvet, trimmed with fur. The cap was of velvet surrounded with fur, with an aigrette in front, ornamented with diamonds. The greater number of the horses were magnificent black stallions, with as distinguished pedigrees as those of the men who rode them, and their trappings were as rich as those worn by their masters. The average cost of each rider's uniform, and of the harness for his horse, was five thousand dollars; some single costumes, on account of the jewels, were worth many times that sum. The State contributed nothing to this spectacle; each rider paid for his carriage and for the equipment of his horses and attendants.

There were so many different combinations of color that it is impossible to select any one as being much more beautiful than the others. In one notable group the men wore canary yellow silk from head to foot, trimmed heavily with silver. Their boots were yellow, their capes were yellow, and the tall plumes in their peaked caps were yellow; another group wore gray velvet with gray fur and silver; another purple velvet with gold; another blue velvet with ermine and silver. There were never more than twenty men at the most in any group; sometimes there would be but five or six, but the costume of each one was as rich, whether he rode or walked, as any Court dress of any emperor of Europe. The horses were covered with velvet saddle-cloths, heavy with jewels and gold and silver ornaments. Some were hung from the head to the tail with strings of gold coins that one could hear jangling for a hundred yards as they advanced stamping and tossing their heads, and others were covered with leopard and tiger skins, or with a harness of red morocco leather, or with blue turquoises that lay in beautiful contrast upon the snow-white coat and mane. Some of the provinces which dated back to the beginning of civilization were represented by men with the arms of the days of the Goths and Vandals, and the fierce simplicity of their appearance made the silks and satins of those next in line seem foolish and theatrical. These descendants of the earliest warriors were, perhaps,

the most effective figures in the procession. Some of them wore black armor, some gold, some silver, and others the plain steel shirt of chain-armor, which clung to them like a woollen jersey. Their legs were bound with raw leather thongs, and on their heads they wore steel casques, with a bar of steel running from the helmet to the chin to protect the face from sword-thrusts, and each rider held before him a great spear, from each side of which sprouted black eagle's feathers. There was something so grim and fierce in their appearance that the crowd along the sidewalks stood awed as they passed, and then burst into the most enthusiastic cheers heard that day.

From the palace the procession countermarched to the Houses of Parliament, and in its central chamber the heads of each deputation gathered around the crown and swore allegiance to it. But it was significant that they swore this allegiance when the crown was resting on a cushion in their new Houses of Constitutional Liberty, and not in a palace on the head of a king. That ceremony came later when they returned again to the palace in Buda, and the Emperor addressed them, and they interrupted his speech from the throne with cheer after cheer. Some of these men present were those whom early in his reign the Emperor had sentenced to death, but whose fealty and admiration he had won later by his own personality and tact and goodness of heart. It was a curious spectacle—these white-haired noblemen, tall, proud, and fierce-eyed, looking in their velvet and furs and golden chains like living portraits of the old masters, waving their jewelled caps at the little unkindly Emperor in his colonel's uniform, padded and tightly laced, and with smug side-whiskers, like an English Inspector of Police.

#### INDIA'S SUMMER CAPITAL

H. H. H. . . . . . N. Y. OBSERVER

The many lines of railway which English capital and English enterprise have thrown across India, have made easily accessible the sanatoria of the Himalayas, and all who can do so avail themselves of such a refuge from the consuming heat. When the time arrived for our brief summer holiday, we turned our faces at once toward the "everlasting hills." A railway journey of twenty hours, trying exceedingly because of the great heat, lay between us and the foot of the mountains. We left home before daybreak and reached Kalka, the end of our railway journey, near midnight. After an early breakfast the following morning, we began the ascent of the mountains to Simla, the summer capital of India. Our conveyance was specially adapted to mountain traveling, low, with two wheels and drawn by a pair of strong horses. Our Jehu was a man skilled in his profession, and, what was of vast importance on a road dipping at one time into a deep valley, alternately ascending and descending until an elevation of 7,000 feet above the sea was reached, the animals he drove were well trained and responsive to slightest pressure of rein or touch of whip. The horses were changed every four miles, but so admirable were the arrangements that these frequent changes delayed us but little. The road over which we traveled is broad and kept in perfect repair at great expense by the British government,

and is probably the finest mountain road in the world. In the towns along the route, built on spurs of the mountains, are convalescent depots, where English soldiers, the guardians of the British empire in India, are sent to recruit after a residence in the plains.

For seven months in the year Simla is the capital of India. . . . The extreme ends of the main ridge on which the town is built lie six miles apart. Within the basin of this crescent are the main bazar, the European shops, the churches, the fine town hall, the commodious government offices, the various clubs, hotels and other public buildings. The "vice-regal lodge," the summer palace of the viceroy, is situated on an elevated ridge and commands a splendid view of the magnificent snowy range. The residences of the Europeans are built on spurs or ridges, wherever a level spot of ground can be found, paths leading from them to the public roads, which wind in and out, up and down the mountain sides in most picturesque fashion.

The road around Jako has been widened and made to diverge until it forms a beautiful carriage drive. The viceroy, the commander-in-chief and the lieutenant-governor of the Punjab, whose summer headquarters are in Simla, are the only persons permitted to use carriages drawn by horses. The conveyance in universal use is the Japanese jinriksha. The fine equipage of the viceroy, with outriders and coachmen in livery of scarlet and gold, is a very imposing spectacle to the simple mountaineer. From three to five men are attached to each jinriksha, and many of these are clothed in gorgeous livery, making a fine show of color on the mall. Riders, both ladies and gentlemen, mounted on fine horses are everywhere seen. But one of the prettiest sights are the children, rosy of cheek and plump of limb, full of life and motion, very unlike the pale-faced, sadly quiet children on the plains during the hot season.

Simla, with its balls, its theatres, its races, its concerts and all other forms of gayety, is a miniature Calcutta. But there is earnest work done here, for the viceroy and his councillors do not leave behind them in the winter capital the cares of state. The government offices are filled with faithful, diligent workers, both official and clerical, and the telephone and the telegraph keep them in touch with each other and with the outside world. . . .

The heat is great throughout the plains of India. When the temperature of the air in the shade is above 93° at 6 o'clock A. M., 105° at 10 o'clock, above 112° at 4 o'clock P. M., and 99.6° at 10 o'clock in the evening, physical exertion becomes a burden. Only those who have endured the indescribable heat of a long summer there can fully understand what an unspeakable boon are these cool mountain retreats. The closed and partially darkened rooms in which we are obliged to live during the summer on the plains tend to depress the spirits, while the roaring hot wind, like a blast from a furnace, which sets in motion whatever is not securely fastened, sets also the nerves to quivering. But lifted far above the heat and the blinding glare of the plains in these glorious mountains, where the cool, health-giving air comes to us laden with the breath of the pines, labor becomes a delight.

# CANADIAN COURTSHIP AND A DANCING BEAR\*

BY GILBERT PARKER

The Hon. Tom Ferrol, the scampish and penniless son of an Irish peer, has come to America, and is living by his wits in Quebec, in Montreal, and elsewhere in Canada. He is reduced to the most desperate straits, further complicated by the contraction of a heavy cold, in which he refuses to recognize the mortal enemy which no cleverness of his can never evade or overcome. At this juncture he meets with Nicolas Lavilette, the wild young son of a well-to-do Canadian farmer, and is invited to the Lavilette home, to take part in the wedding festivities of a daughter of the house. Christine Lavilette, Nicolas's other sister, at once falls in love with the handsome young Irish-

man,—a fact observed by the jealous eyes of Vanne Castine, ostensibly a strolling musician, entertaining the wedding guests with his dancing bear, Michael; but in reality once Christine's boy sweetheart, and now a messenger from the headquarters of the Canadian Rebellion. In carrying messages through all the Parishes, Castine has brought one from the commanding General Papineau to Nicolas Lavilette, enclosing a captain's commission with a call for money, and a company of men, and horses. Ferrol, accidentally overhearing something of a conversation between the two men, is brought into possession of the secret of the Rebellion.]

Meanwhile Ferrol became more and more a cherished and important figure in the Manor Casimbault, in which the Lavillettes had made their home soon after the wedding. The old farmhouse had meanwhile become a rendezvous for the mysterious Nicolas Lavilette and his rebel comrades. This was known to Mr. Ferrol. One evening he stopped Nic as he was leaving the house, and said: "See, Nic, my boy, what's up? I know a thing or so—what's the use of playing peek-a-boo?"

"What do you know, Ferrol?"

"What's up between you and Vanne Castine, for instance. Come now, own up and tell me all about it. I'm English, but I'm Nic Lavilette's friend, anyhow."

He insinuated into his tone that little touch of brogue which he used when particularly persuasive. Nic put out his hand with a burst of good-natured frankness.

"Meet me in the storeroom of the old farmhouse at nine o'clock, and I'll tell you. Here's a key."

Handing over the key, he grasped Ferrol's hand with an effusive confidence, and hurried out. Nic Lavilette was now an important person in his own sight and in the sight of others in Bonaventure. In him the pomp of his family took an individual form.

Earlier than the appointed time Ferrol turned the key and stepped inside the big despoiled hallway of the old farmhouse. His footsteps sounded hollow in the empty rooms. Already dust had gathered, and an air of desertion and decay filled the place in spite of the solid timbers and sound floors and window-sills. He took out his watch; it was ten minutes to nine. Passing through the little hallway to the storeroom, he opened the door. It was dark inside. Striking a match, he saw a candle on the window-sill, and going to it he lighted it with a flint and steel lying near. The window was shut tight. From curiosity only he tried to open the shutter but it was immovable. Looking round, he saw another candle on the window-sill opposite. He lighted it also, and mechanically tried to force the shutters of the window, but they were tight also. Going to the door, which opened into the farmyard, he found it securely fastened. Although he turned the lock, the door would not open.

Presently his attention was drawn by the glitter of something upon one of the cross-pieces of tim-

ber half-way up the wall. Going over, he examined it, and found it to be a broken bayonet—left there by a careless rebel. Placing the steel again upon the ledge, he began walking up and down thoughtfully.

Presently he was seized with a fit of coughing. The paroxysm lasted a minute or more, and he placed his arm upon the window-sill, leaning his head upon it. Presently, as the paroxysm lessened, he thought he heard the click of a lock. He raised his head, but his eyes were misty, and seeing nothing, he leaned his head on his arm again.

Suddenly he felt something near him. He swung round swiftly, and saw Vanne Castine's bear not fifteen feet away from him! It raised itself on its hind legs, its red eyes rolling, and started towards him. He picked up the candle from the window-sill, threw it in the animal's face, and dashed towards the door.

It was locked! He swung round. The huge beast, with a loud snarl, was coming down upon him.

Here he was shut within four solid walls with a wild beast hungry for his life. All his instincts were alive. He had little hope of saving himself, but he was determined to do what lay in his power.

His first impulse was to blow out the other candle. That would leave him in the dark, and it struck him that his advantage would be greater if there were no light. He came straight towards the bear, then suddenly made a swift movement to the left, trusting to his greater quickness of movement. The beast was nearly as quick as he, and as he dashed along the wall towards the candle, he could hear its hot breath just behind him.

As he passed the window, he caught the candle in his hands, and was about to throw it on the floor or in the bear's face, when he remembered that, in the dark, the bear's sense of smell would be as effective as eyesight, while he himself would be no better off.

He ran suddenly to the centre of the room, the candle still in his hand, and turned to meet his foe. It came savagely at him. He dodged, ran past it, turned, doubled on it, and dodged again. A half-dozen times this was repeated, the candle still flaring. It could not last long. The bear was enraged. Its movements became swifter, its vicious lips and teeth were covered with froth, which dripped to the floor, and sometimes spattered Ferrol's clothes as he ran past. No torador ever played with the horns of a mad bull as Ferrol

\* A selected reading from *The Pomp of the Lavillettes*, by Gilbert Parker. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers, Boston. 12mo., \$1.25.



played his deadly game with Michael, the dancing bear. His breath was becoming shorter and shorter; he had a stifling sensation, a terrible tightness across his chest. He did not cough, however, but once or twice he tasted warm drops of his heart's blood in his mouth. Once he drew the back of his hand across his lips mechanically, and a red stain showed upon it.

In his boyhood and early manhood he had been a good sportsman; had been quick of eye, swift of foot, and fearless. But what could fearlessness avail him in this strait? With the best of rifles he would have felt himself at a disadvantage. He was certain his time had come; and with that conviction upon him, the terror of the thing, and the horrible physical shrinking, almost passed away from him. The disease eating away his life had diminished that revolt against death which is in the healthy flesh of every man. He was levying upon the vital forces remaining in him which, distributed naturally, might cover a year or so, to give him here and now a few moments of unnatural strength for the completion of a hopeless struggle.

It was also as if two brains in him were working; one busy with all the chances and details of his wild contest, the other with the events of his life.

Pictures flashed before him. Some having to do with the earliest days of his childhood; some with fighting in the Danube before he left the army, impoverished and ashamed; some with idle hours in the North Tower in Stavely Castle; and one with the day he and his sister left the old castle, never to return, and looked back upon it from the top of Farcalladen Moor, waving a "God-bless-you" to it. The thought of his sister filled him with a desire, a pitiful desire, to live.

Just then another picture flashed before his eyes. It was he himself, riding the mad stallion, Bolingbroke, the first year he followed the hounds. How the brute tried to smash his leg against a stone wall; how it reared until it almost toppled over and backwards; how it jibbed at a gate, and nearly dashed its own brains out against a tree; and how, after an hour's hard fighting, he made it take the stiffest fence and watercourse in the country.

This thought gave him courage now. He suddenly remembered the broken bayonet upon the ledge against the wall. If he could reach it, there might be a chance—chance to strike one blow for life. As his eye glanced towards the wall, he saw the steel flash in the light of the candle.

The bear was between him and it. He made a feint towards the left, then as quickly to the right. But doing so, he slipped and fell. The candle dropped to the floor and went out. With a lightning-like instinct of self-preservation, he swung over upon his face just as the bear, in its wild rush, passed over his head. He remembered afterwards the odor of the hot, rank body, and the sprawling huge feet and claws. Scrambling to his feet swiftly, he ran to the wall. Fortune was with him. His hand almost instantly clutched the broken bayonet. He whipped out his handkerchief, tore the scarf from his neck, and wound them around his hand, that the broken bayonet should not tear the flesh as he fought for his life. Then seizing it, he stood waiting for the bear to come on. His body was bent forward, his eyes straining into the dark, his

hot face dripping—dripping—sweat, his breath coming hard and labored from his throat.

For a minute there was absolute silence, save for the breathing of the man and the savage panting of the beast. Presently he felt exactly where the bear was, and listened intently. He knew that it was now but a question of minutes, perhaps seconds. Suddenly it occurred to him that if he could but climb upon the ledge where the bayonet had been, there might be safety. Yet, again, in getting up the bear might seize him, and there would be an end to all immediately. It was worth trying, however.

Two things happened at that moment to prevent the trial: the sound of knocking on a door somewhere, and the roaring rush of the bear upon him. He sprang to one side, striking at the beast as he did so. The bayonet went in and out again. There came voices from the outside; evidently somebody was trying to get in. The bear roared again and came on. It was all a blind man's game. But his scent, like the animal's, was keen. He had taken off his coat, and he now swung it out before him in a half-circle, and as it struck the bear it covered his own position. He swung aside once more and drove his arm into the dark. The bayonet struck the nose of the beast.

Now there was a knocking and a hammering at the window, and the wrenching of the shutters. He gathered himself together for the next assault. Suddenly he felt that every particle of strength had gone out of him. He pulled himself up with a last effort—his legs would not support him; he shivered and swayed! God! would they never get that window open?

His senses were abnormally acute. Another sound attracted him. The opening of the door, and a voice—Vanne Castine's—calling to the bear.

His heart seemed to give a leap, then slowly to roll over with a thud, and he fell to the floor as the bear lunged forward upon him.

A minute afterwards Vanne Castine was goading the savage beast through the door and out to the hallway into the yard as Nic swung through the open window into the room.

Castine's lantern stood in the middle of the floor, and between it and the window lay Ferrol, the broken bayonet still clutched in his right hand. Lavilette dropped on his knees beside him and felt his heart. It was beating, but the shirt and the waistcoat were dripping with blood where the bear had set its claws and teeth in the shoulder of its victim.

An hour later Nic Lavilette stood outside the door of Ferrol's bedroom in the Manor Casimbault talking to the Regimental Surgeon, as Christine, pale and wild-eyed, came running towards them.

"Is he dead? Is he dead?" she asked distractedly. "I've just come from the village. Why didn't you send for me? Tell me! is he dead? Oh, tell me at once!"

She caught the Regimental Surgeon's arm. He looked down at her over his glasses benignly, for she had always been a favorite of his, and answered: "Alive, alive, my dear. Bad rip in the shoulder—worn out—weak—shattered—but good for a while yet—yes, yes—exactement."

With a wayward impulse, she threw her arms

around his neck and kissed him on the cheek. The embrace disarranged his glasses and flushed his face like a school girl's, but his eyes were full of embarrassed delight.

"There! there!" he said, "we'll take care of him——." Then suddenly he paused, for the real significance of her action dawned upon him.

"Dear me," he said, in disturbed meditation, "dear me."

She suddenly opened the bedroom door and went in, followed by Nic. The Regimental Surgeon dropped his mouth and cheeks in his hand reflectively, his eyes showing quaintly and quizzically above the glasses and his fingers.

"Well, well! Well, well!" he said, as if he had encountered a difficulty. "It—it will never be possible. He would not marry her," he added, and then, turning, went abstractedly down the stairs.

Ferrol was in a deep sleep when Christine and her brother entered the chamber. Her face turned still more pale when she saw him, flushed and became pale again. There were leaden hollows round his eyes, and his hair was matted with perspiration. Yet he was handsome—and helpless. Her eyes filled with tears. She turned her head away from her brother, and went softly to the window, but not before she had touched the pale hand that lay nerveless upon the coverlet.

"It's not feverish," she said to Nic, as if in necessary explanation of the act.

She stood at the window for a moment, looking out, then said:

"Come here, Nic, and tell me all about it."

He told her all he knew: how he had come to the old house by appointment with Ferrol; had tried to get into the storeroom, had found the doors bolted; had heard the noise of a wild animal inside; had run out, tried a window, at last wrenched it open and found Ferrol in a dead faint. He went to the table and brought back the broken bayonet.

"That's all he had to fight with!" she repeated, as she untwisted the handkerchief from the hilt end. "Why did you say he had true grit—'after all'? What do you mean by that 'after all'?"

"Well, you don't expect much from a man with only one lung—eh, Giroflée?"

"Courage isn't in the lungs," she answered. Then she added, "Go and fetch me a bottle of brandy—I'm going to bathe his hands and feet in brandy and hot water as soon as he's awake."

"Better let mother do that, hadn't you?" he asked, rather hesitatingly, as he moved towards the door.

Her eyes snapped fire. "Nic—Mon Dieu! hear the nice Nic!" she said. "The dear Nic, who went in swimming with——."

She said no more, for he had no desire to listen to an account of his misdeeds—which were not a few—and Christine had a galling tongue.

When the door was shut, she went to the bed, sat down on a chair beside it, and looked at Ferrol earnestly and sadly.

"My dear, my dear, dear, dear!" she said, in a whisper, "you look so handsome and so kind as you lie there—like no man I ever saw in my life. Who'd have fought as you fought—and nearly dead? Who'd have had brains enough to know just what to do? My darling, that never said 'my darling' to

me, nor heard me call you that; suppose you haven't a dollar, not a cent in the world, and suppose you'll never earn a dollar or a cent in the world, what difference does that make to me! I could earn it; and I'd give more for a touch of your finger than a thousand dollars; and more for a month with you than for a lifetime with the richest man in the world. You never looked cross at me, or at any one, and you never say an unkind thing, and you never find fault when you suffer so! You never hurt any one, I know. You never hurt Vanne Castine——."

Her fingers twitched in her lap, and then clasped very tight, as she went on.

"You never hurt him, and yet he's tried to kill you in the most awful way! Perhaps you'll die now—perhaps you'll die to-night. But no, no, you shall not!" she cried, in sudden fright and eagerness, as she got up and leaned over him. "You shall not die. You shall live—for awhile—oh, yes, for awhile yet," she added, with a pitiful yearning in her voice, "just for a little while—till you love me, and tell me so! Oh, how *could* that devil try to kill you!"

She suddenly drew herself up.

"I'll kill him and his bear, too—now, now, while you lie there sleeping! And when you wake, I'll tell you what I've done, and you'll—you'll love me then, and tell me so perhaps. Yes, yes, I'll——."

She said no more, for her brother entered with the brandy.

"Put it there," she said, pointing to the table. "You watch him till I come. I'll be back in an hour, and then when he wakes, we'll bathe him in the hot water and brandy."

"Who told you about hot water and brandy?" he asked her, curiously.

She did not answer him, but passed through the hall and down the hall till she came to Nic's bedroom; she went in, took a pair of pistols from the wall, examined them, found they were fully loaded, and hurried from the room.

About a half-hour later she appeared before the house which once had belonged to Vanne Castine. The mortgage had been foreclosed, and the place had passed into the hands of Sophie and Magon Farcinelle; but Castine had taken up his abode in the house a few days before, and defied any one to put him out.

A light was burning in the kitchen of the house. There were no curtains to the window, but an old coat had been hung up to serve the purpose, and light shone between a sleeve of it and the window-sill. Putting her face close to the window, the girl could see the bear in the corner, clawing at its chain and tossing its head from side to side, still panting and angry from the fight. Now and again it licked the bayonet wound between its shoulders, and rubbed its lacerated nose on its paw. Castine was mixing some tar and oil in a pan by the fire to apply to the still bleeding wounds of his Michael. He had an ugly grin on his face.

He was dressed just as on the first day he appeared in the village, even to the fur cap; and presently, as he turned round, he began to sing the monotonous measure to which the bear had danced. It had at once a soothing effect upon the beast.

After he had gone from the storeroom, leaving

Ferrol dead, as he thought, it was this song alone which had saved himself from peril; for the beast was wild from pain, fury, and the taste of blood. As soon as they had cleared the farmyard, he had begun this song, and the bear, cowed at first by the thrusts of its master's pike, quieted to the well-known ditty.

He approached the bear now, and, stooping, put some of the tar and oil upon its nose. It sniffed, and rubbed off the salve, but he put more on; then he rubbed it into the wound of the breast. Once the animal made a fierce snap at his shoulder, but he deftly avoided it, gave it a thrust with a sharp-pointed stick, and began the song again. Presently he rose, and came towards the fire.

As he did so, he heard the door open. Turning round quickly, he saw Christine standing just inside. She had a shawl thrown round her, and one hand was thrust in the pocket of her dress. She looked from him to the bear, then back again to him.

He did not realize why she had come. For a moment, in his excited state, he almost thought she had come because she loved him. He had seen her twice since his return, but each time she would say nothing to him further than that she wished not to meet or to speak to him at all. He had pleaded with her, had grown angry, and she had left him. Who could tell—perhaps she had come to him now as she had come to him in the old days! He dropped the pan of tar and oil.

"Chris!" he said, and started forward to her.

At that moment, the bear, as if it knew the girl's mission, sprang forward with a growl. Its huge mouth was open, and all its fierce lust for killing showed again in its wild lunges. Castine turned with an oath, and thrust the steel-set pike into its leg. It cowered at the voice and the punishment for an instant, but came on again.

Castine saw the girl raise a pistol and fire twice at the beast. He was so dumbfounded that at first he did not move. Then he saw her raise another pistol. The wounded bear lunged heavily on its chain—one—twice—in a devilish rage, and as Christine fired the third time, snapped the staple loose and sprang forward.

At the same moment Castine threw himself in front of the girl, and caught the onward rush. Calling the beast by its name, he grappled with it. They were man and servant no longer, but two animals fighting for their lives. Castine drew out his knife, as the bear, raised on its hind legs, crushed him in its immense arms, and still calling, half crazily, "Michael! Michael! Down, Michael!" he plunged the knife twice in the beast's side.

The bear's teeth fastened in his shoulder, the horrible pressure of its arms was turning his face black; he felt death coming; when another pistol shot rang out close to his own head and his breath suddenly came back. He staggered to the wall, and then came to the floor in a heap, as the bear lurched downwards and fell over on its side, dead.

Christine had come to kill the beast and perhaps the man. The man had saved her life, and now she had saved his; and together they had killed the bear which had maltreated Tom Ferrol.

Castine's eyes were fixed on the dead beast.

Everything was gone from him now—even the way to his meagre livelihood; and the cause of it all, as he in his blind, unnatural way thought, was this girl before him; this girl and her people. Her back was turned towards the door. Anger and passion were both at work in him at once.

"Chris," he said, "Chris, let's call it even—eh? Let's make it up. Chris, ma chérie, don't you remember when we used to meet, and was fond of each other? Let's make it up and leave here—now—to-night—eh? I'm not so poor, after all! I'll be paid by Papineau, the leader of the Rebellion—." He made a couple of unsteady steps towards her, for he was weak yet. "What's the good—you're bound to come to me in the end! You've got the same kind of feelings in you, you've—."

She had stood still at first dazed by his words, but she grew angry quickly, and was about to speak as she felt, when he went on:

"Stay here now with me. Don't go back. Don't you remember Shangois' house? Don't you remember that night, that night when—ah, Chris, stay here—!"

Her face was flaming. "I'd rather stay in a room full of wild beasts like that" (she pointed to the bear) "than be with you one minute—you murderer!" she said, with choking anger.

He started towards her, saying:

"By the blood of Joseph, but you'll stay just the same, and—."

He got no further, for she threw the pistol in his face with all her might. It struck between his eyes with a thud, and he staggered back, blind, suffering and faint, as she threw open the door and sped away in the darkness.

Reaching the Manor safely, she ran up to her room, arranged her hair, washed her hands, and came again to Ferrol's bedroom. Knocking softly, she was admitted by Nic. There was an unnatural brightness in her eyes.

"Where've you been?" he asked, for he noticed this. "What've you been doing?"

"I've killed the bear that tried to kill him," she answered.

She spoke louder than she meant. Her voice awakened Ferrol.

"Eh, what," he said, "killed the bear, mademoiselle!—my dear friend," he added, "killed the bear!" He coughed a little, and a twinge of pain crossed over his face.

She nodded, and her face was alight with pleasure.

She lifted up his head and gave him a little drink of brandy. His fingers closed on hers that held the glass. His touch thrilled her.

"That's good, that's easier," he remarked.

"We're going to bathe you in brandy and hot water, now—Nic and I," she said.

"Bathe me! Bathe me!" he said, in amused consternation.

"Hands and feet," Nic explained.

A few minutes later as she lifted up his head, her face was very near him; her breath was in his face. Her eyes half closed, her fingers trembled. He suddenly drew her to him, and kissed her on the lips.



# SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN LIGHTER VEIN

*Over a First Edition Lovelace...Clinton Scollard...Critic*    *Love's Larceny.....Arthur W. Gundry..... Life*  
(British Museum Reading Room).

\* The yellow half-light shines within  
On many a bulky quire;  
Without the pavements roar with din,  
And reek with ooze and mire.

Sold at a bookshop called "The Gun"  
That stood in Ivie Lane,  
The page before me, soiled and dun,  
Exhales both joy and pain.

Brooding upon those troublous times,  
In most bewitching wise  
I see from out the courtly rhymes  
The sweet Lucasta rise.

The brow no grief has writ upon,  
The Saxon eyes sincere,  
And all the winsome grace that won  
The poet-cavalier.

The voice—but hold! what voice is that?  
'Tis Sylvia's, I aver!  
A beauty in a Bond Street hat  
Who begs me go with her.

Who could withstand that tender touch,  
Those glances that implore?  
Dick Lovelace, though I love thee much,  
Forsooth, I love *her* more!

*Love Makes Cowards.....Lawrence K. Russell.....Puck*

A sad coquette is Mistress Bess,  
With eyes of blue, as you might guess,  
Well versed in Cupid's arts.  
But, ah, it is her golden hair  
I dread the most—that lovely snare  
For catching manly hearts.

I'd brave her mouth, her dimples, too,  
I'd brave her smiles, her eyes of blue,  
I'd brave her low replies,  
Her winsome ways—but who would dare  
Brave gleaming threads of golden hair  
Were he a man with eyes!

*A Literary Solution, Charles K. Bolton, Literary World*

We stood in the bookstore together,  
She chatted of this and of that;  
My heart kept time with the feather  
That clung to her Gainsborough hat.  
On Stevenson, Stockton and Kipling  
And poets galore she enthused;  
But how to propose to her, rippling  
With music and laughter, I mused.

On this one and that one she tarried  
To label their place on the shelf;  
"This 'How to be Happy Though Married.'  
Absurd!" And I thought to myself.  
"But those who have tried it may surely  
Be trusted to know," I replied.  
"I tell you," she said, "it is purely  
The tone of the age to deride."

"The task for solution," I ventured,  
"Is how to be married though poor";  
I know that I ought to be censured;  
She looking so sweet and demure.  
Her voice was so low, 't was the border  
Of thought where it breaks into word;  
"We might," she said "solve *this*, in order  
To prove that the book is absurd."

As Cupid, on a summer's day,  
In idle sport was flitting  
From place to place, he chanced to stray  
Near where my love was sitting.

"Now, here's a face," Dan Cupid cried,  
"To shake my filial duty,  
For mother Venus founds her pride  
On far inferior beauty;

"I'll paint a picture, ere I go,  
Of these enchanting features,  
And thus admiring Gods shall know  
The loveliest of their creatures!"

From out his quiver then he drew  
His palette and his brushes;  
Then from a rose-leaf stole the hue  
To paint my lady's blushes;

To catch the color of her eyes  
He hesitated whether  
To rob the violet or the skies,  
Or blend their tints together.

That problem solved, another vexed  
His mind and set him racking  
His feather-brains, for, sore-perplexed,  
He found his canvas lacking.

Impatient to display his art  
(His subject well excused it),  
The roguish God purloined my heart  
And as a canvas used it!

*Impertinence. Richard Stillman Powell..Boston Herald*

Sweet, what would you say  
If I asked for a kiss?  
Would you answer me nay?  
Sweet, what would you say  
If this boon I should pray?  
Would you take it amiss?  
Sweet, what would you say  
If I asked for a kiss?

'Twere impertinent, sir.  
To ask for a kiss.  
I'd straightway aver:  
'Twere impertinent, sir.  
Do you think I'd confer  
Such a favor as this?  
'Twere impertinent, sir,  
To ask for a kiss!

*Sincerely Yours.....San Francisco News Letter*

Her little note is folded neat  
(Rough linen is a dainty sheet)  
And ere she signed her name, she wrote  
Sincerely Yours.

I know that you will tritely say  
She signs her letters every day,  
To friends and aunts (my rivals, too),  
Sincerely Yours.

I know you'll say the phrase is old,  
Not loving—no, but rather cold;  
And yet I think she really meant  
Sincerely Yours.

And it has given heart to me  
To ask if she'll consent to be,  
During our brief terrestrial trip,  
Sincerely Mine!

## IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

### THE SCIENTIFIC ARGUMENT FOR IMMORTALITY

L. C. POORE.....WESTMINSTER REVIEW

Life for man is an endless and constant changing of the combinations of things already brought into existence. For man there is no end, as there has been no beginning. From the stars far away to the midges we brush off as we write, from the blue mountains that lie upon our horizon to the eyes that behold them there is no exception. When a change comes it is a result of the separation of the factors as they form other combinations. The very fact of a change shows separation, and separation shows fresh combinations. We have learnt when the tree decays and the flower fades, when hollows are formed in the sides of hills and snow melts, when a storm goes out and a man dies, we have learnt that these things are due to the nature of life. Something is divided, something is gone, and something is left. But even in the act of separation the factors are forming other combinations in accordance with the spirit of life, its endlessness or immortality. When a fire burns, we know that the coal is undergoing separation under the influence of heat and air, and we have learnt that the ashes are not the only fresh combination formed. The combination coal has gone, but all its substance will be found as factors in fresh combinations. Though it is only in very simple matters that we can restore the former combination, yet we never put down our inability to the annihilation of any of the factors. We cannot recover them, we say, but we never doubt that they are still in existence. Though life is divided by consciousness, there are yet many properties common to both of the great divisions of life. Of these, two stand clearly out, indeed there could be no life without them, viz., Individuality and Immortality.

But though the immortality of the objective world is acknowledged, it is a subject of great doubt in the subjective. Living in the body here, we grow to think that our body is us, and the endless cases in which we are more or less influenced by the body helps to strengthen this feeling. But, indeed, though the body, being the most intimate objective part to us, naturally exerts a proportionally strong influence, still it is an influence and not a creator. This is seen at death or the ceasing of the combination of the soul and body. When a man dies is there any factor unaccounted for in the change that comes upon him? His body still exists, but the rapid falling to pieces that comes upon it shows that that has gone which held it together. He has gone, the subjective part. I labor under the great disadvantage of ignorance, but I believe I am right when I say that the factor which represents me cannot be placed. I stay in my present manifestation, as we call the union of the subjective and objective, as long as I can, but when, in obedience to the nature of life, separation comes, it is because all the factors are forming fresh combinations. The very fact that the body is forming new combinations shows that something has left it. Now, until I can be shown differently, I shall hold that this something is the subjective part of the combination, that it is "I," that it must in accordance with the nature

of life be forming a new combination also. The fact that when we die, as we say, we are still in the same universe as this, appears to some people absolutely blasphemous. Yet it is difficult to see why. The present world has been enjoyed for so short a time, the knowledge we have gained of it so small, that it is hard to see why we should have been awakened to it at all if at death it is done, and still harder to see why what is good in one portion of eternity should not be good in another. So, for man, life is immortal or endless, as in the objective world so in the subjective. Life cannot be without immortality, for it is immortality; immortality, moreover, of individuality. We have not to inquire how or why this is, but simply to note that it is so.

### STORY OF THE BIBLE MANUSCRIPTS

T. HARWOOD PATTISON.....NORTHWESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

That the Bible is literature is evident from its name and from its contents. In the fourth century Jerome proposed to call it "The Divine Library." Later it was known as "The Books." The thirteenth century settled on the title "The Book," and by this name it is familiar to us. The gradual advance in its title from a complex to a simple term is due to its contents. The Bible is not one book, but many. It is, as Jerome said, a library. Here are sixty-six books, written in three different languages and by some forty different men. The writings cover certainly two thousand years, each of these little books has its own distinction of style, as each of the writers has his own well-marked personality.

The variety of these books is due not alone to their different authors or centuries. As literature, again, the contents are of almost every form of composition. Within the narrow limits of the covers of the Bible are history, biography, narrative, poetry, didactic teaching, proverbial philosophy, and letters.

The history of the Bible as literature covers two periods, the first bringing us up to the invention of printing in the fifteenth century, while the second deals with its course since then. It is with the manuscript period that we are concerned now; a period lasting about one thousand years, although its precise length cannot be settled until we know just when it began. The art of writing is certainly of a great age. Professor Hilprecht, of Pennsylvania University, who is now carrying on explorations in Babylonia, asserts, on the strength of his own investigations, that the Babylonian people existed and were able to write at least 7,000 years before Christ. Professor Sayce, of Oxford University, England, told the church congress of Norwich, last year, that the age of the Exodus was as literary as that of the Renaissance in Europe; that at that time there were Babylonian cities with libraries six thousand years old, and that when Abram was born a Chaldean poet was writing a poem in twelve books. In the face of the discoveries of our century it is no longer necessary to argue that Moses may have been as well able to write his laws as the Hebrews were to read them. These are assured facts.

When we consider the materials used in writing,

and remember how busy is the tooth of time with the monuments and memorials of the speeding years, it is marvelous to us how much ancient writing has been preserved. The paper of to-day is only the last stage in a continued progress from the solid rock on which most likely the earliest characters were inscribed, on through clay and papyrus and skin to the material on which these words are printed. With all of these the ravages of time make havoc. We have no manuscripts of the Old Testament of an earlier date than the tenth century A. D., but this will surprise no one who reflects how few old manuscripts of any description remain to us.

Most of the manuscript copies of the classics which survive date from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries. Of our own classics how hard it is to find the originals. Where are the manuscripts of Bacon's essays or of Shakespeare's plays?

The uncertain fortunes of the oldest manuscripts give to the literary forger his chances for deception. Constantine Simonides, some forty years ago, succeeded in palming off upon the unwary manuscripts professing to be of great age, but when he ventured into the Bodleian library in the University of Oxford and unrolled before the eyes of the librarian a few fragments of venerable writing, another sense than sight was brought into play by that wary custodian. He smelt the crumbling parchment and gave it back to the impostor with the remark that, whatever might be said as to the characters inscribed on it, the vellum dated from the middle of the nineteenth century. As lately as 1881 a dealer named Shapira brought to Europe a Moabite copy of the book of Deuteronomy, which, had it been genuine, would have been the oldest Biblical manuscript in existence. On examination, it was found to date not from 800 B. C., but from a period within the life of a child of twelve months old. The discovery so shocked Shapira, who seems to have been himself deceived, that he committed suicide.

Let us glance now at the manuscripts of the Bible, and first at those of the books of the Old Testament:

1. The Old Testament is written almost wholly in Hebrew, the exception being some portions of the books of Ezra and Daniel, which are written in Aramaic, the common dialect of Palestine after the captivity. The original characters in which the books were written are not found in any of the existing manuscripts; but we know what they were like from the coins of the second century B. C., from the Moabite stone now in Paris, which is three thousand years old, and from some letters carved on the rock at the upper end of a tunnel which were put there in the reign of King Hezekiah and accidentally discovered in 1880 by some boys in their play. The greatest care was taken by the Jews in preserving the purity of their manuscripts. Transcriptions were made mechanically, and no variations from the copy were allowed. This jealous vigilance condemned to destruction any manuscript marred by error or injury.

A composition can be preserved not only by repeated copies but also by translation. The Septuagint is a copy of the Old Testament into Greek made between 350 and 250 B. C., by order of

Ptolemy Philadelphus, of Egypt. Stripped of the legends which cling about its origin, it seems to have been intended for the use of the Greek-speaking Jews, to whom their mother tongue was fast becoming strange and meaningless. It was not favored by the stricter Jews, and its value is seriously diminished by the alterations and corruptions of the original texts. Yet it remains the first translation of which we have any knowledge, and for centuries it was the Bible of multitudes of the Jewish people, and it is of especial interest to us as the Bible most familiar in the time of Jesus. A memorable book is the Septuagint. From Palestine it caught its message, from Greece its language, from all-conquering Rome its circulation.

2. Turning now to the New Testament we tread more certain ground. There are more than 1,500 manuscripts, and the number is continually increasing. In the libraries of many of the old monasteries of the Levant, of Bulgaria, and especially in the convent of St. Catherine at Mt. Sinai, our century has unearthed a wealth of literature of which our fathers dreamed little. The material used in these manuscripts is papyrus and parchment or vellum of varying quality, the skin of the antelope furnishing the finest. At first the writing was in capitals only, as it would be now with a child, and there were no periods or divisions between the words. To these letters (called "uncials") the running hand ("cursives") succeeded, and many of the manuscripts on which the monks toiled in the scriptorium of the monastery are "treasures of art, all ablaze with crimson and gold."

The three oldest manuscripts are the Codex Vaticanus, the Codex Sinaiticus, and the Codex Alexandrinus. The Vatican manuscript—most ancient and valuable of these—has been in the Vatican library in Rome since 1450, except for the brief time which it spent in Paris when Napoleon bore it there as one of the spoils of his Italian campaign. It is written on antelope skin, in characters small and delicate, and with the exception of the later part of the Epistle to the Hebrews, it is a complete New Testament. By order of the Pope a careful photographic facsimile of this precious manuscript was made seven years ago.

The romance of the Codex Sinaiticus cannot be told at length here. It was found by the scholar Constantin Tischendorf, on his third visit to the famous old convent of St. Catharine on the slopes of Sinai, and is carefully preserved now in the Imperial library at St. Petersburg, under the custody of the Emperor of Russia. Our century records no other literary discovery comparable to this, for the manuscript dates probably from the middle of the fourth century—only a little later than the Codex Vaticanus, and it contains the whole New Testament.

The Codex Alexandrinus may be seen in the British Museum, London. It probably belongs to the first half of the fifth century, and was given to Charles I. of England by the Patriarch of Constantinople, who, in his turn, brought it from Egypt. Scarcely less interesting and only a little later in date, is the Codex Emphraemi in the National Library of Paris, which illustrates what is known as a palimpsest, that is, an old manuscript scraped clean, so that over it the scribe, too poor or too careful of his



parchment to use a fresh skin, could transcribe another book. Tischendorf, during his visit to Paris in 1841, succeeded in cleaning off the upper writing, and revealed large portions of the New Testament. The text "ranks high as a critical authority, and the manuscript is one of the greatest literary treasures of Christendom."

These four manuscripts now furnish the New Testament scholar with his chief authorities for textual criticism. They date from the fourth and fifth centuries. They are in the keeping of the three great churches of Christendom—the Church of Rome, which possesses the Vatican and Ephraem manuscripts; the Greek Church, which holds as its peculiar treasure the Codex of Mount Sinai; and the Protestant Church, which possesses the Codex Alexandrinus. When the Authorized Version of our English Bible was made in the reign of King James I., not one of these manuscripts was known to the translators.

#### VALUE AND DANGER OF RITUAL

ACTIVE FAITH AND RELIGIOUS HABIT.....SPECTATOR

It must have been evident to all who read the criticisms of the orthodox, and even of some of the more rationalizing Jews on the proposal to take Judaism in what the latter regard as its spiritual essence, and offer it without its historical clothing to the more sceptical spirits of the modern world as an adequate religion, what repulsion that proposal inspired in the breasts of the many who had fed their hearts upon its great historic ritual. They regarded it as in some sense a desecration—not merely as a willingness to ignore the quarry from which their faith had been chopped, but as a sort of willful disloyalty to the great acts by which the minds of their people had been filled with the spirit of worship, and by going back to which day after day and year after year their own spirits had been renewed. And undoubtedly the same may be said of the ritual of every great faith. The Mahommedan does not turn more passionately towards Mecca when the hour of prayer comes round, and the cry from the minaret summons him to prostrate himself before the God of Mahommed, than the Brahmin or the Buddhist betakes himself to his different but not less punctual devotions; and it is the same with the Christian ritual. From the Roman Catholic Church, whose devotions symbolize—and more than symbolize—in some sense repeat, the great mystery of the incarnation, with all who accept the doctrine of the eternal sacrifice of the mass, to the Presbyterian who is half-ashamed of accepting the shelter of any house made with hands, when he thinks of the bare hillside on which his forefathers and many of his immediate ancestors have received the communion which they regarded and still regard as the true protest against any idolatrous repetition of the one eternal sacrifice, there has been no religion which has ignored ritual altogether that did not gradually sink into a more and more ineffectual attempt to revive attitudes of mind which could not be revived except by the help of some common memorial of what the worshippers have believed to be the greatest of human events—memorials at the very least, if not direct renewals, of the communion between the invisible and the visible world.

And these great ritual acts lay a powerful hold

on the habits of the spirit, long after the living faith is gone which gave them their first hold on it. A friend who knows India intimately writes to us that "a Brahmin who has lost all faith in the supernatural, will yet stand neck-deep in Ganges water twice a day, going through an elaborate ceremonial, not that his neighbors may see, but because it is his habit." The great habits formed by faith in the spiritual world thus outlive the faith, or at least the conscious faith, which formed them. They drive their graving-knife deep into the soul, and bring back to the traveler in the desert, as they did once to the late Mr. Kinglake, the sound of the old village bells; in his case, as he fancied, the very bells which had brought him Sunday after Sunday to church, and this, too, at the very moment when they were actually ringing thousands of miles away in the far-off Somersetshire hamlet. Even the sceptic cannot throw off the magic of these great ritual habits. They persevere in making their claim on the soul long after the soul has, as it thinks, emancipated itself from the authority which founded that claim. No act of true loyalty can afford to dispense with a ritual of its own. If it does, it gradually fades away into a mere mist of sentiment. When you feel that you really owe fealty, the mind is not content with acknowledging it; it craves a public reiteration of that acknowledgment as part of the very routine of the spirit's life. It is indeed a natural part of the very life of beings who live by the satisfaction of periodic needs and wants, that in every such period the needs of the soul should assert themselves and satisfy themselves as well as the needs of the body, and that spiritual habits should spring up, not less, perhaps even more, imperious than the habits of the body, to impose their significance on our external life. No religion can really subdue any people's heart that does not fully recognize this necessity, and embody it fully in the routine of the days and years which frame and mould our very thoughts.

At the same time, the waywardness and contradictions of human nature are such that these imperious spiritual habits too often become the very source of the formalism which petrifies the soul, and gradually undermines its loyalty to the divine being. The monotonous repetition of the reverence and loyalty of the heart somehow strikes at the root of that loyalty, unless the repetition is accompanied by a certain freshness and generosity of feeling which goes out beyond the words and forms of the ritual, and lays anew, as it were, the foundations of the ritual. Words which we perpetually repeat lose their meaning, or a great part of their meaning, and like the formal bow or the customary greeting, pass into the mechanical acts which, though they have once expressed something, and may express something again, are yet in general mere references to what has been often felt, but what is consciously felt no more. And the mere fact that these words and forms have been so often reiterated without being felt, tends in itself to give them an effect of dryness and insignificance very injurious to their spiritual power. Without ritual you cannot really perpetuate a religion. But with it you are always in danger of embalming it, of making a mummy of it, and reducing it to the mere corpse of what was once a focus of life and light and heat and action.

## EDUCATIONAL TOPICS OF THE DAY

### BEST CURRENT EDUCATIONAL MATTER

WILLIAM MCANDREW

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—By a happy understanding with Principal McAndrew of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, Current Literature is enabled to begin here to lay before its readers, with special reference to the interests of professional educators, but also in a manner scarcely less valuable to earnest parents and to the friends of education at large, a system of summarizing the *best* educational literature of the day. This plan has been found, by practical experiment, to make an immense saving of time and labor within the membership of this noted Institute's faculty and Reading Club. By a simple expansion of the scheme through the pages of Current Literature, we believe it can be made so widely effective that the labor of one may often be an invaluable saving of time and labor to hundreds, while more or less an encouraging incentive to thousands. We cordially invite all educators in colleges, or academies, or high schools to take part in this scheme, which so clearly explains itself and its advantages.]

#### Pratt Institute Teachers' Reading Club's List of Best Current Educational Matter:

**Promotions** Criticism of the common system; the lack of individualism; unfairness of examinations as tests for promotion; the teacher's monthly estimate should decide; the students should be classified in smaller groups; trial of a new plan in Elizabeth, N. J.; details of it; its flattering success. Wm. J. Shearer, in June Atlantic.

**Government, Discipline** The home the proper model for school government. L. R. Harley, Education for June.

**Kindergarten** An illustrated description of a series of new gifts and their significance. M. F. Glidden, Educational Review, June.

**Honorary Degrees** A sketch of the decline of the custom of conferring degrees de gratia. H. T. Lukens, Educational Review, June.

**Professional Training** The study of how others teach; the value of the history of teaching; criticism as an aid. J. A. Reinhart, Educational Review, June.

The usage in Germany; examination and certification; pedagogical training. James E. Russell, Educational Review, June.

**College Entrance Requirements** A condemnation of the present usage; an attack upon the attitude of the colleges; the decline of Greek; the Harvard, Cornell and Vassar usages. A. F. Nightingale, Educational Review, June.

They are too high; effect upon secondary schools; value of the college atmosphere; it should be obtained earlier in life; the value of disciplinary studies. Commissioner W. T. Harris, in Education for June.

**Normal Schools** Those of Massachusetts attacked and defended. Education for May and for June.

**Salaries** A call for better pay to teachers. Frederick Tupper, Journal of Education May, 27, '97.

**Pensions** An extended and interesting article on the various pension laws for teachers; opinions of prominent educators;

the New Jersey law and how it came to be enacted. Elizabeth A. Allen, The Review of Reviews, June.

**Singing** Dictation of music in public-school work. Emma Thomas, Music, May.

**High Schools** The necessity of higher secondary education. Extract from an address at New Haven, by Walter Allen, Journal of Education, May 27, '97.

**Literature** A list of 100 favorite books selected by the votes of 3,000 pupils of the Chicago schools. Journal of Education, May 27, '97.

**Reading** A review and commendation of the theories and teachings of Mr. S. H. Clarke, of the University of Chicago; his characteristics as a platform interpreter of literature. Walter B. Harte, Werner's Magazine June.

**Negro and Education** Extracts from the report of a committee of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. N. Y. Independent, June 3, '97.

**The Ideal Modern Education** Third of a series of articles criticizing modern college education; the old academic training contrasted with the new liberal courses; schools of technology; their origin, growth, and principles. President Henry Morton, in Cosmopolitan for June.

**Country Schools** The tendencies of agricultural life; its defects in educating children; suggestions for the solution of difficulties. D. L. Kiehle, Educational Review, June.

**Francis Walker** An account of his educational work. H. W. Tyler, Educational Review, June.

### HOME TRAINING

JAMES M. GREENWOOD.....THE SCHOOL JOURNAL

Education is a very complex process, owing to the multiplicity of factors entering into it. To many it appears quite simple; namely, to hold the schools entirely responsible for the conduct of the child whether he is in school, on the street or at home. A little clear thinking will enable any one to see in the play of forces which go to form a human character, many subtle influences, not to mention heredity, and, perhaps, other forms of human agency that cannot be readily accounted for. Neither is it safe to run back very far along the line of family ancestors in search of causes, which, if found, do not explain satisfactorily either normal or abnormal development.

For common purposes the influences which are most potent in molding character may be classified as follows: 1, *the home*; 2, *the school*; 3, *the church*; 4, *the society*; 5, *plus whatever heredity contributes*.

Teachers study the parents and parental influences largely through the children, and yet in this line of inductive study a large element of caution must always be involved. The child may drop back a generation or two, and not represent correctly the strongest inherent traits of either father or mother. A modifying influence may enter at once, forming peculiar personal characteristics. This is frequently

the case with one or two generations. But in general, the child is a fairly good coefficient of the "home training." Since the parents are supposed to have direct control of their offspring at least five-sixths of the time, it is only reasonable to conclude that the "home training" is responsible for at least that much of the child's character. The remainder of the time must be split up between the school, the church and other associations. The school is essentially a place for work, and for the inculcation of good habits. It is designed to touch the child on the three sides of his nature; the intellect, the emotions, and the will. American education lays great stress on the will, because it is the self-governing power, and our whole theory of government is based upon individual self-control. The citizen must be able to control himself, and be subject to law. He is further fashioned on the side of his moral nature through his emotions, affections and desires. He is taught to respect the rights of others, their privileges, duties and responsibilities. Here, too, is spread out before the child all those nobler traits of character which the good value most highly. Added to these are those intellectual achievements which come from the study of books and contact with the practical affairs of life.

A great mass of literature has been published in this country on the subject of home and school training, but no one has done much in the way of tracing out the values relatively of these two forces, and how much ought to be credited to the one or the other. They are not quantitative elements, and they cannot be compared except relatively. The first person to attack this problem somewhat scientifically was Mr. Franz Schoberle, Vienna, Austria. He made a three-fold classification of 9,000 Viennese school children, according to their "home training." He grouped society into three classes: 1, the upper class; 2, the middle class; 3, the lower class. Next he divided all the children into four classes: 1, those who did right according to *moral principles*; 2, those who were *mostly passive*; 3, those who were *one-sided*; 4, those who were *bad*.

Mr. Schoberle, under the first group, placed 1,080 children; under the second, 4,500 children; under the third, 2,250 children; and under the fourth, 1,170 children. His upper class furnished only 675 children, the middle class 2,475 children, and the lower class 5,850 children.

He found that some parents in all three classes endeavored to educate their children conscientiously, and with a definite purpose in view as to moral principles, such as simplicity in appearance, word and action, respect for others, sense of order and law, honesty, truthfulness, and uprightness. He found these children well trained in obedience and imbued with a sense of firmness and justice.

In the second class of children the parents were chiefly passive in their duties toward education. They let their children "go."

Under the head of "One-Sided Children" were those in whom some important educational factor is wanted; lack of respect for one's own person or respect for others; generally untruthful, deceitful, and unscrupulous.

The fourth class, "bad." Their training and conduct violate every ethical principle. Often have

apparently no clear conception of the rights of others. Such then, in brief, is the classification by this distinguished foreigner.

Some three weeks ago I requested the principals of the ward schools\* to collect such information concerning the "home training" of the pupils as seemed pertinent, but to ask no questions of the pupils themselves; only to tabulate such data as they deemed appropriately reliable touching this matter. The same classification of pupils was employed as that used by Mr. Schoberle, but with results strikingly different.

Excluding the pupils from the high school, the total number classified here was 16,990, divided as follows: 9,531 had received "home training" according to moral principles, or 58 per cent. in Kansas City against 12 per cent. in Vienna. Of this number the first class contributed 2,284; the second, 5,900; and the third, 1,304. This indicates a moral level almost five times higher among the parents of this city than that reported from Vienna.

The number of children grouped by our teachers as "mostly passive" represents 28 per cent., or in numbers, 4,826 pupils, while in Vienna statistics the number is 50 per cent., or one-half.

The "one-sided" represents 11 per cent. in this district against 25 per cent. in Vienna.

The report here also shows 807 pupils classed as "bad," or nearly 5 per cent., against 13 per cent. there. The upper class furnished 37 to this group; the middle class, 311; and the lower class, 459. Cleavage in European society is very much more sharply drawn than in this country, and the statistics here viewed comparatively are decidedly in favor of Kansas City. That is, a very much larger majority of American parents endeavor to train their children properly.

Admitting that 400 "bad" pupils have been enrolled in school this year, the situation is serious enough to touch and quicken the public conscience.

Society, however we may divide it, furnishes the soil out of which criminals grow, and out of which criminality flourishes. Each stratum produces its own crop, but some are certainly more fertile than others. If out of 17,000 children now in the ward schools there are 400 that are really "bad," then the matter requires immediate attention. It is well known by teachers that two "bad boys" in a room will cause more trouble and annoyance than the other forty-eight obedient, dutiful, studious children, and so it is, that a few unprincipled scamps in any community will create more disturbance than five hundred or a thousand law-abiding citizens.

Since confirmed criminals are seldom reformed, it is a serious problem to know what remedy to apply to these children. One solution that has been tried in a few cities is, to have a separate school for such pupils, and place them in it till they show that they can be grouped with the well disposed. As a matter of fact, the uncontrolled children soon drift into the street, and then from bad to worse. This class is the recruiting field for the criminal ranks of this country. The step initiated by the Legislature to take children from criminal or vicious parents, is a move in the right direction.

\* Mr. Greenwood is Superintendent of Schools, Kansas City, Mo.—Editors.



## SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

### A MATTER OF EDUCATION

W. J. LAMPTON.....BOSTON HERALD

I was sitting on a keg of nails in a West Virginia mountain store watching a native dickering with the merchant over a trade of a basket of eggs for a calico dress. After some time a bargain was closed, the native walked out with the dress in a bundle under his arm and I followed him.

"It isn't any business of mine," I said, "but I was watching that trade, and was surprised to see you let the eggs go for the dress."

"What fer?" he asked, in astonishment, as he mounted his horse.

"How many eggs did you have?"

"Basket full."

"How many dozen?"

"Dunno. Can't count."

"That's where you miss the advantages of education. With knowledge, you might have got two dresses for those eggs."

"But I didn't want two dresses mister," he argued.

"Perhaps not, but that was no reason why you should have paid two prices for one. The merchant got the advantage of you because of his education. He knew what he was about."

He looked at me for a minute, as if he felt real sorry for me. Then he grinned and pulled his horse over close to me.

"I reckon," he half whispered, casting furtive glances toward the store, "his eddication ain't so much more'n mine ez you think it is. He don't know how many uv them aigs is spiled, an' I do," and he rode away before I could argue further.

### AT EVENING-TIME

LILIAN QUILLER COUCH.....THE SPEAKER

Peter Penruddock's mouth was in the shape of a cheery word, and the weight of a six days' sorrow was insufficient to press out the moulding of forty years. So the curves of his lips were but partially straightened as he stood with one hard, toil-shapened hand resting heavily upon the table, and looked upon Martha his wife, though the light of good content might be shut from his eyes, and the ache in his heart seem unending.

The face of Martha Penruddock had been slowly moulded by an uneventful happiness into curves of calm satisfaction; but on her the weight of the six days' sorrow had left deep dentings, and her eyes were awful with the shade of a cold, voiceless misery, as she stood straight and motionless at the window and looked down across the sunny slope to the spot where her son, her one, comely son, had just been laid, dead.

In the parlor where the husband and wife stood suffering there hung an utter stillness. To-day this well-worn room was neat to a fault. The empty egg-basket stood back on the chiffonier; the bunches of keys hung on their respective nails; the weekly newspaper was yet unfolded; none of the daily litter of a lived-in room was to be seen. Life had looked on Death for a whole week within that grey farmhouse and little habits had fallen away before the absorbing sight. Beyond the closed door of

the parlor the tall clock in the stone hall ticked off its moments slowly. From the kitchen came an occasional sound of footsteps crossing to and fro, or the moving of a fire-iron, or the placing of a dish; but no word was spoken, and the sounds, such as they were, seemed but to add depth to the silence.

Outside, the afternoon sun blazed down upon the square grey walls, and hardened the blisters already raised upon the green front door. In days now past a fat baby hand had pressed the blisters on the lower panels and a baby heart bemoaned a lack of inches as baby eyes gazed higher. But with growth came indifference; and the blisters of the upper panels were still unmutated, standing out as so many protests against the sun's immoderation. In the trim front garden, however, there were no such protests. The sunflowers, the dahlias, the hollyhocks, the roses, all opened their glorious hearts to receive his fire, and loved him for his ardency. While mignonette and marjoram, lavender and nasturiums, candy-tuft, sweet peas, and bold-eyed marigolds mingled their charms to the making of a glowing, growing pomander, stretching on either side the gravel box-edged path, from blistered door to garden gate. And the bees buzzed desultorily, sipping honey as if there were no need for haste; and the big iridescent flies rested, still and gleaming, on the hot grey pillars of the porch.

Beyond the house, and the garden, and the dusty white road along which the black-suited villagers had passed so short a time ago, sloped down a tawny cornfield, where the reapers bent to their labor, leaving the grain in long, fallen swathes behind them as they passed upon their way. And beyond this slope, dotted with life and spread with the means of life, lay the peaceful acre of death, with one brown mound among the grassy mounds, beneath which lay the gladness of a woman's life.

And the afternoon wore on. The sun moved slowly across the clear, still sky, leaving a shadow-pillar athwart the grey stone doorstep, and a grief in the heart of the sunflowers. The bright square, too, which had blazed through the parlor window on to the rose-wreathed carpet, had traveled and traveled by slow degrees along the floor, then climbed the damask-patterned wall, and finally disappeared in the scroll-work of the cornice. And Peter Penruddock's lips seemed to grow straighter and narrower as he looked upon Martha, his wife. And the tall clock in the stone hall ticked the moments away—always the same, no hurry, no change of tone, no relenting.

Sweet is the scent of pink clover by the path across a short wheat-field, when the evening dew falls gently and damps the full-blown petals. Peaceful and kind is the twilight when a faint breeze sways the slight gossamers, cooling the sun-scorched verdure and reviving a fainting land. Yet scent and light were as nothing to the senses of Peter Penruddock, as he stood by the gate of his rick-yard and gazed at the steep, winding held-path up which Martha had slowly gone an hour ago.

It was so terrible, this great silencing grief which had shut him, her husband, from her heart and care. His sorrow—surely his, if hers—could have been eased by speech and softened by sympathy; but the wife had taken it otherwise, had held her heart and her lips tight shut against words of comfort, leaving him to mourn alone, outside. But it was not of this that Peter thought as he looked up across the steep wheat field; he was not given to the weighing of his rights and his wrongs; only, to him the pain of her anguish was unbearable, a sorrow even greater than that other sorrow, inasmuch as it was living, and more intangible.

With wistful eyes and weighted heart he left the rick-yard, and turned upwards by the clover-edged path through the bare, brown field at the back of the grey farm house. He knew where he should find her; he knew how she would receive him; this last was knowledge which had come to him within the past dark week. She had no need of him; she chose to suffer alone—silent, and hard, and uncomfortable. But she was his wife; more to him than any son, and he could not leave her in her desolation.

On the old wooden seat at the bend of the sloping field he found her; her shawl fallen back from her shoulders; her eyes, wide and expressionless, fixed on that peaceful spot beyond the new-reaped cornfield in the valley below. She did not stir as he drew near, nor move her eyes as he sat on the bench beside her and took one cold and unresisting hand in his.

"Patty," he said, gently, "Patty dear. Wife."

But it was as if she did not hear. And the lines of her face were deep and rigid, as if she were cut from stone.

Ten minutes passed, and still he held her hand, and his firm clasp seemed to bring some life to it. And then he turned his eyes from the spot on which she gazed and brought them back to rest on the old grey house half-way up the hill. And then he spoke again.

"Patty," he pleaded, "the spot down yonder mus'n swallow all your love. Dear heart, look back awhile and try to mind the days before he came." His voice was wonderfully low and gentle, and seemed to hold tears in it. "Can 'ee mind," he went on, "the first day you saw the old house, when we came—just you an' me—an' made it home? An' you frowned at its poor old straight walls to vex me, an' laughed at my long looks when you'd done it. An' how we planned, an' arranged, an' ran upstairs an' down; an' all the time counted it the best home in the world."

The hand lying in his moved slightly, but she made him no other answer. Then silence fell on them again, and his eyes still rested on the old grey house; but hers were fixed on the valley below. The day grew more dim, and the land was all hushed and peaceful, except for a beetle's quick whirr as it hurried along to its home, and the call of a farm boy rising up from the rick-yard as he finished his evening's work. Then, at length, he spoke again, and his voice was still low and pleading, as he spoke of that day long ago, the day she had come to his home. He "minded" the song she had hummed, the words she had spoken. And once a fluttering sigh escaped her lips, but her lids did not quiver above her wide eyes.

"An' then," he went on, and his voice sank lower, and it was even as though he spoke to himself, "the sun went down, an' the day-time was over; an' we climbed—you an' me—up the field-path to this bench. An' here we sat in the dimsy; an' you was wearin' a little white frock with bassomy roses upon it, an' byme-bye, when the dew fell, the frock grew all heavy with dampness, an' I—all laughin'—chid you sharply for bein' a careless wife. An' then—how well I can mind it—you turned your dear face round to me—all sober an' solemn—an' you said, just as if 'twas a prayer you was sayin', 'Husband, I was fearful of the new life before me, being but young and over-thoughtless; but I want it to be better for you—havin' me with you. I want to make you happier, an' I want never to do nor to say one thing to hurt or to vex you—till I die.' Poor little Patty—how well I can mind it—nigh upon twenty years—an'—"

His voice broke, and the next words would not come. She stirred slightly and shivered, then leaned closer to him. And then at last she lifted her eyes from the valley to the sky where the stars were appearing; and then her lids quivered and narrowed; and he saw there were tears on her cheek.

"Patty, wife," he murmured, "mind the old days for my sake. Mind him, too, as 'tis best. Mind him lyin' all saucy and strong in his cradle, as we stood by him, you an' me, and laughed at his baby ways. How he waved up his braggarty arms to reach us, an' grabbed at our fingers to raise him, an' cuddled his face on our shoulders when he got his own way in the end."

Down her cheeks the tears were now trickling slowly, but Peter's strong arm was about her, and he drew her head down to his shoulder.

"An' when he fell ill that first spring-time, how we watched, an' we hoped, an' we prayed for him; an' he battled way back, just a shadow; an' laughed hisself into all hearts. An' I can mind that when night came, for many an' many a year after, you would start from your sleep with a cry, an' wonder if all was well. An' then I would creep to his bedside, an' shadin' the light would look down 'pon his face, all lyin' so quiet and so rosy; an' would bring back the word just to soothe you—'Tis right, he's sleepin' well.'"

Against his own heart he could now feel her sobs, on his hand he could feel hot tears falling; but this weight at the heart was easier to bear, and the tears made the hand-clasp firmer.

And the stars shone out, and the moon rose high, and no more words were spoken. The scent of the clover, all heavy with dew, was sweet on the cool night breezes. From the farm below cheery lights shot forth and then gleamed bright and steady; and the slow rub of a chain from the cow-house now and again broke the stillness. Time was unheeded by the mourners now; it was good to rest—just rest and be silent.

By-and-by her sobs were spent, but she did not raise her head from his shoulder; for a week she had held it high and stern, and now it was raising to bend it. So he drew her shawl closer about her; he stroked her heavy, loosened hair, and gently fingered the soft curls which strayed about her ear. And a great tiredness that was even peace fell upon her heart; and after a while she slept.

Peter Penruddock's mouth had been shaped by cheerful words, and now he must abide by it; there must be no further straightening of the upward curves, for his cheerful words were still needed. The world did not die with the death of a son, and live worlds seldom love innovation.

So Peter sat with his face to the stars, and schooled his tongue to the shape of comfort. And the great moon was so placid, the stars were so radiant, the grey sky stretched so vast, and life shrank so belittled that it did not seem hard to smile over earth's pains, and think of the childless years as but moments. But when at length he turned his eyes downwards, and faced the still spot lying steeped in the valley below, for a while his heart fainted with the force of his anguish which fought with the power of his peace.

Then up through the still air came the chime of the tall clock striking its hour in the stone hall below, and it entered the dreams of the sleeping mother and warned her back to the world; and suddenly she uttered a wailing cry, and raised her head and opened her eyes.

It was the cry he knew so well, and his heart went out to meet it.

And then she looked with those wide, hungry eyes, before her through the moonlight, and remembered, and realized, and made a little moan so young and childish that the tears pricked in his eyes. But a fallen tear is ever a confession, and he pressed these back with his eyelids; and gently he answered her cry with the old, oft-used, soothing words:

"'Tis right, wife, he's sleepin' well."

And then he turned his face from the narrow bed at the foot of the quiet valley and led her tenderly down through the field-path and into the old grey home.

PROGRESSIVE OBSERVATION

EMMA A. OPPER.....JUDGE

She—I had the worst time this morning. I hung a portière in my room. I wouldn't let the upholsterer do it, and I wouldn't let anybody help me, because I wanted it done in a particular way.

He—I didn't know you knew anything about—

She—I don't, but I was bound I'd do it. Well, I'd asked them where I bought the pole to have it sawed off the right length, and they hadn't done it, and I had to get a saw and do it myself. I couldn't saw it even, and I got all out of patience, and I kept saying good gracious till Aunt Mary looked at me over her glasses; she doesn't approve of expletives for young ladies.

He—You are sure it was good gracious?

She—It was at that stage. I got the brackets up all right, but I went and drove a nail part-way into an end of the pole to start a place to screw in the fancy end, and when I tried to pull it out I broke it square off and I couldn't pull the piece out. I was so provoked!

He—What did you say then?

She—I said plague take it! There was nothing to do but to saw off an inch or so to get a fresh end. I had a fearful time doing it. It looked as if somebody had chewed it off, and I sawed my fingers.

He—And you said—

She—I said confound it, right out loud, and Aunt Mary went out of the room. I got the pole up finally, and stretched my arms till they were lame and got both ends screwed on, and then found I'd forgotten to put the rings on. I was perfectly desperate. My neck ached, and my back, and I was getting dizzy—

He—And you continued your remarks?

She—I—I said darn it; I couldn't help it. I unscrewed one of the ends and got the rings on and screwed it back again, and then I hung the curtain, and goodness knows how long I was at it. I had it all up once and found I'd turned it wrong side to, and I hung it all over and got it too short, and I hung it four times altogether, and my hair was all tumbled down and every bone in my body ached and my fingers bled where I'd sawed them—

He—And may I inquire what—

She—Yes, you may! And I don't care a rap if I did, either. An angel from heaven couldn't have said anything else. But it was just as well that Aunt Mary had gone out of the room.

*Jennyson*

*In lucem transitus  
October 6, 1892.*

*From the misty shores of midnight, touched with splendor of the moon,  
To the singing skies of heaven and the light more clear than noon,  
Passed a soul that grew to music till it was with God in tune.*

*Brother of the greatest poets, true to nature, true to art;  
Lover of Immortal Love, uplifter of the human heart,  
Who shall cheer us with high music, who shall sing, if thou depart?*

*Silence here - for love is silent, gazing on the listening sail;  
Silence here - for grief is voiceless when the mighty omniscient fail;  
Silence here - but far beyond us, many voices crying, Hail!  
October 7<sup>th</sup> 1892.*

*Henry van Dyke*



## IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

*Out of Her Reckoning*..... *New York Journal*

"How many in your family?" the census taker said.  
 "Hoo mony?" Mrs. Rafferty she shook her tousled head.  
 "Well, shure, I think there is elivin. Jist let me count," said she.  
 "There's Mike, my mon thot's did, an' me an' Patsy—that makes three—  
 The triplets four and Mary five, Tim six an' Bridget sivin;  
 The blessed twins is eight. Thot's all." "But that is not eleven."

"Now wait a bit. There's me; thot's wan, and little Patsy, two;  
 The triplets three an' Bridget four, an' Timmy there by you  
 Is five, an' poor did Mike is six, an' me darlin' little twins  
 Is sivin, an' Katy eight. Oh, dear! Now, if I jist begins  
 Wid Mike thot's did—hivin rest his sowl!—I'm sure to get thim right,  
 For 'dade there's 'livin; leastways there was when they went to bid lahst night.

"Poor Mike is wan; the twins is two, Timmy and Patsy four,  
 An' Mary five an' Mike—oh, no; I counted him before—  
 An' Mary five, an' Bridget six—ah, now I've got thim straight—  
 An' Katy sivin, the triplets eight—sure the triplets they make eight,  
 An' Katy sivin, the triplets eight. Where have the ithers gone?  
 By all the saints in hivin, I know I've counted ivery wan.

"Now whist an' shtop yer shpakin'. I'll count thim jist wance more.  
 There's me an' Tim an' Patsy an' Katy; thot is four.  
 The triplets and the twins is six, an' Bridget—now jist wait—  
 An' Bridget sivin, an' poor did Mike—yes, poor did Mike makes eight.  
 Yes, thot is right," said Mrs. R. and rubbed her tousled pate.  
 "I t'ought there was elivin, but I see there is but eight."

*'Twill be all Right, Grace Duffie Boylan, Chicago Journal*

Sometimes I think the day ill spent;  
 An' backward look wi' discontent,  
 Till candle light,  
 When Rob comes whistlin' hame again  
 An' says—though it be shine or rain—  
 "'Twill be all right."

He canna always tell, I know,  
 But when he makes sae braw a show  
 I'm heartened, quite.  
 An' then I think, come ills that may,  
 I'll bear them while he's by to say:  
 "'Twill be all right."

Brave is his heart an' strong his arm  
 To keep me safe fra' ev'ry harm.  
 An' sae, at night,  
 I pray where e'er our feet may go  
 Though rough our path, or smooth, we'll know—  
 "'Twill be all right!"

*My Brown Rose*..... *Ruth McEnery Stuart*..... *Poems*

Oh, my Rose ain't white,  
 An' my Rose ain't red,  
 An' my Rose don't grow  
 On de vine on de shed.

But she lives in de cabin  
 Whar de roses twines,  
 An' she wrings out 'er clo'es  
 In de shade o' de vines.

An' de red leaves fall,  
 An' de white rose sheds  
 Tell dey kiver all de groun'  
 Whar my brown Rose treads.

An' de butterfly comes,  
 An' de bumblebee, too,  
 An' de hummin' bird hums  
 All de long day throo.

An' dey sip at de white,  
 And dey tas'e at de red,  
 An' dey fly in an' out  
 O' de vines roun' de shed.

While I comes along  
 An' gathers some buds,  
 An' I meeks some remarks  
 About renching or suds.

But de birds an' de bees  
 An' de rest of us knows  
 Dat we all hangin' roun'  
 Des ter look at my Rose.

*At the Gate*..... *George Jones*..... *Leslie's Weekly*

Standin' kind o' lazy-like  
 Leanin' on the gate,  
 Lookin' at the cow a-drinkin',  
 Doin' nothin'—just a-thinkin'.  
 Wonderin' if the fish is bitin',  
 An' if worms would be good bait;  
 Day's most gone an' sun a-sinkin',  
 Doin' nothin'—jest a-thinkin'.

Standin' kind o' lazy-like,  
 Leanin' on the gate,  
 From love's cup my heart is drinkin',  
 Doin' nothin'—jest a-thinkin'.  
 Wonderin' if the maid beside me  
 Will my hand an' fortune take;  
 Up above the stars are blinkin',  
 Doin' nothin'—jest a-thinkin'.

Standin' kind o' lazy-like,  
 Leanin' on the gate,  
 But my spirits low are sinkin',  
 Doin' nothin'—jest a-thinkin'.  
 For in thar lies one who's goin',  
 An' my heart is like to break;  
 Love's sweet memories interlinkin'—  
 Doin' nothin'—jest a-thinkin'.

## TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

### HIGH LIVING AND PESSIMISM

A POSSIBLE RELATION.....N. O. TIMES-DEMOCRAT

In an article by H. R. Sherard upon Henrik Ibsen, one passage arrests the attention: "It may be noted . . . that the love of the table usually goes hand in hand with pessimism. One remembers Schopenhauer at his table d'hôte, and the *il n'y a que ça* of Emile Zola. This love of the table appears to be the only consolation of those who have lost faith in all the many things which make for us the joy of living. It certainly seems to be the only consolation that life affords to Henrik Ibsen, whose ingrained sadness impresses itself upon all who approach him."

Ingrained ill-humor would seem a more correct phrase, in view of Mr. Sherard's own account of the very snappish way in which the Norwegian sage received his modest advances. In fact, the idea suggests itself that indigestion is probably one of the results of Ibsen's love of the table, and that we may owe Little Eyolf and Rosmerholm rather to dyspepsia than to pessimism—though perhaps the terms are interchangeable. As for Zola, the semi-starvation of his early days of struggle would explain and excuse present gluttony; yet we cannot help pitying a man who, amid all the beautiful things of earth, could say of a well-spread table, *Il n'y a que ça*. That pessimism and gluttony always go hand in hand would not be easy to prove; but at the same time, the man who despises or disbelieves in the things of the spirit would naturally turn to the animal side of life. The pessimist is an amiable being who has not got what he wants in life, and would consequently like to make other people discontented with what they have; and there is no doubt that a good many of these gentry are at present expressing themselves through the medium of print. . . . George Augustus Sala, in his *Life and Adventures*, made a remark which might be thought to support Mr. Sherard's theory that there is some connection between that gloomy turn of mind and a love of the pleasures of the table: "The present age I cannot help considering to be an extremely greedy one. However trifling may be the function, society will not willingly patronize it unless the proceedings include something to eat and drink."

On the other hand, there has never been a time when eating and drinking played such a small part in fiction. If any banquet is described, it is its esthetic side, the beauty of the appointments, that is dwelt upon. Thackeray himself was not above singing the simple charm of "a nice leg of mutton," or the more complicated joys of *bouillabaisse*, that savory "hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes." No one who scorned good cheer could have written, even in jesting vein, *A Memorial of Gormandizing*. There is some earnestness under the mock solemnity of this exhortation: "All a man's senses are worthy of employment, and should be cultivated as a duty. The senses are the arts. What glorious feasts does Nature prepare for your eye in animal form, in landscape and painting. Are you to put out your eyes, and not see? . . . No, surely; nor must you be

so absurd as to fancy that the art of eating is in any way less worthy than the other two. You like your dinner, man; never be ashamed to say so. . . . Remember that every man who has been worth a fig in this world, poet, painter, or musician, has had a good appetite and good taste." As for Dickens, in *Pickwick Papers*, almost every episode is rounded by a generous repast. The Christmas Carol is an apotheosis of the Christmas dinner. Throughout his works cold fowls, tongues, bottles of wine, roast goose, pork pies, smoking bowls of punch, lordly hams, chops and tomato sauce, and other viands offer the reader an opportunity for a Barmecidal feast. But it is to be remarked that the authors of a past generation seemed to look chiefly upon the convivial side of eating and drinking. "Good living" was to them an excuse for jollity, hospitality and good-fellowship, for jovial contact with their friends and cheerful social intercourse; whereas, we picture, the sour misanthrope gormandizing in solitary greediness, growling in a corner like a dog over its bone.

To be just, it is doubtful whether the present age is any more greedy than past eras. It is probable that there are now more gourmets, but fewer gourmands. Elizabeth Robbins Pennell sub-titles her *Feasts of Autolycus* the *Confessions of a Greedy Woman*; but it is "delicate feasting" she advocates, not those Gargantuan repasts in which our robust ancestors indulged. In glancing through the candid pages of Pepys, there is scarce one that has not some reference to eating or drinking. The "cup of ale" makes frequent appearance in his chronicle. At times he and his wife would dine frugally upon nothing but bread and cheese, or pease porridge, or a slice of brawn, or sheep's trotters; and then again they would feast upon turkey pie, a piece of beef and cabbage and a collar of brawn, or a "brave leg of mutton roasted." If there was anything that moved Pepys to warmth of expression it was "a great and good dinner." He grew almost poetic over the hospitality of a friend who treated him "huge nobly." On the other hand, he criticized sharply those who did not provide such comestibles as he thought fitting; and we find him remarking that at a dinner given by one of his cousins "the venison pasty was palpable beef, which was not handsome." At the Hague "a sallet and two or three bones of mutton were provided for a matter of ten of us, which was very strange." One can imagine the face of Mr. Pepys as he sat down to this meagre repast.

It is possible that Pepys in his *Diary* omitted mention of no dinner, at home or elsewhere, that he recalled with pleasure. Some of his feasts are as follows: "A dish of marrow bones, a leg of mutton, a loin of veal, three pullets, two dozens of larks all in a dish, a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies, a dish of prawns and cheese;" "two brave dishes of meat, one of fish, a carp and some other fishes as well done as ever I eat any;" "a special good dinner, a leg of veal and bacon, two capons and sausages, and fritters, with abundance of wine;" "some rare pot venison and ale to abundance till almost twelve at night;" "a lovely chine of beef, and other good things very complete." When some

friends dropped in to see him at his office, he regaled them upon "a dish of steaks and a rabbit." He and Mrs. Pepys had a rash way of supping late upon such things as anchovies, cabbage, buttered salmon, toasted cakes, and rabbit and lobster, and altogether it is not strange that the diarist recorded: "I was very ill—I think with eating and drinking too much;" or that he found it necessary to procure "allum" for a sore mouth and a plaster for a boil under his chin. However, in spite of these occasional ills, and the prodigious quantity of animal food he consumed, Pepys was clearly no dyspeptic. He may be looked upon as a triumphant refutation of Mr. Sherard's theory that pessimism and gluttony are associated; for though a bon-vivant he was nothing of a misanthrope. One of his most sympathetic biographers said of him that he "had an animal joy in all that came," whether it were a good dinner, a pretty face, a sweet song, or a pleasant stroll; and the distinguishing trait of the pessimist is his scorn of enjoyment. He may consume or partake; but nothing would induce him to enjoy.

#### A DISH OF SNAILS

M. P. HANDY.....WHAT TO EAT

It may surprise many of our readers to learn that the common garden snail, regarded as an unmitigated pest by agriculturists in this country, is used for food by thousands of persons; and when properly cooked is esteemed a dainty dish by epicures in all the great cities of the world. Not only is this the case in foreign countries, where the overcrowding of the population renders it obligatory that everything edible should be eaten, but here in America, where in New York, the arrival of the French steamers with their cargo of snails is an event of importance in gastronomic circles, and the leading French restaurants advertise the dish as a special attraction.

Like other homely animals which serve for food, the snail changes his name when he comes to the table, and takes his French title. Thus as the pig becomes pork, the ox beef, and the sheep mutton; the snail figures on bills of fare as *l'escargot*, a much more imposing designation. Like many other dishes esteemed by epicures it comes to us by way of France from Italy; for the French, who are the masters of the world in cookery, learned the art originally from the Italians. The ancient Romans, whose emperors and nobles lived to eat, and who not infrequently spent a fortune on a single feast, considered the *escargot* a choice delicacy. Pliny mentioned it as among the table luxuries of his day, and Apicius, in a treatise on cookery, enumerates several ways of cooking the dish, the most extravagant being with a sauce of sweet herbs, milk, butter, cheese, boiled wine, wheat flour and saffron.

The *escargot* has always been regarded as nutritious and wholesome; in the middle ages he was used as medicine and pounded in a mortar; stewed in milk he was regarded as a specific in lung diseases. He has always been eaten in the south of France, where he does immense damage to the vines, and the grape-growers are glad to be rid of him, and make money at the same time by sending him to market. Indeed, he forms an important source of revenue, and his yearly sales in Paris

alone are said to approximate a million of francs. While he feeds chiefly on the grape-leaf, he is also fond of cabbages, and, indeed, will eat any green herb or tender leaf. For this reason the snails, when gathered, are always placed in casks and kept without food in a cool place for at least two months in order to purify them; they have a fancy for both hemlock and belladonna, and cases of poisoning sometimes occur as a result of eating snails which have not been properly cleansed, *i. e.*, starved, before being brought to table. He is classed by the dealers as among shell-fish, and is in great demand as a *lenten* delicacy. Heaps of them are exposed for sale on the counters at the Halles, side by side with lobsters and crawfish, for the crawfish is another French dainty. It has long been the custom in Bordeaux to go on Ash Wednesday to the commune of Canderan, which is noted for its *escargoteries* (snail farms) to feast upon *escargot*, by way of winding up the carnival and beginning Lent.

Along the Cote d'or and in the lower Alps snail-picking furnishes employment to hundreds of people, and is carried on much as berry picking. In the early morning, when the slimy trail of the snail glistens wherever he has crawled during the night, the pickers go forth with baskets and pails. They find the snails in damp places, resting on the under surface of leaves and vines, and gather them just as the farmer's boy picks dewberries or huckleberries. These are snails of natural growth; wild snails, we would say. But snails are largely cultivated for the market, and one farm near Dijon is said to clear 7,000 francs a year from its snails, which are fed upon cabbage and clover. There are many large snail gardens in the cantons of Switzerland, and Ulm has for many years been famous for its *escargoteries*. Great numbers of snails come to Spain and the Midi from the African states bordering on the Mediterranean, bushels of them being exported from Algiers every week during the season.

You will find them on the bill of fare in every restaurant in Paris, or you may buy them in the markets, either alive or boiled in strong salt-vinegar-water, and drawn from the shell all ready for cooking; in which state the Parisian housekeeper prefers them, and in which she pays a cent piece for them.

#### MILK BRICKS ABROAD

THE SUPPLY IN BELGIUM AND DENMARK.....LONDON SUN

Milk may be bought by the brick in summer, just the same as some kinds of ice-cream. It will be frozen solid, though, and if intended for use as soon as received in the household the lacteal fluid for the tea or coffee will have to be chipped off with the handle of the knife or fork, according to the quantity desired in the drink. From a fact, frozen milk has grown to be more or less of a necessity in the warmer countries in Europe. The Belgian government designs to increase the trade at an annual outlay of £10,000, and in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, a company has been formed and arrangements have been completed for the regular export of frozen milk. The necessary plant has been erected, and contracts have been made already for the delivery of 110,000 pounds per week, which will be sent to all parts of the world in bricks or blocks like ice.



## RANDOM READING. MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

## THE VALUE OF ASCETICISM

A CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE.....THE LONDON SPECTATOR

The spiritual value of asceticism is often grossly exaggerated. Man has a right to enjoy to the full the legitimate and innocent pleasures of life. But we feel bound to note that there is a certain value in asceticism. Asceticism is neither the cause nor the effect of holiness, nor even its proof and sign. There have been plenty of men who have been deeply ascetic in their habits, and yet lived very bad lives, lives full of pride and cruelty and hate—some merely because they were constitutionally incapable of luxury, some because they knew the effect of ascetic life upon the multitude. Again, there have been thousands of men whose goodness of life and nobility of spirit have been beyond question, who have been genuinely fond of a good dinner and a good glass of wine, and have reveled in an easy chair and a pleasant and comfortable existence. Christianity, per se, and in its essentials, has nothing to do with asceticism. Our Lord was not an ascetic, and showed no special favor to ascetics. Indeed, he may be said, by his teaching and example, to have put a curb on the tendency of the Hebrews (like all other Asiatics) to overrate asceticism, and to consider those who ran into the extravagances of bodily mortification as specially holy. Jesus was as little like a Sunyasee as it is possible to imagine. And this neglect of asceticism must have been deliberate and not accidental, since a religious teacher in the East who comes "eating and drinking," and not in the habit of Fakir or Gori, at once sets the world against him, and inclines it to the belief that he is not a true exponent of that which is divine.

But though we hold that a man need not be an ascetic, or in any sense a believer in asceticism, to be a good Christian, and realize the practical piety of Luther's belief that God would not have made "excellent large pike" so good to the taste if he had not meant them to be eaten with relish, we still cannot doubt that there is a place for asceticism in the world. The ascetic is not necessarily a Christian, or the Christian an ascetic, but for all that the ascetic habit has a good deal to be said for it. If there were nothing in asceticism but affectation in the matter of drink and diet, dress and ways of life, how comes it that mankind in all times and in all places has given a special reverence to asceticism? There is, as far as we know, no race of fairly civilized human beings who have not regarded asceticism and the true ascetic with a kind of awe. Men have laughed, and will laugh, at lunatic scourgings and frenzied fastings, but when asceticism has been true and not assumed and paraded, and when it has been joined with piety and nobility of life, no race has been able to resist its attraction. When Charles XII. fled into Turkey the Turkish soldiers very soon learned to regard him as a holy man. It was all very well to say he was only an infidel, but a king who was impervious to love, who drank no wine, who cared nothing for the pleasures of the table, who thought little of money, who lay harder and fared worse than the common soldier, and who was diligent in his religious observances, was, come what might, a man to be honored and worshipped.

Hence when it came to fighting, the fierce Janissaries would not touch a hair of Charles's head, and would rather lose their own lives than harm him. And undoubtedly the Turkish soldiers in a sense judged well. Charles's asceticism no doubt gave him a power over, and an insight into men not given to those whose noses were always in the trough of bodily pleasure. He would not have been the magnetic creature he was, the possessor of the true demonic power, unless he had so entirely subdued the longings of the flesh. The victory over the senses which he won early in life gave him access to that hill where the air is always clear and unclouded, and whence, raised above the throng, one may perceive the scope and order of the conflict of life. We doubt, indeed, whether many really great men—we do not mean to include the second-rate men who have yet by accident done great things—in the world of statesmen and rulers could be named who have been without a certain touch of asceticism, or at any rate without a comprehension of the ascetic standpoint. Napoleon is perhaps the greatest exception, for Alexander, though he sometimes drank, seemed to his countrymen an ascetic. Be that as it may, the ground on which mankind pays deference to asceticism is clear enough. The ascetic is *prima facie* a man who has won a victory over powers which ordinary people feel to be so strong and so difficult to subdue. Most men, when they think of the matter at all, realize that in the body and its desires they have a most formidable enemy entrenched, if not within, at any rate at the very gates of the soul. They see by countless examples around them that if the foe is not kept under, and is allowed to get full control, he will ruin and destroy what Bunyan called "the town of *Man's soul*." Most men no doubt arrive at a more or less reasonable understanding with the powers of the flesh, and conclude a treaty with them, which they trust and believe will be loyally observed on both sides. The stronger natures are quite satisfied with this arrangement, feel secure in their treaty, and regard it as practically as good as a victory. It is better, indeed, they say, and say truly, to have the foe at liberty on an honorable parole, and not oppressed, or treated with suspicion, or put under lock and key. But though the stronger natures may like to see the powers of the flesh at large, but yet under strict control, and may have no yearnings for a private dungeon, it is not always so with the weaker. Though they have not the strength, nor even the will, to fight a decisive battle with the powers of the flesh, to disarm them, and to put them in chains, they have at times a certain sense of envy in regard to the men who have done so. Immediately after a revolt, or when the enemy's flag is flying on the outposts, they cannot but look with admiration and wonder upon the men who have not even had a parley with the foe, but have smitten him so strongly that he lies for dead on the field. What a comfort to be rid of all anxiety and to have no further fears as to what would happen if victory should in the end incline to the wrong side!

The honor paid to asceticism is, in truth, the homage always paid to the conqueror. Even

when we think a battle unnecessary, or even ill-judged, or when we believe that the end could have been far more easily secured without a struggle, we cannot refuse our meed of praise to the man who has fought a hard battle and won it. There is something of the same feeling universally felt for the man who does some great feat of physical strength. The philosopher may tell us that it is quite useless to run, or jump, or throw a ball faster and swifter than any one has done before, but in spite of that we are all attracted by the man who makes his body do so much. And besides our admiration for the mere victory over the body, there is present in such cases a sense of gratitude. Mankind are rightly grateful to the athlete for showing them how much the powers of the human body can be extended and developed. If no one ever tried to develop the muscles of the legs and arms and back, we should have to be content with thinking that something very much short of the maximum was all that mankind could do in the way of strength and endurance. The athlete helps mankind by making them feel that the prison-house of the body is not quite so narrow as they supposed, nor they quite such complete slaves to gravitation and the other physical laws of the universe. In the same way the true ascetic—not, of course, the long-haired and dirt-begrimed imposter—earns the gratitude of mankind by extending the limits of the prison-house of the soul. He shows them that, after all, the soul is not so entirely at the mercy of the bodily needs as they might otherwise suppose. But for him the world might really come to believe that man was the abject bondman of the conveniences of life, and that without bed and fire, house and candle, three meals a day, and a certain amount of self-indulgence, he would cease to exist. The ascetic may not show that it is needful or wise for ordinary men to forswear any of these conveniences, but at least he helps to put them in their proper place, and to kill the notion that man is their mere creature. The slave who defies the man who professes to own him, body and soul, and yet lives on unhurt, does a distinct benefit to all his fellow-slaves. No wonder, then, that the world has always shown gratitude to the ascetic, and has revered asceticism. That the ascetic personally gains a certain strength and power cannot be doubted. The man who has won a hard-fought victory, even if the ulterior object is small, is sure to possess a certain serenity and self-confidence which will help him to view life more fearlessly and more calmly than before. Every one knows the old joke about the man who has been up two hours before breakfast being insufferable from pride all the rest of the day, but there is a certain truth below it. The feeling of being able to do what other men cannot manage to make themselves do, does give a sense of superiority. In such small matters as early rising the superiority, if felt, is of course a mere affectation—what the schoolboys call “cockiness.” When, however, the victory is a real and a great one, there no doubt does grow up a sense of superiority which is in the better natures inspiring, and an incentive to higher things. Depend upon it, the natural forces of the world will always keep asceticism alive. Certain natures will always practice asceticism for its victory over self, and for the sense of power which it brings, and at

the same time the world at large will always reverence it as the quality which belongs to those who have overcome the strong. Asceticism is not, as some people seem to believe, an acceptable form of reparation for sin, but, in spite of that, and though it must take lower ground, it has a distinct value, and so a real place on the world's stage.

#### NOTHING

A FRUITFUL SUBJECT.....ST. ANDREW'S GAZETTE

When one has nothing to write about he ought to write about nothing. This seems obvious and yet some foolish people don't seem to think so. They know they have nothing to write about, and yet they persist in their feeble lucubrations, writing about something, and they include all manner of subjects of which they are in absolute ignorance. They know this and yet they do it; the public knows this and yet allows it. The present writer will not swell the number of that unhappy class. He is a man who has a keen sense of duty. He feels he has a message to deliver, and he is determined to speak it. He has the courage of his convictions, and having nothing to write about, will write about *Nothing*.

What is nothing! It is a serious question. It is a question which in this boasted and boastful scientific age has never, somehow, been satisfactorily answered. Men have talked about nothing; they have for ages dreamed about nothing; and yet they have never given us any satisfactory information as a result of all this waste of time and energy. In short, the person who has the courage to tell us about nothing is a new pioneer in science and a benefactor of his kind. One definition, it is true, has been given of nothing. It has been said, and we confess with great ingenuity: nothing is the bung-hole of a barrel without the barrel. We admit this is plausible. It is a suggestive definition. It is one which, it can well be imagined, has peculiar attractions for a certain type of mind. In short, it owes its attractiveness to the subtle law of the association of ideas. We instinctively and immediately think of the barrel, not of the bung-hole nor of the absence of the barrel. Our thoughts dwell, do they not, on the barrel? And a barrel that has a bung-hole is usually a beer-barrel or a whiskey-barrel or some other pleasant kind of barrel. Hence, of course, the pleasurable feeling, the glow of a certain sort of, as it were, anticipatory delight which we foolishly mistake for the mental insight that has at last, we think, solved the great problem, What is nothing?

But let us give this definition its due. Let us test it by the criticism of modern science. Now, modern science tells us that there is no such thing as nothing. It seeks to justify itself for its failure to tell us what nothing is by declaring that it doesn't exist. And so this definition, even in assuming that nothing is something, stands apparently condemned on the very threshold of the inquiry. But having appealed to science, let us deal with science in a bold and at the same time fair and open manner. We contend that this is just one of those instances in which science proves its utter failure to explain the deepest questions of life. For it is obvious that science cannot admit that there is nothing. Once it confessed that really and truly nothing existed in this world, it would be committing



suicide, as it were. Science has to assume that there is *Something*, otherwise its calling and occupation would be gone. Its professors would starve. An admiring world would lose the shining ornaments of the age. But it is no use these people telling us that there is no such thing as nothing. We know that there is nothing. We feel that there is nothing. We are convinced that there is nothing. Experience teaches us that there is nothing.

Now the great test of anything is experience. The acts of life are, after all, the great touch-stone by which to try any statement that is made to us or any theory which so-called scientific men expound to us. And undoubtedly the facts of life tell us that there is such a fact, such a thing, as nothing. For instance, "when I have had *nothing* to eat all day" and when, to continue the words of the immortal dramatist, "I have such a pain here," the region of the abdomen being indicated, two truths are suggested to me. Firstly, when I do eat, I usually eat *something*. And secondly, there is no cause without an effect. What I suffer from, under the circumstances pathetically referred to, is a pain in the stomach. This is an effect. What is the cause of this effect? Clearly, the fact that I have been eating nothing, and if, as has been shown, I cannot eat without eating something, therefore it follows that *nothing is something*. We think this is quite clear. Nothing, in fact, if we may use the much-abused term in this connection, can be clearer, than that nothing exists! And this is a statement which only seems paradoxical because it is ambiguous.

We could bring forward many other arguments from experience to prove that there is such a thing as nothing. We might ask, for instance, what it is that your wife finds when, in the dead of night and trembling at the supposed sound of stealthy movements, she looks fearfully under the bed. What does she find? Nothing. Or, again, when a dear, a much-beloved relative dies, and the tears streaming down our cheeks at the pathetic, soul-moving circumstance, we listen to the reading of the will, what, ah, what is the legacy we learn has been left us?—Nothing. And so on. The facts in support of our contention in opposition to the modern theorist that there is no such thing as nothing are so numerous that space forbids further mention. And having proved, having, as we think, clearly demonstrated that nothing is a reality, the question of what nothing is, is really a secondary and minor matter. What the world was waiting for was the authoritative declaration, that there is nothing. The further and simpler problem may safely be left to others to investigate.

#### THE CHEMISTRY OF DEBT

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.....HARPER'S BAZAR

In the process of chemistry the various elements appear and disappear and undergo the greatest changes. None of these are so strange, however, as the chemical change undergone by money after it has passed from the lender's pocket to the borrower's. Before its transfer the borrower revered it from afar; he sighed for it, perhaps begged for it. He was at first so sure that it would be punctually returned that this really seemed to take away half the merit of the lending. When it was once transferred to his own pocket, however, it began to seem

a very trifling thing to have lent it or borrowed it—for are we not all brethren?—and in a little while it seemed to nestle into its new home like an adopted kitten, and to wish to be disturbed no more. It really seems to require a very strong and clear mind, after twenty-four hours, to regard a borrowed dollar as still belonging rightfully to the man who lent it. If it be not properly the borrower's, how is it that his fingers and his purse close over it so peacefully and happily? May it not be, after all, that he has misremembered, and that he did not actually borrow the money, but that it came, by some august decree of fate, into the hands of the very person who needed it most? It would be wrong to interfere with such a proper and useful decree of Providence by a petty refunding of the debt. . . .

Much of our American literature, especially in tales written west of the Mississippi, is vitiated by this same chemical change. The farmer who has borrowed money on mortgage may have begged and implored an unwilling lender to let him have it, and may have finally convinced the capitalist by profuse and perfectly sincere assurances. The moment the money is lent, however, the chemical transformation begins to occur. Henceforth the borrower is an injured saint; the lender, when he asks his money, is held up to scorn. "Base is the slave that pays," says Shakespeare's Pistol; and he who asks to have money repaid is worse than a slave; he is a wicked and tyrannical master. There are whole communities in this nation which are now suffering from the inability to borrow money, while there are many men who have money which they would be thankful to lend to a safe borrower at a very low rate. The trouble is from the shrinkage that will occur in the just claims through the strange chemistry of debt; the lender knows by experience that when it is due he will be viewed askance through the whole region as a monster of selfishness if he claims it. It is not a question of unreasonable interest charged on the loan; the doubt applies to the principal. Ought one man, it is asked, to have money to lend to another; and if he has, is it not the best way of obviating the evil for that other to keep it?

It is a curious fact that it is among artists and literary men—not usually familiar with chemistry in any form—that the strange process of transmutation of debt has existed in times past most strikingly. It is no matter whether Dickens did or did not intend to portray Leigh Hunt in his Harold Skimpole, we all recognize the type. Nay, the type is rather picturesque and popular; we have not really outgrown the Rob Roy stage of development, and the gallant outlaw still wins the hearts of men. . . . In a correspondence that now lies before me relating to the affairs of two dead authors, one of whom lent money to the other, and then committed the inhumanity—being himself poor—of trying to get it back again, the whole indignation of the borrower's surviving representatives is visited not upon the man who incurred the debt, but on him who endeavored to recover it. Yet it is safer, after all, to hold by that saying of the ancient Persians, as quoted with approval by Rabelais: "The Persians erred not when they said that the second vice was to lie, the first vice being that of owing money."



## AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

### BROOKSIDE GARDENING

AN ENGLISH FLORICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT.....THE SPECTATOR

"And a river went out of Eden to water the garden."

Rock gardens, covered with the minute vegetation of the Alps and Pyrenees, are among the most interesting, if not the most beautiful, developments of floriculture. A still more recent, and, as we think, even more charming, addition to the country house is the "brook garden," in which running water, and not the stony rocks of the desert, is the centre and motif of the subsidiary ornaments of flowers, ferns, trees, shrubs, and mosses. Nature is in league with art in the brook garden, for nowhere is wild vegetation so luxuriant, and the two forces of warmth and moisture so generally combined, as by the banks of running streams. The brook is its own landscape gardener, and curves and slopes its own banks and terraces, sheltered from rough winds and prone to the sun.

Most country homes of the South and West, except those on the chalk downs, have near them some rill or brook of running water. On the sides of the chalk downs, though not on their summits, these streams cut narrow gullies and glens. In Surrey, Devon, Somerset, and parts of Sussex and Hampshire, wherever, in fact, there is hilly, broken ground, the little rills form these tiny broken ravines and valleys, often only a few yards in width from side to side. They are a common and familiar feature of ordinary English scenery. Usually these brooklet valleys are choked with brambles or fern, and filled with rank undergrowth. Often the stream is overhung and invisible, or dammed and left in soak, breeding frogs, gnats and flies. The trees are always tall and beautifully grown, whatever their age, for the moisture and warmth force vertical growth; the smaller bushes, hawthorn, briar, and wild guelder-rose, also assume graceful forms unhidden, for they always bow their heads towards the sun-reflecting stream. Part of the charm of the transformation of these brookside jungles into the brookside garden lies in the gradual and experimental method of their conversion. Every one knows that running water is the most delightful thing to play with provided in this world; and the management of the water is the first amusement in forming the brook garden. When the banks have been cleared of brambles to such a distance up the sides of the hollow as the ground suggests, and all poor or ill-grown trees have been cut away to let in the only two "fertilizers" needed—air and sun—the dimensions of the first pool or "reach" in the brook garden are decided upon. This must depend partly on the size and flow of the stream. If it is a chalk spring, from 6 feet to 6 yards wide, its flow will probably be constant throughout the year, for it is fed from the reservoirs in the heart of the hills. Then it needs little care except to clear its course, and the planting of its banks with flowers and stocking of its waters with lilies, arums, irises, and trout is begun at once. But most streams are full in winter and low in summer. On these the brook gardener must take a lesson from the beavers, and

make a succession of delightful little dams, cascades, and pools, to keep his water at the right level throughout the year. Where there is a considerable brook these dams may be carried away in winter and ruin the garden. Stone or concrete outfalls are costly, and often give way, undermined by the floods. But there is a form of overflow which gives an added sparkle even to the waterfall, and costs little. Each little dam has a cut at one side, "floored" with thin split oak, overlapping like the laths of a Venetian blind when closed. This forms the bottom of the "shoot," and carries the water clear of the dam into the stream below. As the water runs over the overlapping laths it forms a ripple above each ridge, and from the everlasting throb of these pleats of running water the sunlight flashes as if from a moving river of diamonds. Beside these cascades, and only two inches higher than their level, are cut "flood-overflows" paved with turf, to let off the swollen waters in autumn rains. With the cutting out of undergrowth and the admission of light the rank vegetation of the banks changes to sweet grass, clovers, woodruffe, and daisies, and the flowers natural to the soil can be planted or will often spring up by themselves. In spring the banks should be set thick with violets, primroses, and the lovely bronze, crimson, and purple polyanthus. Periwinkle, daffodils, crocuses, and scarlet or yellow tulips will all flourish and blossom before the grass grows too high or hides their flowers. For later in the year taller plants, which can rise, as all summer wood-plants do, above the level of the grasses, must be set on the banks. Clumps of everlasting peas, masses of phloxes, hollyhocks, and, far later in the year, scarlet tritomas (red-hot poker), look splendid among the deep greens of the summer grass and beneath the canopy of trees. For it must be remembered that the brookside garden is in nearly every case a shaded garden, beneath the tall trees natural to such places. All beautiful flowering shrubs and trees, such as the guelder-rose, the pink may, the hardy azalias, and certain of the more beautiful rhododendrons will aid the background of the brook garden, and flourish naturally in its sheltered hollow. There is one "new" rhododendron, which the writer saw recently in such a situation, but of which he does not recollect the name; which has masses of wax-like, pale sulphur flowers, which are mirrored in a miniature pool set almost at its foot. This half wild flower garden pertains mainly to the banks of the brook gully, and not to the banks of the brook itself. It is in the latter, by the waterside, that the special charm of these gardens should be found. It is the nature of such places to have a strip of level ground opposite to each of the curves of the stream. This makes a natural flower-bed for stream-side plants. All the narcissi, or chalice-flowers, naturally love the banks of brooks:—

"Those springs,

On chalice flowers that lies."

These will grow in great tufts and ever-increasing masses, multiplying their bulbs till they touch the

water's edge. Not only the old pheasant's-eye narcissus, but all the modern and splendid varieties in gold, cream, white, and orange, grow best by the brookside. By these, but on the lower ground almost level with the water, big forget-me-nots, butterburs, and wild snake's-head lilies should be set, and all the crimson and white varieties of garden daisy. Lily of the valley, despite its name, likes more sun than our brook garden admits except in certain places; but certain of the lilies which flourish in the garden beds grow with an added and more languid grace on the green bank of our flower-bordered brook, and the American swamp-lily finds its natural place. Then special pools will be formed for the growth of those plants, foreign and English, which love to have their roots in water-soaked mud, or the beds of running streams, while leaves and flowers rise far above into the light. Other pools should become "beds" for the water-flowers that float upon the surface. In the slang of the rock garden the plants living and flourishing on upright rocks are called "verticals." If we must have a slang for the flora of the brook garden we will term them "horizontals,"—the plants that lie flat on the water surface, and only use their stems as cables to anchor them to the bottom of the stream. Of these we may plant, in addition to the white water-lily and the yellow, the crimson scented water-lily and the wild water-villarsia. White water-crowfoot, water-soldier, and arrow-heads will form the fringe of the pool. But the crowning floral honor of the brook garden is in the irises set in and beside its waters. Chief among these are the glorious irises of Japan—purple, blue, rose-color, and crimson—the pink English flowering rush, big white mocassin flowers, New Zealand flax, and pink buckbean, and bog arum. The great white arum of the greenhouse is 'quite hardy out of doors if it is planted 18 inches below water, and blossoms in the brook.

The brook garden is like a colony. It is always extending its range, following the course of the stream upwards. Each year adds a little more to the completeness of the lower pools, and each year some yards of the upper waters and their banks are brought into partial harmony with the lower reaches. In one perfect example of this kind of garden, under the Berkshire downs, the succession of trout-pools, water gardening, half-wild banks, and turf-walk stretches for nearly a mile.

#### THE GREEN COLOR OF PLANTS

D. T. MAC DOUGAL.....HARPER'S MAGAZINE

The yearly miracle of the appearance of innumerable shades and hues of green in awakening vegetation exerts a mysterious influence, amounting to a fascination, over the human race—a fascination made strong by the inherited experience of untold generations of forest-dwelling ancestors, reaching backward across the entire present geologic period, and which grows in intensity as we creep from the creation to the millennium.

Our vague and emotional inherited interest in the annual revivification of the vegetable world becomes vividly intense and direct, however, when it is learned that the universal blush of green is due to the most important coloring substance in the

world—*chlorophyl*. It is literally true that the existence of every living thing on the face of the globe is ultimately dependent upon the activity of plant-green.

The action of chlorophyl may best be understood when its physical properties are demonstrated. In order to do this, a solution of the substance is obtained by placing a gramme of chopped leaves of geranium or grass in a few cubic centimetres of alcohol for an hour. The solution will be a bright, clear green color; and when the vessel containing it is held in such a manner that the sunlight is reflected from the surface of the liquid, it will appear blood-red, due to its property of *fluorescence*—that of changing the wave-lengths of the violet end of the spectrum in such a manner as to make them coincide with those of the red end. It is by examination of light which has passed through a solution of chlorophyl, however, that the greatest insight into its physical properties may be obtained. If such a ray is passed through a prism and spread upon a screen, it may be seen that there are several intervals or dark bands in the spectrum. The rays which would have occupied these spaces have been absorbed by the chlorophyl and converted into heat and other forms of energy. This energy is directly available to the protoplasm containing the chlorophyl. As a necessary concomitant of its properties, chlorophyl is usually only to be found in organs exposed to the light. It would be not only useless but dangerous elsewhere, as it disintegrates in darkness into substances hurtful to the organism. It is found in greatest quantity in leaves, in layers of special cells beneath the epidermis. It is not distributed throughout the entire cell, but occurs in the masses of protoplasm which the botanist terms *chloroplasts*. The chloroplasts are sponge-like structures, and the chlorophyl is to be found in solution in an oil in the interstices of the protoplasmic sponge.

Chlorophyl is an extremely complex substance, and correspondingly unstable. Hence, as soon as the chemist extracts it from the plant in the attempt to make an analysis, disintegration sets in, and he is no longer dealing with chlorophyl, but with the substances derived from it by decomposition. Investigation upon the nature and activity of plant-green has been in progress more than a century, yet its exact chemical composition is unknown.

The beautiful and striking colors of autumnal foliage are due in greater part to the substances formed by the disintegration of chlorophyl. The many thousand tints of green leaves are due to a number of causes. In some instances the outer layers of the cells of the leaf, or merely the walls of the cells, may contain coloring matter. The number and size of the chloroplasts, and consequently the amount of chlorophyl, may be greater in some leaves than in others. Besides, the chloroplasts may be moved about in the cell and their distance from the surface of the leaf altered, or they may be placed in lines perpendicular or broadside to the surface. In this manner the infinite and elusive variations of color, so fascinating to the lover of nature, are produced in vegetation. The color of a leaf may vary momentarily throughout the entire day, as, indeed, does that of the entire landscape before the puzzled artist.



## PRESERVATION OF ROADSIDE TREES

A PLEA AND A PROTEST.....GARDEN AND FOREST

We have often spoken of the beauty of our country highways and byways, especially in hilly and rugged sections, when nature is allowed to furnish beauty and shade in her own way with shrubbery and trees by the roadside. Every one can recall some example of a particular stretch of road which has come to be a personal delight, and then has been made desolate by the wanton work of some pathmaster or property-owner whose land abutted on the highway. In most states it is the privilege of landowners to do what they will with the plants by the roadside in front of their fields, and noble trees have too often in this way been sacrificed to the greed of private owners. Where a venerable tree stands by the wayside it becomes a part of the scenery, and as it has from time immemorial given pleasure to the entire community, every one who passes it feels that he has in some sense a right of property in it. We can recall one instance where three White Oaks had stood for nearly two centuries on a roadside in northern New Jersey. Men well advanced in life had heard their grandfathers speak of them as large trees when they were boys, and in the course of their long existence they had never harmed any one, but had been a source of delight to thousands. One day the owner of the property abutting on the road was offered a few dollars for each of the trees by the operator of a sawmill, and in a few hours the trunks of these venerable landmarks were made into sawlogs, and the landscape lost an ornament which could not be replaced in a hundred years.

In most cities the owners of building lots are not permitted to do as they will with the street trees. These cannot be removed without a permit from some municipal authority, and why should not this rule be extended to the country? Certainly, trees are as beautiful and useful along a rural road as in a city street. Indeed, if the landowners in a farm region knew that the beauty of any countryside was a real factor in its money value they would be more careful how they defaced or mutilated the scenery by felling trees and disturbing wayside shrubbery. Many country places receive the largest part of their annual income from sojourners in the summer who leave the city for a season of rest, and the general appearance of the country very often determines the tide of travel. It is, therefore, destructive of their own interests when the inhabitants of any section use the axe to obliterate natural beauty and rob their roads of all shady attractiveness.

Massachusetts began some years ago to enact laws for the protection of wayside trees, and Mr. Christopher Clarke, trustee of Public Reservations, writes to the Springfield Republican to protest against cutting down these adornments of roadways. He asserts that if the destruction continues at the present rate it will not be long before every beautiful wooded drive or shaded road will be stripped bare and have nothing left but a hot and barren road, so that the principal attraction of many Massachusetts towns for former residents or summer visitors will be lost forever. He quotes one law in particular which gives the selectmen of a town, as well as certain city officials, an opportunity to mark

roadside trees to be saved whenever a wood lot is to be cut, or when for any cause a tree is in danger, and such designation makes the preservation of this tree permanent. When such a tree is selected for preservation a spike is driven into it with the letter "M" at its head, and these spikes are furnished free by the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture. Among the provisions of the various laws quoted are these: (1) No person shall cut down or injure any tree on any street or public road in the state; (2) no such tree can be legally cut down by any one except after due notice has been given or made to the selectmen of the town or the municipal authorities and proper consent given; (3) the penalty for cutting down a roadside tree is a fine of not less than \$5.00, or more than a hundred, one-half of which goes to the complainant, and the other to the use of the person upon whose property the trespass was committed; (4) a like fine is enforced if a marked tree or any other tree outside the fence or the line of the wood lot or homestead is cut down without authority, one-half going to the complainant and one-half to the city or town; (5) these laws apply to trees before any citizen's residence, farm or wood lot, bordering on any public road or street, and no road-master, forester or highway surveyor can cut down a tree without leave specifically granted by the city or town after a proper hearing.

We do not know how many other states have laws of this character, but certainly there ought to be enactments of this nature in every commonwealth. It is not generally known, even in Massachusetts, that some of these laws now exist, and Mr. Clarke asks every editor in that state to copy his letter, so that the people can take advantage of a protection that has been secured for them in the shape of legislation which will, if properly enforced, stop the wholesale destruction of beautiful trees still standing. It is especially urged that city and village improvement societies and rural clubs throughout the state unite in enforcing these laws, and we have no doubt that the conviction of a few offenders will do much to save trees in the future. Another suggestion made by Mr. Clarke is an admirable one: where large and beautiful trees are standing just outside of the line of streets or roads and on private grounds the trees might be purchased and allowed to remain and be marked for protection, so that at a nominal cost a continuous and effective shade could often be secured.

Certainly it has been too long the prevalent opinion that a tree has no value. Telegraph linemen, trolley-road layers and their employers generally have thought nothing of chopping down any tree which chanced to stand in the way of their work. These offenders have sometimes been brought to justice in courts of law, but they too often escape when the trial comes before a jury because these men cannot be convinced that the cutting of a tree inflicts any damage that a grown man can feel. Organization will do much to save the refreshing beauty of our country road-sides. This has already found expression in Massachusetts law, and if the same organization will strive to enforce the law the conviction of a few vandals will inspire the rest of their class with some wholesome respect for public sentiment if they take no delight in rural beauty.



# ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

## A BATTLE OF GREAT FISHES

FRANK T. BULLEN.....CORNHILL MAGAZINE

The sperm whale, cachalot, or pott-fisch (*Physeter macrocephalus*), as this marvellous mammal is indifferently termed, is, compared with the great *Mysticetus*, or Greenland whale, as a shark to a cod, a tiger to a lamb. No timid mountain of blubber-laden flesh is he, whose only thought is of flight, and as easy to kill as an exaggerated *Holothuria*. The huge, unwieldy cetacean, long familiar to the wondering eyes of childhood from numberless pictures of the Arctic regions, is so inoffensive and gentle that when attacked by a pair of "killers" (*Orca gladiator*), either of which he could swallow whole were his gullet proportionate to his size, he meekly submits to their importunities, and allows them to enter his mouth, devour his huge tongue, and depart delightedly.

It happened on one occasion that we were cruising off the coast of Japan during a very successful season, and having just "cut in" a large "fish," were busy "trying out" the blubber. A violent commotion near the ship drew our attention from the work in hand, and for the next quarter of an hour we witnessed as tremendous a fight as old Homer himself could have wished to describe. Two "killers" and a huge swordfish (*Xiphias*), desperate with hunger, had combined their forces and ventured to attack a half-grown bull cachalot. Nothing, I am persuaded, but the direst necessity and pressure of want could have prompted them to undertake so grave a conflict, although it must needs be confessed that their combination was a powerful one. It fell to the swordfish to lead off, and he launched himself at the whale like a Whitehead torpedo, pointed direct for the most vital part. But a gentle swerve of the wary cachalot presented to the attack, instead of the vulnerable broadside, the oblique impenetrable mass of his head. The awful blow of the sword impelled by the furious speed of the mass behind it struck just before the whale's eye, ripping a white streak diagonally upwards through the gristly substance covering the skull, but spending its force in the air above, while the great body following glided serpent-like right over the whale's head and fell helplessly upon the other side. With incredible agility for so vast a bulk, the cachalot turned, settling slightly withal, then rising lower jaw uppermost, he caught the xiphias fairly in the centre between those mighty shears, and cleft him in two halves. A sideways shake of the great head, a scarce perceptible gulp, and the tail half of that swordfish slid down the whale's cavernous throat with as much ease and rapidity as if it had been an oyster. Meanwhile, the orcas had not been remiss in supporting the spirited attack of their ill-fated coadjutor. One hung upon either flank of their giant foe and worried him as dogs a boar. But their time had come. After vainly endeavoring by rolling and writhing to free himself from them, he suddenly changed his tactics. Rearing himself majestically out of the seething eddies like a mighty column of black rock, he fell backwards, tearing himself away from the clinging monsters.

Up rose his enormous tail from the boiling vortex, and, descending like a gigantic scythe, literally crushed one of his aggressors beneath it, the sound of the blow reverberating like thunder. The survivor fled, but the infuriated Titan pursued, leaping, like a dolphin, half out of the sea at every bound, and although we could not see the end of the chase, we had little doubt but that orca gladiator paid the full penalty of his rashness under the lethal sweep of those terrible jaws.

## SOME FOUR-FOOTED OAK-DWELLERS

CHARLES D. LANIER.....SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

My favorite boarders in the oak were the gray squirrels. The boys knew their hole from the woodpeckers' at a glance, for it was in the living trunk of the tree, and the red-brown margin always showed where their powerful teeth had been cutting away the bark which threatened to grow in and close them up. I have often wondered how the woodpeckers knew that it would imprison them, and that they must put up with the dead limb. As for the grays, they were not afraid to live in the heart of the oak; and what stores of nuts, harvested in the hickories on the hill, they did manage to "tote" up there! There must have been a peck, at least, when I ruthlessly chopped into the hollow with a sharp hatchet, and captured a fine brood of young ones that were soon tamed into graceful and affectionate pets. The old father and mother we did not want even if we could have caught them, because they were fierce and untamable in captivity. The abduction of their pretty children did not seem to weigh much on their minds; they gave no sign of the poignant grief, not to be comforted, that I have seen, for instance, in bluebirds whose nest had been despoiled—but refitted their den as snugly as before and raised another family.

Of all the subtle wood-scents that linger for a lifetime with such sweet suggestions, there is to me none more pleasant than the delicate, nutty effluvia of the squirrels in their home—a delicious compound of the dry oak-leaves, the shells of hickory-nuts and acorns, the timbers of the tree, and the secretions of their own cleanly fur. For he is a dainty chap, the gray squirrel—in fact he is quite an exquisite in his way. One does not find him running over muddy ground on the rare occasions when he touches mother earth at all. He trips along the length of every fallen log, and only plays in the clean brown leaves on dry autumn days. Nor does he venture out from his snug home quarters in windy, wet weather, when the dripping branches would dash against his handsome gray coat. Such inclement days he spends at his club, in the shelter of the oak walls.

When my squirrels went harvesting—you must not think of them as like the Central Park variety; they were as wild as deer—one of them first held his head in the mouth of the hole for half a minute to see if the coast was clear. Presently out he whisked, and stopped again to make sure, while his mate followed. Then Mr. Squirrel gave a rasping, long-drawn bark of defiance, which must have filled his

lady's heart with admiration for his boldness, and with apprehension lest some unwary creature should come within reach of her lord's anger. Then—if you didn't betray yourself and send both scampering in wildest fright back to the hole—after playing hide-and-seek for a few moments, they ran in single file out to the topmost twigs of a great bough, gained a branch of the neighboring bare walnut, and crossing to its farther side, made a desperate flying leap into the top of a young hickory. Running halfway down this they used a succession of dogwoods and oak saplings until they had reached the grove of tall, straight hickories on the hill, an eighth of a mile from their hole in the oak. Come on them suddenly now, if you would care to see fast time made over this queer course, and some record-breaking leaps that fairly take away one's breath!

But let us get back to the oak, and be silent about many other habits of the grays, for they were not the only squirrels in this big pension. At the base of a huge root that showed a partially decayed side, there was a narrow entrance half-filled with chips and oak-dust; here dwelt the little ground-squirrel, whose silky flanks were stripped so tastefully with brown-red and white and a dash of chocolate. He did not dare to climb up the great oak among the more aristocratic lodgers, and lived a modest, harmless life in the basement. But his cellars were bravely stocked with acorns, and such hickory-nuts as he could find on the ground; for he is a famous provider, and on every sunny day is to be found about the stumps and rock-piles on the hill, from which he returns with the elastic pouch in his jaw swollen out with acorns to an extent that suggests a fearful attack of the toothache. If you walk near him up there he will sit perfectly still until you are within a few yards, and then, with comic precipitation, he flings up his scanty tail, gives a shrill, piercing chee-eeep! of alarm, and scampers into a crevice of the rock-pile.

Even this Liliputian beast was not, however, the smallest of the oak's squirrel-folk. Between his home in the roots and the gray-coats' lofty abode, in a decayed limb very like that which holds the woodpeckers' nest, there were six timid flying-squirrels. They do not have the pride in their domestic arrangements which the woodpeckers show by keeping the edges of the entrance so marvelously smooth and round; but this is probably because a jagged edge would rumple and break the bird's feathers, while the soft, mouse-like fur of the flying-squirrel allows her to be less careful. But when she is once inside, Mrs. Flying-Squirrel makes a most comfortable, downy nest of pliable grass and moss and fibres and bits of fur, into which she and her family burrow for warmth, and lie there during the cold snaps, just as if someone had packed them nicely in excelsior. We tamed them with perfect ease, and shortly after their breeding season certain of the boys could scarcely stand examination, even during recitations and chapels, as to their pockets and sleeves and desks; for the soft little bead-eyed fellows were perfectly satisfied to inhabit these close quarters.

And do they really fly? I never saw one start from the ground, flap a pair of wings, and go soar-

ing off. But I have climbed, with a great expense of energy, a high tree to capture one, and have come within arm's length of him at the top, only to enjoy a good view of his graceful, parabolic flight to another tree, fifty yards away. When he extends his four legs, the loose skin forms a web on either side, which, though it cannot be flapped, allows him to skim down from a height, and then, as he seems about grounded, to rise a surprising distance with the momentum gained.

The oak gave shelter to other four-footed creatures, too. A howling autumn northeaster once drove me to crouch in the great hollow at its base. As I was shivering at the cheerless prospect outside, my eye caught a long, thistle-like strand of fur, held in the rough bark at the edge of the opening. It told me that a 'possum was, or very lately had been, somewhere above my head. In a few minutes a lithe hickory pole with a forked end was experimenting in the dark hollow above, and presently it drew down the sly old marsupial, wearing a very sickly grin on his fox-like countenance. Though not a bit the worse for the adventure, he closed his eyes and lay down on the ground in a most palpable attempt to "play off" dead. His face showed such a rank affectation of innocence as I held him up by the long, naked tail, and he looked so wohlbehagen, as the Germans say, in his fat, round sides and well-conditioned pelt, that it was a great temptation to see him play out his little farce. I put him on the ground and retired to a fallen log, which he could not see from his supine position. Ten minutes he lay, a motionless corpse, and then, slowly and cautiously, his sharp snout was raised and his little pig-eyes reconnoitred the situation until they rested on me—when the ineffable look of cunning immediately faded, and, realizing that the game was up, he trotted off with what speed his fat paunch would permit.

So my friendship with the oak people was not without its comical side. There was one dramatic chapter, which must be curtailed in these garrulous reminiscences, when we found in the cavernous hollow, midway up the trunk, a big raccoon with a litter of four young cubs, crawling about in the den of dry leaves. It was a famous fight when, reinforced by several boys with pitchforks and clubs, we attempted to make a capture of the fierce old mother. For a long time we could not persuade her to come out; but, when she did, it was with a rush that sent one of us tumbling to the ground, and so disconcerted the auxiliaries at the foot of the tree, that they made no effective demonstrations when the enemy swarmed down plump among them.

#### THE ALBATROSS AT HOME

JAMES BUCKLAND.....ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

At the other side of the world, surrounded by the greatest extent of ocean on our globe, and at a distance so remote from other lands that man rarely visits them, lie scattered several groups of uninhabited islands. Search in your atlas to the south of New Zealand, and you will find these desolate shores marked as little dots and called respectively—I mention those only which the wandering albatross seeks for the purpose of reproduction—Antipodes Island, Auckland Islands, and Campbell



Island. There is no lighthouse on these islands, and, as they are frequently enveloped in heavy fog—to say nothing about the treacherous currents which swirl round them—they are best known through the many and fearful shipwrecks which have occurred there. The land is mountainous, and for the most part the shores rise in bold and naked grandeur. What bays there are are fringed with dense bush, above which grows a belt of wind-pressed thicket denser still. Beyond this, stretching away and upward to the summits of the hills—which in some cases reach an altitude of two thousand feet—the country is covered with a heavy growth of tussock grass. A desolate land, yet, strange to say, a land filled with a glory of wild flowers. Exaggerated marguerites with rich purple centres, wondrous asters, gorgeous gentians, golden lilies, and a dozen other rare and beautiful flowering plants blaze here as if to mock the tempest-ridden shores with a semblance of peace. Sea-lions and seals, tamer even than cows in a meadow, frequent these islands in vast numbers. But, beyond all things, it is the land of the bird. Here, upon naked rocky shelves overlooking the water, penguins, mollyhawks, and petrels congregate in such countless hordes that the stench from their “farms” pollutes the air, while the clamorous and melancholy cries which they continuously utter drown the roar of the sea.

The tussock grass on the uplands is so high and rank as to make it extremely difficult for one to force his way through the tangle. You stumble and fall continually—or “just as you get up you fall down again,” as I once heard a sailor express it—and often take several hours to scramble over a distance of one mile. But not until you have passed through a tough struggle with this fearful grass, and have reached the higher ground, do you catch your first glimpse of the albatross. Then their pure white heads and necks, which are noticeable objects in the coarse herbage, greet your delighted eye. Seen at close quarters the albatross seems to have increased greatly in bulk. We now discover its body to be much larger than that of a swan, and its expanded wings to measure in some cases as much as seventeen feet from tip to tip. But the glory of the albatross has departed. Nothing can be grander than its flight at sea; nothing can be more ungainly than its waddle on land. To add to the pitifulness of the sight, the noble bird which we remember to have seen sailing over the deep, far out of our reach, is at our mercy now. The wings that defy space cannot smite. The only sign the bird can give of defence when approached is to clap its beak in a ridiculously helpless manner. At sea, surrounded by my fellow creatures, I have caught an albatross with a hook and line and killed it—just for its feet, the skins of which make capital tobacco-pouches—and yet felt no sense of shame; but in these remote and desolate islands—perhaps because its perfect indifference to one's intrusion conveys a fearsome impression of its innocence, for it waits without dread to be knocked on the head—it is impossible to take away the life of one of these birds without feeling a lump rise in your throat.

The wandering albatross of Campbell Island, a very large and almost pure white bird, with the exception of the upper surface of the wings and tail,

which is blackish brown, commences to lay about the end of December; that of the Auckland Islands and Antipodes Island, whose body plumage is marked with pale grey freckles, about five weeks later. It should be borne in mind that this is high summer in these southern latitudes. The albatross builds always far up the hillsides, on grass-covered declivities which slope towards the sea. It is obvious that it selects situations of this description that it may be able, by running downhill, to get sufficient impetus to rise upon the wing. It collects in such places in prodigious numbers, dotting the hills with little points of white. During the early part of the breeding season the birds stand in pairs, or in small groups, bowing to each other, touching their bills together, whispering much that would, I have no doubt, look very silly in print, and bowing again; and all the while, although you stand within a few paces of them, remaining as indifferent to your presence as a couple in Hyde Park. The nest consists of a mound of about eighteen inches in height. It is made by tearing up sods of earth and grass, and by trampling these firmly into a conical pile. The sods thus torn up leave a trench about the base of the structure which serves as a drain. Were it not that it is somewhat rough in appearance the whole thing might be likened to a castle of sand such as a child builds at the seaside. The top, which is cup-shaped, forms the nest, and in this a single egg is laid. If the bird is sitting, but has not laid, it will, upon the approach of a man, gravely step down from the nest and solemnly waddle away. But it does not go to any great distance, and never attempts that unwieldy run downhill preparatory to rising upon the wing. If, however, it has laid, nothing short of force will make it stir from the nest. It knows from bitter experience that, if the egg be exposed for a second only, the voracious sea-hawk, or skua gull, which is here in thousands, will be down upon it like a stone. So well is the female albatross aware of this ever-threatening danger that she does not budge one inch from the nest until the egg is hatched. During the whole time of incubation—a period of sixty days—she is fed by her consort. The young bird is covered with a dense mass of fluffy down, pure white in color, and with a fine silky gloss. The nestling is fed assiduously until it becomes so grossly fat that it exceeds a full-grown bird in weight. It is then deserted by its parents, who set forth to roam the winter through over thousands of miles of trackless ocean, often accomplishing in their wanderings the circumnavigation of the globe. October has dawned before they return.

And now I have arrived at the remarkable feature in the domestic economy of the wandering albatross—a feature so extraordinary that the long list of natural history wonders may be searched in vain for a parallel. How does the young bird receive food during the absence of its parents? *It does not receive any!* During the whole time—a period often longer than four months—it lives solely on its own fat! In this there is no assumption whatever. Naturally the nestling is incapable of flight, and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the situation occupied by it makes it impossible to get to the water in any other way. That being the case, the conclusion is incontrovertible.



## CHILD VERSE

*"The Fairy-Book....Norman Gale....Songs for Little People (The Macmillan Co.)*

In summer, when the grass is thick, if mother has the time,  
She shows me with her pencil how a poet makes a rhyme;  
And often she is sweet enough to choose a leafy nook,  
Where I cuddle up so closely when she reads the Fairy-book.

In winter, when the corn's asleep, and birds are not in song,  
And crocuses and violets have been away too long,  
Dear mother puts her thimble by in answer to my look,  
And I cuddle up so closely when she reads the Fairy-book.

And mother tells the servants that of course they must contrive  
To manage all the household things from four till half-past five,  
For we really cannot suffer interruption from the cook,  
When we cuddle close together with the happy Fairy-book.

*Somebody.....Sarah E. Eastman.....Golden Days    Patty-Cake....Albert Bigelow Paine...The Independent*

Somebody crawls into mamma's bed,  
Just at the break of day,  
Snuggles up close, and whispers loud:  
"Somebody's come to stay."

Somebody rushes through the house,  
Never once shuts a door;  
Scatters her playthings all around  
Over the nursery floor;

Climbs on the fence and tears her clothes—  
Never a bit cares she—  
Swings on the gate and makes mud-pies—  
Who can somebody be?

Somebody looks with roguish eyes  
Up through her tangled hair;  
Somebody's "me," she says, "but then  
Somebody doesn't care."

*Wish't I Wus a Gurl.....Bradford (Pa.) Era*

Wish't I wus a gurl,  
Stid uv bein' a boy,  
An' bang my hair, an' eat ice cream,  
An' ride ahind my feller's team,  
Like gurls duz—  
Wish't I wus a girl!

Wish't I wus a gurl,  
An' when't come Sunday nite  
I'd whack that old pianner,  
Just clean up ouden site,  
An' I'd marry some rich feller  
Like gurls duz—  
Wish't I wus a girl!

Wish't I wus a gurl,  
I'd just chaw gum an' talk,  
An' when out ter promenod,  
I'd take up all the walk,  
Like sum girls duz—  
Wish't I wus a girl!

Wish't I wus a gurl,  
All boy's good fer is't  
Ter carry coal an' run odd jobs,  
An' git off the walk fer dudy snobs,  
Like I did t'other nite—  
Wish't I wus a girl!

Wish't I wus a gurl,  
Wish't the Lord made all boys gurls,  
An' make gurls boys, 'tud been the same  
An' I'd been Lizy Ann by name,  
An' she'd been John or Joe stid of Jane.  
Wish't He had—  
Wish't I wus a girl!

Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!  
Love is a jewel, and life is a span;  
Summer is here, and the morning is gay,  
Let us be babies together to-day.  
Sorrow's a myth, and our troubles but seem;  
The past is an echo, the future a dream;  
Plenty of mornings to worry and plan!  
Patty-cake, patty cake, baker's man!

Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!  
Roll it and prick it as fast as you can;  
Roses and lilies for baby and me.  
Roll it and prick it and mark it with T.  
Roses and lilies and daisies that come  
Down from the garden that dimples are from—  
Let us be babies as long as we can!  
Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!

*The Sand Man, Charles Nelson Johnson, Times-Herald*

The Sand Man drops in every night,  
The Sand Man with his sand;  
To sprinkle grains in little eyes  
With unseen, unfelt hand.

He comes about the hour when all  
The baby work is done;  
When toys lie scattered round the room,  
Abandoned one by one.

A hobby horse, once rocked with vim,  
Stands quiet in his stall—  
A consecrated space between  
The trundle bed and wall.

A jumping jack, an iron bank,  
A painted rubber ball,  
A rattle with a whistle on,  
A bruised and battered doll.

A dozen little glittering things  
So dear to Babyland;  
But now the Sand Man comes around,  
The Sand Man with his sand.

Two chubby little fists are forced  
In two small sleepy eyes,  
To rub away the sand that sifts  
Across some tired sighs.

And now the Sand Man yields his place  
To a fairy with a rod,  
Who beckons toward the mystic shrine,  
The babyland of Nod.

The Sand Man drops in every night,  
The Sand Man with his sand;  
To sprinkle grains in little eyes,  
With unseen, unfelt hand.

## SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN \*

—Four-year-old Robbie ran breathlessly into the house, just as the sound of bagpipes was heard coming up the street. "Oh, Mamma!" he said, "there's a man out here with a dead pig that sings; come quick!"

—Anxious Mother—Well, Bobby, and how did you behave at the party? Bobby—Oh, Mummy, I didn't behave at all. I was quite good!

—Charlie—Papa, isn't monarchy the best form of government? Papa—No; a republic is. Charlie—Then why do they say "the Kingdom of Heaven?"

—Margery—Does your papa read fairy tales to you, like my papa? Jennie—Yes. He read a fairy tale from a Jungle Book. Margery—That's not a fairy tale! That's about animals. It's an animal's tail.

—A school teacher lately put the question, "What is the highest form of animal life?" "The giraffe!" responded a bright member of the class.

—"Popper," said little Willie, "did you tell a story at the story-tellers' night at the club, Tuesday night?" "Yes, my boy, I did. Why?" "Did they spank you for it, as you do me when I tell a story?" asked Willie.

—"Do you think your mamma loves you, Polly?" asked Polly's mother, hugging the little girl up tight. "Yeth I do," said Polly. "I knows it." "I am so glad. And how do you know it, Polly?" "'Cause I'm your doll," said Polly.

—Mother—How is it that you get so many bad marks at school? Little Johnny—Well, the teacher has got to mark somebody, or else folks will think she's not attending to her business.

—A little Boston girl, who had been attending one of the public kindergartens, fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her up from the ground in terror, exclaiming, "Oh, darling, how did you fall?" "Vertically," replied the child, without a second's hesitation.

—"My paw's going into the chicken-raising business," said Freddy. "He's goin' down town to-morrow to buy an incubus or an indicator, I forget which you call it."

—Fond Mother—My dear, are you feeling any better? Dolly—I don't know, mamma. Is the jelly all gone? Fond Mother—Yes, dear. Dolly—Well, I think I am well enough to get up now.

—Teacher—Now what do we call the scientist who spends all his time collecting eggs? Tommy Traddles (promptly)—An egotist.

—A little girl in a Pennsylvania town, in saying her prayers the other night, was told to pray for her father and mother, who were both very ill, and for one of the servants, who had lost her husband. She faithfully did as she was told, and then, impressed with the dreary condition of things, added on her own account: "And now, oh, God, take good care of Yourself, for if anything should happen to You, we should all go to pieces. Amen."

—Amasie (who sees the twins in a perambulator for the first time)—Jimini! A baby with a head at both ends!

—"I wonder why they call policemen peelers," said Tommie. "Oh, I guess it's because they eat so many bananas," said Willie, who lives near a fruit-stand.

—"Are you married?" asked an inquisitive five-year-old of a visitor. "Yes," was the reply. "Are you?" "No, but I've been vaccinated."

—It was noticed at one of the boys' clubs on the N. Y. East Side, that a little negro who attended regularly always sought a certain book each evening, and laughed uproariously apparently at the same picture. One of the supervisors approached and saw that the picture represented a bull chasing a small colored boy across a field. He asked the little fellow what amused him so. "Gosh!" answered the boy, "he 'ain't kitched him yet!"

—A Scotch mother was assisting her little boy with his geography, when they came to the word "desert," which he could not understand. She explained that it was a barren place—a place where nothing would grow. The boy's face brightened up at her words, and feeling sure that he had solved the difficulty, she asked him to explain the meaning, and the prompt answer came: "Ma feyther's bald heid!"

—The master was asking questions—masters are apt to ask questions, and they sometimes receive curious answers. The question was as follows: "Now, boys, how many months have twenty-eight days?" "All of them, sir," replied a boy in the front.

—Curate's Little Girl—My hen has laid an egg. Vicar's Little Girl—My hen has laid two. Bishop's Little Girl—That's nothing; my father has laid a foundation stone.

—A Sunday school superintendent at the close of an address on the Creation, which he was sure he had kept within the comprehension of the least intelligent of the scholars, smilingly invited questions. A tiny boy, with a white, eager face and large brow, at once held up his hand. "Please sir, why was Adam never a baby?" The superintendent coughed in some doubt as to what answer to give, but a little girl of nine, the eldest of several brothers and sisters, came promptly to his aid. "Please sir," she said, smartly, "there was nobody to nuss him!"

—Little Margie's father was a salesman for a large baking-powder firm, and one night she electrified her mother by praying, "Dear Lord, please make me pure, pure and sure, like baking-powder."

—Aunt Sarah (to nephew from the city)—Is Uncle Cyrus through milking, Teddy? Teddy—Not quite. He's finished two faucets and has just begun on the other two.

—"Isn't he a funny insect?" said Wallie, looking at the centipede as it walked across the floor. "Awfully funny. Looks like a parade, doesn't he?" said Mollie. "Yes," replied Wallie. "He must have been well drilled to march so well."

—"Freddie, why did you drop the baby on the floor?" "Well, I heard everybody say it is a bouncing baby, and I wanted to see it bounce."

—Deacon—Boys! boys! you shouldn't play marbles to-day. Sunday's a day of rest, you know. "Yes, sir, we knows it, but we ain't tired, sir."

\* Compiled from Contemporaries.

## SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

## CYCLING WITH HOUNDS

FANNY J. ERSKINE.....BADMINTON MAGAZINE

A fine crisp morning; a blue haze hanging over the far distance, but in the nearer foreground everything bright and gay under a watery pale sun. The hounds are up, and are grouped round the wayside signpost, sitting and standing about, a part-colored, ever-moving crowd. Members of the hunt in pink and black; grooms with their whips slung en bandolier over one shoulder to leave their hands free; ladies in tall hats—most workmanlike looking of headgear—or in the low-crowned bowler; a large sprinkling of men in cords and butcher boots, tweeds and gaiters; a horsebreaker or two schooling a young one (of whom the cyclists had best beware, young ones having a trick of being handy with their heels), and a group of cyclists well in the rear. The more provident of these last are fully equipped with the same lunch case as their horsey brethren. Some who mean spending a day in the open have lamps and a local map to boot. So, a sparkling fringe to the crowd, they stand at ease till the signal is given to start. On steams the train, reinforced by late comers, who canter up behind, to the demoralization of nervous cyclists; for, of all horrid things, hoofs in the rear are most unsteady. At a gate a division takes place. The mounted section go to the border of the covert across the fields; the followers on wheels, propelled or drawn, stick to the road. The latter think they can "go one better" and make for the high lands. A halt at the top to listen to the varied cries and whip-cracks coming from the thicket below, as well as to get breath. While glancing down, a long, low, red-brown fox, with drooping white-tagged brush, sneaks from the undergrowth, crossing the hill below; a boy sees him, and in a second a strident series of "Gone aways!" wakes the echoes. A few seconds more and a pied hound springs head first into the lane, followed by others, all in full cry. After them come figures in pink and black, then a surge of the field sweeps up the hill, and away they all go through an opposite gate, helter-skelter up wind to the north. The cyclists have the whip-hand over the other followers here. The hill made most horses with traps behind them go slowly, and they are lumbering somewhere astern, while on the crest of the ridge the cyclists are spinning along, watching the run as it streams on below. This is cyclo-hunting in perfection—out of the press, seeing all that goes on, a sandy road so that there is no fear of side-slip, and a still morning, with just a puff or two of wind from the northwest.

But it is not in human calculations that things should always go so nicely on wheels. The line is swerving off to the west, where the galloping is good, but where clay and water are plentiful. There is nothing for it but to fly down hill and hope for the best! It is a long hill—a steep hill. Moreover, there is a gleam of water at the bottom; but nearer inspection proves that it is only a small beck, and it is taken flying, the spray being churned up by the pedals, and splashing in crystal drops behind the back wheel.

The road steadily improves for the worse. It is

just two parallel ruts filled with water and a rough water-patched hoof track. Thanks to this water, the going is not heavy, and after a bit the soil changes to gravel, when progress is again easy. Diverging streams of hats show that a check has taken place; some stand about in the road comparing notes, and—for the run has occupied some time—having a sandwich while they may. The road is bestrewn with lunch case papers before the line is again hit off and the crowd vanish, leaving their paper only as a testimony, together with the hoof-trodden ground, that the hunt has passed this way.

On low-lying ground the cyclists are bothered. Somewhere in front lies a stream crossed by a foot-bridge and a ford, too deep for cycles. The run is evidently trending this way, and some venturesome ones embark on the rolling surface of a grassfield. Up and down they go, like a steamer in a gale, now hovering at the top of a rise, now quashing through a wet hollow, till the ford is reached. The bridge is one of those primitive timber ones, and proves a tight fit for the cycle, let alone the rider, to wriggle across—not to mention the minor fact of the structure being so crazy that it seems ten to one the whole thing will subside bodily.

Up again once more—hot, rather muddy, and damp, but as enthusiastic as ever. Hats are bobbing over a line of hedge in front, and the cycle swings over more and more rolling ground.

Checkmate as far as the cycle is concerned! The small tributary river is reached, a stream which local wisdom thinks too small to bridge, contenting itself with a line of stakes and a plank, which recent floods have swept away. This brook rolls sullenly in front. The hounds have swum across; many a habit skirt is wringing wet, many boots are washed clean, and one hunter is being rescued by a rope and sundry yokels, dripping. We must retrace our steps, and stick to the roads in future, leaving grass and fords in such weather to the horsemen. But we have outdistanced the foot contingent, we have had a good run, and now the sun is beginning its downward journey, sinking into a bank of fog rising from the swampy soil. We will spin home to tea, to dry things, and the intense feeling of happiness which often results from a day on cycle-back with the hounds.

## AN ELEPHANT FIGHT IN INDIA

MINNA IRVING.....LESLIE'S WEEKLY

When an East Indian prince is ennuyé he orders an elephant fight for the amusement of himself and friends. This is a sport not permitted in English territory, and can only be witnessed in the native states; then only by invitation from the rajah, a favor rarely procured by a white man without the exercise of considerable influence. Such a fight took place a short time ago near Jeypore, in the stone-walled inclosure around Ni Tsam's elephant stables. The monsters had been starved for some days before the encounter, and were goaded to madness by their daring riders. There is always a stone wall between the combatants, to give the riders a chance for their lives, for they are the only ones in any real



danger, and are often killed by being hurled from the necks of the infuriated beasts and trodden to pulp under their massive feet.

Elephants are worth from four thousand to twenty thousand sicca rupees, and care is taken to have then too well matched for the contest to result fatally for either. It is a case of endurance, the one who weakens first being declared vanquished. The majority of the spectators preferred to see the battle from the flat roof of the stable, well out of harm's way, but Ni Tsam, in a European frock-coat and jeweled turban, looked on from the stable yard, in dangerous proximity to the trampling feet of the beasts inside the wall. No gore was spilled; but the wicked little eyes of the elephants were like blood, and the fierce grinding of flesh as the muscular trunks knotted over and under each other with terrific force, was intensely disagreeable, and like no other sound on earth. The intervals were filled with angry trumpetings as the elephants sparred with their swaying trunks for an opening, like a pair of prize-fighters.

#### SURF RUNNING

AN EXCITING MARINE SPORT.....THE YACHTING WORLD

A comparatively unknown sport, except on some parts of the Northumberland coast, is the running of boats through the surf. And yet it is one of the most exciting amusements that can possibly be devised. Not only is there involved considerable excitement and exhilaration as the boat rushes on, with the water foaming around her stern and flying from her bows, but a large amount of bodily and mental exercise, for there is no time to stand still or hesitate. Moreover, a practical knowledge of the handling of a boat in surf or broken water may at any time prove invaluable.

Briefly, the game consists in working a boat through the outer edge of the surf, and, after putting her about before the sea, she is made to shoot back to the shore upon a single wave. As regards the boat, one built for the purpose is naturally the best. Long, narrow and fine boats, low in the bows and stern, and such as have curved keels, are inappropriate; the former because they cannot be brought around before a sea, the latter because they are very apt to broach to before a sea, owing to the insufficient grip they have on the water aft. The length compared to the beam should be in the ratio of 5 to 1, and the keel should be straight but not deep. The bows should be bluff to prevent the boat from putting her nose under too readily, or running off too quickly in front of a sea, and high with a sheer to throw off water. The sides should tumble in, so as to allow the boat to lie well over, and the quarters and stern should be raised to diminish the chance of pooping. The rudder should be broad and efficient, not projecting below the keel, lest it be torn off in beaching. It should be worked by a tiller and made fast to the stern by a line rove through a ringbolt, as it is liable to jump off. For the same reason the oars or sculls should work on long tholepins, not in rowlocks, and should also be secured by lines. No weight should be carried forward, or the boat would certainly broach to; but a little ballast aft is often of advantage.

The best beach for practicing is low, level and sandy. On such a beach the waves break far out,

and die before reaching the shore. If the water be very shallow inshore, the dying wavelets may be taken broadside on, the boat being listed to leeward to stave off the spray; but if there be body in the water, the waves must always be met directly head on. Further out, or in deeper water near the shore, a sharp lookout must be kept for any broken water. It is frequently possible to dodge the rough places



THE "MAID OF ATHENS"

Courtesy of The Bookman. (See page 38)

and get out at once, but more often it is necessary to face them. If a collision with a wave on the point of breaking is inevitable, and especially if the wave be large, the boat must be driven against it as rapidly as possible. On no account when a boat is meeting a breaking wave should she be allowed to quite lose way, or she will certainly be started off stern first and capsize, or be thrown bows over stern. On the other hand, when a boat is stern-on to such a wave, she should be eased off before it as it strikes her, and held firmly back the moment it has struck.

Having gone out as far as is desirable, the boat should be brought round as rapidly as possible between the seas and put straight before them. When a sea approaches, three or four sharp strokes should be given, and the helm kept steady. As the stern rises the boat will start off and rush on in front of the wave right to the shore. If the boat be not kept perfectly straight before the wave—especially at the moment of breaking—she is very likely to broach to. Should she tend to twist round, the rudder may be assisted by holding the boat strongly with the lee oar and by canting her to the weather. When, however, a broach-to before a breaking sea is inevitable, as much weight as possible must be thrown on the weather side, in order to keep the weather gunwale well down. The boat may then fill a little, but she will not—at all events if she is at all beamy—capsize.

The sport of surf running is, of course, only really practicable where there is a stretch of level sand, and where, therefore, with ordinary precautions, nothing more than a wetting need be dreaded.

## MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

### A HOSPITAL ON WHEELS

UNITED STATES CONSUL MORRIS.....U. S. CONSULAR REPORTS

The latest novelty in Belgian railroad matters is the hospital car. It serves a double purpose. In the event of a serious railroad accident, the car may be run to the spot, where the wounded may be picked up and carried to the nearest large city for treatment, instead of being left to pass long hours in some wayside station while awaiting surgical attendance. It also enables the railway companies, at certain seasons or upon special occasions, to transport large numbers of invalids to health resorts or places of pilgrimage. This new hospital car entered into regular service April 27, 1897. The interior is divided into a main compartment, a corridor on one side, and two small rooms at the end. The largest compartment is the hospital proper; it contains twenty-four isolated beds on steel tubes hung upon powerful springs. Each patient lies in front of two little windows, which may be closed or opened at will. Each bed is provided with a little movable table and a cord serves to hold all the various small objects which the patient may need. The corridor on the outside of the hospital chamber leads to the linen closet and the doctor's apartment. In the latter is a large cupboard. The upper portion is used for the drugs; the lower part is divided into two smaller compartments—one serving as a case for surgical instruments, the other as a receptacle for the doctor's folding bed. The hospital compartment is carpeted with linoleum or other material to deaden the sound of walking. Various trapdoors in the floor, when opened, disclose to view an ice-chest, a compartment for the disinfection of soiled linen, and a provision cellar. If necessary, a portion of the hospital chamber may be transformed into an operating room for urgent cases. Finally, as is customary in this country, a small chapel for religious worship is provided. This car is put in charge of a surgeon, doctor and nurses, and will be chiefly used to carry invalids from Belgium direct to the miraculous cure of Lourdes, in France.

### WATER SANITATION IN DAVENPORT, IOWA

LARGEST FILTER PLANT IN THE WORLD.....CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD

The largest, the costliest and best filter plant in the world has just been completed at Davenport, Iowa. Practical men, whose experience has made their opinions worthy of respectful attention, say that this plant really solves the water supply question for nearly all Western cities. The cost of the plant is \$1,200,000. The ten double-filter shells, which contain the immediate water supply, have a capacity of 7,500,000 gallons. The Mississippi River is the source from which the water supply originally comes. The water is drawn from a point in the bed of the river nearest the channel down into a tunnel that passes under the river's bed for a considerable distance. Through this tunnel it sweeps to the pump wells, and thence into the filters. There is no danger of contamination, as far as the sewage is concerned, for the point in the river from which water is secured is a mile and a half above the Government bridge and the point at which the Davenport sewers enter the river. At this same

point the Mississippi has a current of about five miles an hour, and dashes over the Rock Island Rapids, giving it complete aeration, oxidation and dilution, all of which tend to its purification.

The filter plant is in itself a most marvelous sight. Each of the filter shells is nine and one-half feet in diameter and thirty-two feet long. They are built of homogeneous steel of tensile strength. The water company has so far built about thirty-seven miles of mains, into which the purified water flows from the filters. Despite the fact that there are ten filter shells, so delicate is the construction, from a mechanical standpoint, of the entire plant, that the filters can be used either one at a time or in their entirety, as circumstances may make it advisable. As an indication of the effort that has been made to provide this plant with every possible means of purifying the water, it may be stated that each filter is about three-quarters full of white sand, amounting to about thirty carloads for all the filters. This sand is brought from Horn Island, in the Gulf of Mexico. The peculiar nature of this sand is that each grain is of almost equal texture and a perfect crystal. This is brand new, and a very costly departure. The ordinary sand that is used for filtering purposes is porous, and, therefore, does not in all respects answer the requirements. This, however, is the first time that a city of any size has so filtered its water supply. It must be remembered that water always contains microbes. Sometimes they are so infinitesimally small that only a magnifying glass of exceeding power will detect them. If there were no sand in the filters that was absolutely impervious to the attacks of the microbes, these little seeds of death would be quite likely to find lodgment in the pores of the sand. There they would die and rot, and in a short time the sand would become a fruitful source of disease rather than a plant to purify water. This is why Horn Island sand is used in Davenport.

If all the rivers in the country, barring the Chicago River, had been considered as a maximum test for this big plant, no better selection could have been made than the Mississippi River. While the bed of this river is composed to a great extent of constantly shifting sand, there is at all times a pronounced sediment in the water which gives it that peculiar yellowish color, which has made it famous as the only real water in America that hardly resembles water at all, with the exception that it is liquid in form. At certain seasons of the year, if a glass be filled with Mississippi River water and allowed to stand for a few moments, it will be found that almost one-fourth of the glass, from the bottom up, will contain liquid mud. That is why it is so often said that the persons who drink unfiltered Mississippi River water absorb their peck of dirt every forty-eight hours. So the task of the big filter plant at Davenport is no light one, and the amount of dirt and impurities that are removed from the 7,500,000 gallons the filters contain is naturally tremendous in quantity. Especially does this fact prove impressive when it is considered that the 7,500,000 gallons the filters hold simply constitute the amount that is in them at all times. Of course,

the water is constantly changing. Every moment it is being pumped out into the thirty-seven miles of mains that wind like huge snakes beneath the surface of Davenport's streets.\* To filter the entire water supply of a city is a gigantic task.

The method of filtration is interesting and entirely new, because it must be remembered that there is not in existence any filtering plant that approaches this in magnitude or completeness in the way of possessing every requisite for removing impurities from water. In the first place, the water, as it comes from the Mississippi via the tunnel beneath the river's bed, is forced by pumps through twenty-inch feed mains into the filters. Then it passes downward through five feet of sand, and thence through a peculiarly shaped screen, consisting of extremely fine slits sawed through cylinders of heavy seamless tubing. After this it goes into the mains and is forced out to the consumer. Now look at the water and compare it with the muddy, amber-colored fluid that flows into the filters from the tunnel. It has become as bright, as clear and as sparkling as if it came from a spring. The sediment and all the microbes that the unfiltered water yields necessarily remain on top of the sand in the filters. It is in the economical and certain removal of this impure matter that the chief excellence of this great plant lies. The process of cleansing the sand is not unlike that operative in hydraulic mining. Thousands of fine, powerful jets of water are applied directly to the place where the impurities are located. At the same time the sand is washed by forcing the water upward through the bed of sand, instead of allowing the water to penetrate from the top to the bottom. Of course, this process renders it necessary for some of the water that has been rendered pure to be forced back, but it is filtered again, and therefore nothing is really lost. These jets of water that are used in cleansing the sand come through horizontal perforated arms, running from a central vertical pipe, which in turn is attached to a piston in such a way that by admitting the water pressure from the mains to the piston the perforated arms referred to are forced downward and back through the filtering material. Thus the washing jets, each of which is three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, are directly applied under eighty pounds' pressure to every grain of sand that is in the filter. The result of all this is that each separate particle of the filter's contents is turned around and around until it has practically been scoured. Then, when all the impure matter has been collected and floats in the water at the top of the sand used for filtration purposes, it is forced back into the river again through a drain that is constructed especially for that purpose.

One would naturally think that where all this was done constantly there would be no trouble about keeping the water pure. But no chances are taken, and in order that not the slightest impurity may remain, the filter and sand bed are sterilized. This is the last blow, so far as the microbe and his attendant evils are concerned. The water is as pure as it is possible for water to be, with the result that the little city of Davenport has the only absolutely pure water supply of any city in the United States, if not in the world.

#### PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF CYCLING

VIEWS OF AN ENGLISH MEDICAL MAN.....CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

Cycling is not monotonous, and while calling for attention on the part of the rider, it makes no exhausting demand upon his mental energies. But it is in the wonderful range of exercise that it offers to its devotees that cycling stands pre-eminent. Mount a rider on a cycle on a level road, and the amount of force necessary to carry him fifty yards is infinitesimal compared to that expended in walking the same distance. But, although the effort expended is so small, his legs are subjected to a rapidity and extent of movement as great as in running. That little force is used is shown by his breathing. His wind is not affected. We have said before that a man breathes when he wants air. He wants fresh air when the carbonic acid gas in his blood has reached a certain percentage. Now, in accordance with the law that every effort reduces some minute portion of the body to ashes, it follows that the greater the effort the more the carbonic acid gas. But, since the more the ashes the oftener a man wants to breathe, it is practically the same thing to say that effort may be measured by the rapidity and depth of the breathing. A cyclist going at a moderate pace does not breathe rapidly. But on the other hand, his legs are in rapid motion. Let us remember it is movement, not effort, that quickens circulation. The rider is not breathing rapidly, but the blood is circulating freely through his whole body. His lungs get an abundant supply, and, his breathing being unembarrassed, the air he inspires is generously absorbed. In other words, he manufactures little carbonic acid gas, but he takes in a large supply of oxygen. The blood in his arterial system becomes a vivid scarlet. Muscular movement draws the blood to the extremities, in the absence of strain the arteries relax and the heart, instead of having to pump against a stagnant circulation, has only to "follow on." This, then, is the condition of a rider cycling in moderation: he is developing his muscles by exercise; not the leg muscles only, but also those of his loins, back, abdomen, chest and arms; his heart is beating easily, his lungs are doing their work to perfection, and there is circulating in his blood more life-giving oxygen than his body well knows what to do with.

#### TATTOOING THE HUMAN EYE

A RECENT SURGICAL DEVICE.....CHICAGO JOURNAL

The latest discovery of scientific medical men is that the human eye may be tattooed any color. Of course, eyes are only tattooed in cases where one of them is blind, and has assumed in consequence a peculiar dead and ghastly appearance. An eye in this condition will entirely disfigure a face; but a modern oculist may color it to its natural appearance, so that nothing but the closest scrutiny can detect the difference between it and its fellow.

The operation of tattooing is performed by first treating the eye with cocaine, until it becomes absolutely senseless to pain. When all is ready the part to be operated upon is covered thickly with India ink of the required color. The tattooing is then performed by means of a little electrical machine, which operates a specially-made needle.



## TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES RECALLED

*Unanswered\*.....Elizabeth Stewart Martin*

Why is it that the tenderest feet must tread the roughest road?  
 Why is it that the weakest back must carry the heaviest load?  
 While the feet that are surest and firmest have the smoothest path to go,  
 And the back that is straightest and strongest has never a burden to know.

Why is it that the brightest eyes are the ones soon dim with tears?  
 Why is it that the lightest heart must ache and ache for years?  
 While the eyes that are hardest and coldest shed never a bitter tear,  
 And the heart that is smallest and meanest has never an ache to fear.

Why is it those who are saddest have always the gayest laugh?  
 Why is it those who need not have always the "biggest half?"  
 While those who have never a sorrow have seldom a smile to give,  
 And those who want just a little must strive and struggle to live.

Why is it that the noblest thoughts are the ones that are never expressed?  
 Why is it that the grandest deeds are the ones that are never confessed?  
 While the thoughts that are like all others are the ones we always tell,  
 And the deeds that are worth little praise are the ones that are published well.

Why is it that the sweetest smile has for its sister a sigh?  
 Why is it that the strongest love is the love we always pass by?  
 While the smile that is cold and indifferent is the smile for which we pray,  
 And the love we kneel to and worship is only common clay.

Why is it the friends we trust are the ones that always betray?  
 Why is it the lips we wish to kiss are the lips so far away,  
 While close by our side, if we knew it, is a friend who loyal would be,  
 And the lips we might have kissed are the lips we never see.

Why is it the things we can have are the things we always refuse?  
 Why is it none of us lead the lives if we could we'd choose?  
 The things that we all can have are the things we always hate,  
 And life seems never complete, no matter how long we wait.

*Song.....Harriet Prescott Spofford*

In the summer even,  
 While yet the dew was hoar,  
 I went plucking purple pansies  
 Till my love should come to shore.  
 The fishing lights their dances  
 Were keeping out at sea,  
 And come, I sung, my true love!  
 Come hasten home to me.

But the sea it fell a-moaning  
 And the white gulls rocked thereon,  
 And the young moon dropt from heaven  
 And the lights hid one by one.  
 All silently their glances  
 Slipt down the cruel sea,  
 And wait! cried the night and the wind and storm,  
 Wait till I come to thee!

*Song of the Greek Amazon.....William Cullen Bryant*

I buckle to my slender side  
 The pistol and the scimitar  
 And in my maiden flower and pride  
 Am come to share the tasks of war.  
 And yonder stands the fiery steed,  
 That paws the ground and neighs to go  
 My charger of the Arab breed—  
 I took him from the routed foe.

My mirror is the mountain spring,  
 At which I dress my ruffled hair;  
 My dimmed and dusty arms I bring  
 And wash away the blood-stain there.  
 Why should I guard from wind and sun  
 This cheek whose virgin rose is fled?  
 It was for one—oh, only one—  
 I kept its bloom, and he is dead.

But they who slew him—unaware  
 Of coward murderers lurking nigh—  
 And left him to the fowls of air,  
 Are yet alive—and they must die!  
 They slew him—and my virgin years  
 Are vowed to Greece and vengeance now,  
 And many an Othman dame in tears  
 Shall rue the Grecian maiden's vow.

I touched the lute in better days,  
 I led in dance and joyous band.  
 Ah! they may move to mirthful lays  
 Whose hands can touch a lover's hand.  
 The march of hosts that haste to meet  
 Seems gayer than the dance to me;  
 The lute's sweet tones are not so sweet  
 As the fierce shout of victory.

*Brahma.....Ralph Waldo Emerson*

If the red slayer think he slays,  
 Or if the slain think he is slain,  
 They know not well the subtle ways  
 I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forget to me is near;  
 Shadow and sunlight are the same;  
 The vanishing gods to me appear;  
 And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;  
 When me they fly I am the wings;  
 I am the doubter and the doubt,  
 And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,  
 And pine in vain the sacred Seven;  
 But thou, meek lover of the good!  
 Find me and turn thy back on heaven.

\* Printed by request.

## OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS

### SOME MIRTH OF OLD-TIME WITS.

Although B. Franzius quotes Ælian for a certain sympathy between man and the Dragon, yet this cannot be taken as evidence from everyday experience. . . . Many things are said in favor of his tribe, but the facts are misunderstood. . . . Deep-seated in our mind there remains the remembrance of the great deception, that old and wicked Dragon the Devil wrought in our first parents. Let him who will find love in his heart for the Dragon. I neither give nor withhold it. . . . Even though it be granted that Dragons have fallen in love with beautiful maidens, I maintain that they did not act thus by reason of an appreciation of beauty. They pretended friendship not for the good of mankind, but for their own profit.—Kirchmayer, 1691.

By two black eyes my heart was won,  
Sure, never wretch was more undone!  
To Celia with my suit I came,  
But she, regardless of her prize,  
Thought proper to reward my flame  
By two black eyes.  
—Asylum for Fugitive Pieces, 1785.

Positively the best thing a man can have to do is nothing, and, *next to that*, perhaps, good works.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and to have it found out by accident.—C. Lamb.

When poets say, "I've written fifty rhymes," they make you fear that they'll recite them, too.—Byron.

Philoxenus, of Cythera, was sent to the quarries by Dionysius because he did not like the monarch's poetry. He was, however, recalled, and had some more read to him, whereupon he got up to go. "Where are you off to?" asked Dionysius. "To the quarries," was the reply.

I should say of the metaphysicians what Scaliger said of the natives of the Basque Provinces. I am told that they understand each other, but I do not believe it.—Chamfort.

Mirabeau is capable of *anything* for money—even of committing a good action.—Rivarol.

"Time was,—(when honest Fielding writ)—  
Tales full of nature, character and wit,  
Were reckoned most delicious boiled and roast;  
But stomachs are so cloyed with novel-feeding,  
Folks get a vitiated taste in reading,  
And want that strong provocative, a 'Ghost.'

"A novel now," says Will, "is nothing more  
Than an old castle and a creaking door,—  
A distant hovel;—

Clanking of chains,—a gallery,—a light,—  
Old armour—and a phantom all in white,—  
And there's a novel!"

—G. Colman the Younger, 1790.

He [the Sloth] moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and in fact, passes his life

in suspense, like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop.—Sydney Smith.

To save a mayd St. George the Dragon slew,  
A pretty tale, if all is told be true:  
Most say there are no Dragons, and 'tis sayd,  
There was no George: pray God there was a mayd!  
—Aubrey's Remains.

"The Law, my Lords,  
Is but the great man's mule. He rides on it  
And tramples meaner men under his feet:  
But when at last they come to Heaven's bright gate  
One's rags shall enter 'fore the other's state."  
—Massinger.

Although S. Francisco de Paula appeared fat and florid, he was in reality nothing but skin and bones—this appearance being a gift of grace. He may thus be compared to certain writers.—Acta Sanctorum.

Let me tell you the good-nature of the executioner of Paris, who . . . swore he had rather execute forty Huguenots than one Catholic because the Huguenots used so few words and troubled him so little, in respect of the dilatory ceremonies of the others in dying.—Donne to Sir H. Wotton.

Man is for the woman made  
And the woman made for man;  
As the spur is for the jade,  
As the scabbard for the blade,  
As for digging is the spade,  
As for liquor is the can,  
So man is for the woman made,  
And the woman made for man.

As the sceptre's to be swayed,  
As for night's the serenade,  
As for pudding is the pan,  
As to cool us is the fan,  
So man is for woman made,  
And the woman made for man.

Be she widow, wife, or maid,  
Be she wanton, be she staid,  
Be she well, or ill-arrayed,  
Scold, or witch, or harridan,  
Yet man is for woman made  
And the woman made for man.

—Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Mme. de Stael hath published an essay against suicide, which, I presume will make somebody shoot himself—as a sermon by Blenkinsop, in proof of Christianity, sent a hitherto most orthodox acquaintance of mine out of a chapel of ease a perfect atheist.—Byron Letters.

If once a man indulges himself in murder very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begin upon this downward path, you never know where you are to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time.—De Quincey.

## THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

### A SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF GHOSTS

W. E. ORD.....THE HUMANITARIAN

The question whether spiritual beings ever become manifest to mankind must always be regarded as one of the deepest interest. Few people, perhaps, will readily admit an honest belief in ghosts, but there is, naturally, a disposition to consider eagerly all evidence bearing on their manifestation, and indeed it is probable that under the influence of the midnight hour, with the surroundings supposed to be favorable, all persons find little difficulty in appreciating the possibility of supernatural occurrences. We therefore find an ever-recurring period of discussion of the subject, while an earnest endeavor is now being made to sift the large mass of evidence which is continually forthcoming, in order that any foundation of truth which exists may be discovered. Second-hand evidence, however—usually the only evidence obtainable—has been brought into deserved contempt in this connection, and notwithstanding the most diligent and patient inquiry, it can scarcely be said to have settled any part of the question to the satisfaction of those whose opinion would be authoritative. To the love of a good story, savoring of the marvellous, to fear and illusion, to self-deception, exaggeration, and untruth, may be ascribed nine-tenths of the numerous accounts of supernatural occurrences which continually find a ready acceptance, while the failure to obtain trustworthy evidence by those who undertake an honest and scientific investigation, would almost cause us to despair of human testimony altogether when it approaches this subject.

There is, however, another method of testing the validity of the belief in supernatural manifestations, which, it is surprising, is not more often resorted to. We live in an age which has seen and is now seeing a progress in science unparalleled in human history. Every branch of knowledge has been opened up and has had new light thrown upon it, and, as the result, we find that many of our older beliefs have had to give way altogether to newer and more rational views, while others have been greatly developed on a surer foundation.

The belief in ghosts, originating in times of superstition, and involving certain assumptions with regard to nature and the human senses, can also be examined in the light of our later knowledge, and it may have to stand or fall by the result. Instead, therefore, of considering the character of witnesses, the confirmation of circumstantial evidence, and the like let us examine what the statement that a ghost has been seen or manifested can really mean in view of the scientific knowledge of the present day. Let us rather analyze the process of such a manifestation, and the ghostly nature, than question the veracity of the percipient or his sanity. Modern science will first prove to us that ghosts—other than phantoms and hallucinations of the mind—can only become manifest to human beings by appearing in some material form. It is certain that nothing can be actually seen or heard except through the medium of the senses, and it would seem to be established that the senses can only respond to outside, or objective, influences in the

form of energy acting through matter. Ghosts or spirits, therefore, if they appear to human beings, must for this purpose assume some material form. In order to be seen, they must, when analyzed, exist in that form of matter and energy which acts upon the retina of the eye, and, in order to be heard, they must produce those vibrations of matter which cause the phenomena of sound. On the other hand, the experiences of those who have seen ghosts would indicate that their material form is by no means substantial. They appear within closed doors without sound or warning, and vanish like the morning mists. Sometimes they affect one of the senses only; at others they are seen, heard and felt, like ordinary human beings. Yet, in whatever way they are manifested, they must still appear in some material form, and it might be concluded that spiritual beings are able at certain times to give life, as it were, to some form of matter. When the ghost or spirit has accomplished its manifestation, it departs to its spiritual home, and the matter which it had touched into life and energy remains as before, unnoticeable by the ordinary human senses.

Another explanation of such appearances may, however, be suggested. The spiritual manifestation may not depend upon the will of the spirit, upon its power to materialize itself, but rather upon the state of the percipient's mind, and the abnormal development of his senses at the particular time.

Spirit and matter are usually opposite terms, but we may nevertheless conceive the so-called spiritual world as in reality a material one analogous to our own. Recent science has shown that there is probably a world of energy and matter hidden from our ordinary senses, of which we can only conjecture from the suggestions obtained when the photographic plate records more than the human eye is ever capable of seeing, or the magnetic needle responds to an influence quite unfelt by our dull senses. Now it may be that it is in such a hidden world that ghosts have their existence—spirits finding a dwelling-place in forms as much material as those of ordinary human beings but of an essentially different, and perhaps more ethereal, character. Into their hidden world of peculiar and unknown energy, mankind cannot usually enter, but at critical times in a man's life, corresponding to the fitful and occasional appearances of ghosts, his senses may be abnormally developed, so that—as with the photographic camera—he sees more than his eye is ordinarily capable of seeing, and may become conscious by sight, or hearing, or touch, of that hidden world in which ghosts live, and move and have their being. This view would explain much that, on any other ground, is antagonistic to the belief in ghosts of any kind. Such difficulties as the perception of the apparition by only one person, or the appearance when the percipient is in an unusual state of mind or health, would be removed, and it must be admitted that the uncertain and fitful character of the visitations, and the failure to occur under any test conditions, would be quite in keeping with such an hypothesis. It must not be for-



gotten, however, that an abnormal state of mind might be the real cause of the apparent manifestations.

In the much-talked of appearances known as death-wraiths, there would also appear to be an abnormal development of some of the faculties. Between minds in deepest mutual sympathy, there is much that would suggest an influence different from that which the ordinary senses are capable of conveying, but in the appearances of death-wraiths, the influence by material agency becomes incredible. It may easily be imagined that the electrical and other changes which are continually taking place in the brain, acting upon the surrounding medium, have an influence upon the minds of those with whom we are intimately associated, and ideas—which all have their physical counterpart in the brain—may, as in thought transference, be transmitted to those minds attuned, as it were, to receive them. Similarly, perhaps, in the case of death-wraiths, the dying person, thinking of the friend, and yearning intensely to communicate some last message, may be supposed to exert his influence in a degree for which ordinary circumstances find no occasion, and may be able, at such a time, to produce in the mind of the friend at a distance a vivid sense of his presence.

These explanations of ghostly phenomena are offered merely as suggestions, which might bring the occurrences into conformity with the ascertained laws of science. It is perhaps doubtful whether the ghostly visitors, who are usually shy with those desirous of becoming well acquainted with them, will not vanish altogether under the critical eye of science, and the belief in them, born perhaps of the unreasoning state of mind, may not bear any wholesome theory of their existence. There is, however, too strong and sincere a conviction in favor of such a belief for it to be dismissed off-hand. In view of the weighty and prevalent opinion which can be cited in favor of the supernatural manifestations, serious inquiry is greatly to be desired, and some theory of the actual occurrences becomes essential. An endeavor to explain the phenomena scientifically may help to decide the validity of the belief in their existence, or else prevent that unhealthy state of mind which is too often its sole origin.

#### SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY

F. WILLIAM BRESLIN.....WESTMINSTER REVIEW

The Irish peasant is very far from being the wild devil-may-care of popular fiction. He has, it is true, outbursts of boisterous merriment; but the conditions of his life are not such as usually foster a reckless gaiety of character. The air of Ireland is heavy with tradition, and her silent and deserted plains and glens are eloquent of the unforgotten past. The peasant, imbued with intense devotion to his natal soil, and living sundered from intimate social intercourse, in nooks so isolated and forlorn that even at high noon of summer it is hard to resist their twilight atmosphere of melancholy legend, is grave and taciturn and intensely superstitious. His speech is slow, the words deliberate and chosen with the care of one to whom conversation is a luxury and a pleasure. He

is a born story-teller, and the old myths and histories are told and retold round the fireside with ever fresh interest and delight; the steady glow of the turf on the faces of the circle leaving the outer space peopled by fantastic shadows of sinister suggestion, the even flow of the narrator's voice, unbroken save by the low sobbing of the women at some pathetic passage; the wind shrieking and whistling in the eaves, the rain and leaves fluttering and tapping like fairy fingers at the door and windows add conviction to the tale, and it is small wonder that vivid imagination still figures forth as true so many an ancient tradition.

To the peasant, the fairies, "wise women," enchanted hills and wells, charms and spells, are the most potent influences of life. Devout and believing Catholic though he be, and trusting, even fearing the power of the priest, that power is unable to stamp out the relics of paganism. The Church has sanctioned some practices by adoption, countenances others, and others still, which are held in no less strong belief, it bans. The wells are now, many of them, consecrated to Christian saints and martyrs and made places of pilgrimage by the Church; but there is not a parish throughout the land that has not its own holy well where, despite admonition and warning, devout and undevout come to pray for relief, mental and physical, and leave behind the proprietary scrap of rag to the tutelary genius of the water.

The belief in "cures" is another widespread superstition. Certain men and women are believed to have the power of curing particular diseases. The afflicted flock to them in spite of Church and priest, and have the firmest faith in their efficacy. Indeed, the priest himself is regarded with somewhat the same exaggerated faith, and it must be confessed he is not generally averse to encourage the delusion. He is ever ready to read an office and impose some slight penitentiary restriction which will insure the recovery of the patient. The existence of "wise women," endowed with superhuman powers and the baleful influence of the evil eye, are matters of everyday belief. Should any one praise a child and it happen to take the slightest pain thereafter, a scrap of that person's clothing must be obtained and burned under the child's nose to counteract the effect of the "overlooking." The fairies, driven from more prosaic countries, have found refuge in Ireland. The housewife calls her warning to them before flinging out dirty water; not a man will set his spade in the soil of a fairy moat, or break a branch of the fairy thorn after dark; and the cabins are many where a bowl of clean pure water and a few bright coals of turf are left nightly on the hearth to afford warmth and drink to the little folk, should they chance to visit the house. A curious feature of these beliefs is the way in which they are mingled with the usages of the Church. The "wise woman" works her charm or "cure" with prayer and the sign of the cross, and the most grossly superstitious are invariably the most fervent in their religious observances. There are many individuals credited with unholy powers who glory in their malodorous reputation; but even their methods are generally ignorant perversion of the prayers of their religion.

## BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

Professor James, of the chair of psychology in Harvard University, has published a volume of essays, entitled *The Will to Believe*. The author is brother to Mr. Henry James, the novelist.

Among the American authors in the French capital are Mr. Francis Vielé Griffin; Mr. Elwin Blashfield, artist-author; Mr. Stuart Merrill, poet; Mr. Henry Harrisse, the Columbus scholar, and Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks, whose travels in the far East have been so well told and pictured by himself.

Charles Whibley's *Book of Scoundrels* has a cover designed by Whistler. The principal motive of the design is a gallows, with the letters of the title around it and the death's-head and cross-bones below.

There have been many authors as crotchety as Herbert Spencer, but few as frank. The *Hazlitt* of to-day says of the Spencer of two or three years ago: "He had conceived an intolerance of remarks of a commonplace and unfruitful character, and had brought with him an apparatus which he could at pleasure slip over his ears, and which spared him the pain of auricular contact with less gifted mortals."

Ian Maclaren says that Harold Frederick is the American writer most in favor in England just now. A few months ago Stephen Crane was the one.

Jules Verne is busy with a new series of stories whose scenes are laid in various lands. He says that the plot is always the last thing he thinks of, letting it form itself in his mind while he studies geographical, historical and scientific books on the particular country he intends to treat of.

Stephen Crane is reporting the war in Greece for *McClure's Magazine* and the *New York Journal*.

Mr. Robert Hichens, whose new novel *Flames* has just been published, was at one time a student at the Royal College of Music until he gave up the study and became a critic of music. His early literary career was begun under the tutorship of Mr. David Anderson, who had a school for journalists, but it was not until his *Green Carnation* was published that the reading public gave him due recognition. Mr. Hichens has had some success as a dramatist, and he is now engaged on a play with a collaborator.

Mr. Edward Bellamy's new book, *Equality*, the first which he has published since *Looking Backward*, will be awaited with extraordinary interest. After years of preparation the author now puts forward a work which will command universal attention. The new work, which will be published by D. Appleton & Co., will be larger and more comprehensive than *Looking Backward*.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has made Maurus Jokai a life member of the Hungarian House of Magnates.

Mr. Hall Caine contradicts the report that at the Manx general election he would endeavor to secure a seat for Peel in the House of Keys. In a letter just published he says: "It may save further trouble if I say at once that a seat in the House of Keys would be an honor and pleasure entirely be-

yond my possibilities, because as a man of letters I have a large and exacting constituency already which demands all my time and much more than all my energy."

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has been lately the recipient of letters concerning his best-known character, the incomparable Van Bibber. The inquirers wished to know if Van Bibber was imaginary or a presentment of Mr. Davis himself. The reply is that Van Bibber is imaginary. A doctor at Baltimore, however, where Mr. Davis once studied, probably supplied the name. Anyway, it seems that this gentleman is obliged to spend a good deal of time in assuring questioners that he is not the original of Mr. Davis's hero.

Mr. Kipling has written a letter to Mr. David Christie Murray on the subject of the criticisms from his pen which have been running in *The London Weekly Sun*. Mr. Kipling hopes the time will come when he will be able to write "a real novel—not a one-volume or a two-volume, but a real decent three-decker." He considers that no man, on this side of forty at the earliest, has secreted enough observation—not to say thought—to write a novel, which, in spite of all they say of the short story, is in his opinion the real vehicle. "Independent firing by marksmen is a pretty thing, but it is the volley-firing of a full battalion that clears the front."

Rev. Dr. C. Ellis Stevens' book, *Sources of the Constitution of the United States*, is being translated into the French language by a member of the French diplomatic service, and is about to be published in Paris by Messrs. Guillemin & Co., in their well-known series of notable foreign works.

"My first book," says Mr. Zangwill, "was a romance of school-life which, written in two copy-books, circulated gratuitously in the school-room, and pleased our youthful imaginations with teacher-baiting tricks we had not the pluck to carry out in the actual. I shall always remember that story, because after making the tour of the class, it was returned to me with thanks and a new first page, from which all my graces of style had evaporated. Indignant inquiry discovered the criminal—he admitted he had lost the page, and had re-written it from memory."

Mr. William Le Queux, whose novel, *Devil's Dice*, was mentioned in our Book List last month, is at present living in Nice, where he is writing a new story of mystery for serial purposes. The scenes will be laid in England and at Monte Carlo, and it will probably appear under the Biblical title of *If Sinners Entice Thee*. It is understood that the story will be entirely English in character, although its dénouement occurs on the Mediterranean shore.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, whose volume of *Verses and Sonnets* has just been issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is a Frenchman by birth, his mother being an Englishwoman. He was educated in England, had a scholarship at Balliol, was President of the Oxford Union, served a year in the French army as artilleryman, and is now twenty-seven years of age. Last summer he married a California girl, and is now in this country lecturing

for the American Society, on The French Revolution and The Crusades—courses which he has given, earlier in the winter, in England, as an Oxford University Extension lecturer. He lately brought out in England *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*.

The publication in England is announced of Sir Walter Besant's *A Fountain Sealed*, and of Dr. George Macdonald's new novel, *Salted with Fire*.

Mrs. Margaret Deland's literary reputation is so identified with New England that it will probably surprise most readers to learn that her early years were spent in western Pennsylvania. Since her marriage to Mr. Lorin F. Deland she has lived in Boston, and has acquired the local cast of thought and expression so completely that her stories convey the impression of her being a native New Englander. Her Boston home is in Mount Vernon street, and is filled with art treasures and rare books. Her summer residence is at Kennebunkport, on the coast of Maine. Mrs. Deland's enviable fame as a writer has been achieved in the last ten years. Her first book was a volume of poems, *The Old Garden*, published in 1886. Two years later followed her famous story, *John Ward, Preacher*, which immediately came into wide popularity, in England as well as in America. In 1890 she produced *Sidney*, in 1892 *The Story of a Child*, in 1893 *Mr. Tommy Dore*, in November of last year, *Philip and His Wife*, and a collection of short stories entitled *The Wisdom of Fools*, mentioned in our May Book List, which completes her bibliography up to date.

Besançon, Victor Hugo's native town, will forestall Paris in erecting a statue to the poet. The municipality has headed a subscription with 5,000 francs.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll is able to state with authority that no less than \$15,000 worth of Thackeray manuscripts were sold to America last year. It has, he adds, "got to be more and more the case that America secures the most valuable manuscripts that come into the market." Since this was written, the manuscript of Keats's *Endymion* has been bought for America, at \$3,475. It is the original autograph manuscript, and was sold at auction in London on the 10th of March. It consists of 181 leaves, all but one in the handwriting of the poet. At the same sale the autograph manuscript of *Lamia* sold for \$1,525.

In his home in Cambridge, Mass., Thomas Wentworth Higginson is a most delightful figure. There could not be a more kindly or gracious host than he, and no one who has had the pleasure of his acquaintance can fail to appreciate the influence of his gentle spirit. His house is small and unpretentious, but the evidences of culture and the implements of his craft are everywhere. There are books in parlor, hall, den, and chambers, and many interesting mementos of the past and of his literary life that Colonel Higginson has collected. This champion of woman has a conspicuous place as a public personage, and one easily forgets that he is over seventy years of age in listening to him when he presides and lectures. For instance, Colonel Higginson is at his best on such occasions as when he presides at the pleasant Boston literary club, called

the Round Table, of which he is president, or as at a reception lately given by the Ratcliffe girls in Fay House. With his wife and only daughter Colonel Higginson has just started for a trip to Europe, where he expects to spend a restful summer.

The French government has bestowed upon few American women the purple ribbon that indicates rank as an officer of the Academy. Miss Kate Field and Miss Marie Van Zandt are among those who have been thus honored, and Miss Elizabeth Marbury is another. Her work as the purveyor of French dramas to the American stage, and her zeal in protecting the interests of the playwrights, is fully appreciated by the French government, and the form their recognition has taken is partly due to the fact that this particular honor is, as a rule, awarded to those who have been in some way engaged in educational work. Miss Marbury's success in making French plays known to the American public is evidently considered as an educational labor. She has the reputation of being a keen woman of business, and as the accredited representative in this country of the French Dramatic Authors' Society, she is able to attend to all the details of the authors' interests, and is the only one through whom the works of the great French dramatists, such as Sardou and the like, can be obtained.

Thomas Nelson Page, who has been at work recently on a long novel, sailed for the Mediterranean on March 27, to remain abroad until the autumn.

Miss Marie Corelli has been celebrating the twelfth anniversary of her début as a novelist, and it appears that the royalties of her initial volume, her celebrated *Romance of Two Worlds*, would be ample for her support, even if she had no other sources of income. And yet, as in so many historic cases, the publisher's readers, who seem to be called readers on the lucus a non principle, rejected the story as romantic rubbish. Perhaps it was, and is, but the public has paid so many dollars for it, and the other progeny of its author's prolific pen that Marie Corelli is, in point of income, far and away the richest woman writer of the time. She is physically much the style of woman the lamented Duchess was, small and blonde—a singular fact, considering her Italian blood, which appears to show itself chiefly in her imagination rather than in her physique. Miss Corelli is one of the numerous literary people of Kensington, in London. Success has merely stimulated her pen and possessed her of a truly Marion Crawford-like rage for writing.

The body of Johannes Brahms, the composer, has been buried between the tombs of Beethoven and Schubert. He left no legal will, only a letter to his publisher, Simrock, making the Society of Friends of Music the sole heir of his fortune of forty thousand dollars and the copyrights of his compositions, together with all his manuscripts and beautiful collections of autographs. See article on page 41.

The North-Western Monthly, of Lincoln, Nebraska, issues for July a special number devoted to a series of papers by professional experts of high standing, on *The Physical Child*. The price of the number will be twenty-five cents. The subject is certainly one worthy to have such a special number dedicated to it.



## FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA

—It has been computed by geographers that if the sea were emptied of its waters, and all the rivers of the earth were to pour their present floods into the vacant space, allowing nothing for evaporation, 40,000 years would be required to bring the water of the ocean up to its present level.

—It is believed that some of the camels imported in 1853 to run wild in Arizona are still in existence. Indians occasionally report having seen some, and lately the international boundary commission saw two with their spy glasses on the Mexican border.

—The holes scattered along the Architrave of the Parthenon on the Acropolis at Athens, and long known to have been sockets in which the gilded letters of an inscription were fastened, have been studied to such good purpose by members of the American Classical School at Athens, that the inscription has been deciphered. It had always been supposed that this was a memorial from Alexander, accompanying a gift of captured Asiatic shields, but it turns out to have been a eulogistic inscription above a statue of the Emperor Nero, erected in the porch beneath about 61 A.D., when Nero was popular in Greece, because they had not yet learned his power for mischief or depth of depravity.

—The latest news from that marvellous girl, Helen Kellar, is that she enjoys vastly the exercise of riding upon a tandem bicycle. Although she is deaf, dumb and blind, she has full use of her limbs and a keen realization of the joy of motion and being in the fresh air. Another singular use of the tandem 'cycle is seen frequently in Philadelphia, where two men ride gayly along the streets, although they have but one pair of legs and one pair of arms between them. One has lost his left arm and right leg; he rides in front and steers. The other possesses a left arm and right leg and thus supplements his partner's deficiencies. This is *Æsop's* lame and blind man up to date.

—A famous restaurant in Vienna possesses a remarkable tablecloth, on which are inscribed the signatures of the majority of the reigning Sovereigns of Europe, the members of the House of Hapsburg, and of the majority of the celebrities in art, music, and letters. The names were written on the cloth in pencil, and the wife of the proprietor then carefully embroidered them.

—The oldest bank in the world is said to be at Naples, Italy, as the Monte Vecchio of Venice and the Banco San Giorgio at Genoa, both founded in the twelfth century, have ceased to exist, as has also the Bank of Barcelona, founded in the fourteenth century. The Bank of Naples was founded in 1539, and is a State bank with a considerable capital to which no one lays any claim; as described by the British Consul at Naples, it is a joint stock bank, but with no shareholders.

—London Tit-Bits recites the "accomplishments" of royal personages as follows: The Prince of Wales learned in his youth to make stockings. His son, the Duke of York, learned the

trade of rope-making. His late cousin, the Czar Nicholas II., could plough, sow, and reap. The Emperor William is a practical typesetter. King Humbert is not only an excellent shoemaker, but cobbles also to perfection. Oscar of Sweden handles the axe with dexterity, like an approved woodman, not yielding the palm in this respect even to Mr. Gladstone. Queen Victoria is exceedingly fond of knitting. Not many months ago she finished a woollen coverlet and presented it to the oldest and most deserving of the inmates of an asylum for disabled working women in the Isle of Wight.

—The highest price ever paid for a single volume was tendered by a number of wealthy Jewish merchants of Venice to Pope Julius II., for a very ancient Hebrew Bible. It was then believed to be an original copy of the Septuagint version made from the Hebrew into Greek in 277 B. C., careful copies of the Hebrew text having been prepared at that date for the use of the seventy translators. The offer to Julius was 20,000 pounds, which, considering the difference between the value of money then and now, would in our day represent the princely sum of \$600,000. Julius was at that time greatly pressed for money to maintain the Holy League which the Pope had organized against France, but in spite of his lack of funds he declined the offer.

—The German Emperor's wardrobe is valued at \$500,000, every uniform bearing precious decorations. He has twelve valets who devote their entire attention to its care. In the wardrobe are uniforms of all the regiments of the German army and of the imperial German navy. Austrian, Russian, Swedish, English, Italian and other uniforms that are worn by the Emperor on his journeys and on the occasion of princely visits also form a part of his wardrobe.

—It is a strange fact that while paper is being used for dozens of purposes formerly monopolized by wood, or even a harder material, such as car wheels, boxes, barrels, tubs, pails, etc., wood is rapidly driving other ingredients to the wall in the manufacture of nearly all the cheaper grades of paper. Unfortunately wood-pulp paper is often used for more important purposes, and only a few years will elapse before documents and books of value, printed upon it, will become so discolored and decayed as to be worthless.

—As illustrating the excellence of the paper (which is made from unused linen scraps), upon which Bank of England notes are printed, it is stated that when one of these notes is twisted into a rope it will sustain a weight of 359 pounds.

—The bark *True Love*, built in Philadelphia in 1764, has been found upon search to be yet afloat, in the capacity of a coal hulk, on the river Thames at London, engaged in active trade at the age of 133 years. This discovery was made through a casualty recorded in the Maritime Exchange.

—All the railway stations in Sweden at which meals are served are known by a sign bearing the suggestive emblem of a crossed knife and fork.

## WIT AND HUMOR OF THE PRESS \*

—Dr. Glade—Do you know anybody who has a horse for sale. Drover—I reckon Hank Bitters has. I sold him one yesterday.

—Priscilla (just arrived)—Are there any men here? Phyllis—Oh, there are a few apologies for men! Priscilla—Well, if an apology is offered to me I shall accept it.

—Shockit—Does learning the bicycle require any particular application? Sprockett—No; none in particular. But arnica is about as good as anything.

—First—There is one sign that should be placed over every letter-box in the city. Second—What is that? First—Post no bills.

—“Pa, who was Shylock?” “Great goodness, boy! You attend church and Sunday school every week and don’t know who Shylock was?” cried his father, with a look of surprise and horror. “Go and read your Bible, sir.”

—Mrs. Bountiful (after hearing the new organ at the village church)—What I most admire, Mr. Simplex, are the wonderfully human tones of the Nux Vomica stop!

—First Friend—My doctor advises me to cycle, but I don’t think I will do so. Second Friend—You don’t? First Friend—No. I think he is biased—he’s a surgeon.

—The acme of politeness was reached by a mining superintendent who posted a placard reading: “Please do not tumble down the shaft.”

—Floor Walker—She complains that you didn’t show her common civility. Shop Girl—I showed her everything in my department, sir.

—“You know he who gives in time doubles his gift,” said the collector for charity. “I should think it would be preferable to give in cash,” replied the donor.

—New Arrival—Do you take wheels? St. Peter—No; if you want to scorch you’ll have to go down below.

—Amanda (alighting from her wheel at the roadside, where Mortimer awaits her)—Have I kept you waiting long, dear? Mortimer—Long? Many cycles have passed since the hour appointed for our meeting.

—The proprietor of a market store, who is a baseball enthusiast, hung nine dressed chickens out in front of his establishment the other day, and labeled them thus: “A picked nine.”

—“Oi did not mind the threats av ’im,” Mr. Hogan explained, “as much as th’ insultin’ sthyle av his remarks.” “And fwhat did he say?” asked Mr. Grogan. “He says to me, ‘Hogan,’ says he, ‘tis a great notion Oi have to jump on you and knock your face into shape.’”

—Alfred (rapturously)—Now, darling, please name the happy day. Minnie (blushingly)—Three weeks from next Thursday, Alfred. Norah (through the key-hole)—If you please, miss, that’s my reg’lar day out. You’ll have to git married in the early part of the week.

—He—Miss Peavick’s age is telling upon her. She—What ingratitude!

—She—How enthusiastic and devoted Chappie Goodboy is to yachting. He—Yes, it gives him a chance to get among the swells.

—Charlie—To my ear Priscilla’s voice is what the poet calls “Sweetness long drawn out.” Don’t you agree with me? Prunella—Not quite. I think its sweetness was drawn out long ago.

—Tom—Is Maude’s hair golden. Ted—No, it’s plaited.

—Young Playwright—And what did you think of my climax. Critic—It was very welcome.

—The Able Editor (ironically)—Is this poetry? Contributor—Didn’t I begin each line with a capital letter?

—“The decree,” announced the messenger of Jupiter, “is that you shall be bound forever to the wheel!” “W—which make?” asked Ixion, anxiously.

—The Professor—As a matter of fact, there are different dialects in different parts of Scotland. Friend—Great Scott! Are there more counties to hear from?

—“Do you believe in that sixteen-to-one ratio?” “Certainly; I am a Mormon.”

—A Chinese puzzle that beats some of those of our boyhood is, sometimes: “Where the deuce did I get this wash ticket, anyway?”

—She—Take care, Alfred! That isn’t the remedy for seasickness. Don’t you see the bottle is marked poison? He—That’s the one I want.

—At the fight at Concord, in 1775, it is said that the British captain called a lieutenant, and, pointing at the American line, said: “Are these *our* men?” “No, sir,” replied the lieutenant, “they’re *minute* men.” This accounts for the British defeat.

—Casey—Oi’ll wurk no more fer thot mon Dolan. Mrs. Casey—An’ phwy? Casey—Shure, ’tis on account av a remark thot he made t’ me. Mrs. Casey—Phwat did he say? Casey—Sez he, Pat, yer discharged.

—“So you were bound and gagged by bandits while in Italy, were you?” asked the garrulous person; “regular comic-opera bandits, eh?” “No, sir,” said the traveler; “there was nothing of the comic-opera style about them. The gags they used were all new.”

—Tom—Be careful, old man. Keep away from her, and avoid a broken heart. Her father has a will of iron. Jack—Yes—but he has a will of gold, too.

—It was just after spring cleaning. She was reading in a low, thrilling voice: “When the packing begins in earnest, it seems as though there could be no spot on the earth’s surface unshaken.” He roused himself from a somnolent attitude in an easy chair. “Who wrote that, Maria? He’s been through it, whoever he is. I wonder who he married?” “Why, you great stupid,” said she, “it’s Nansen writing about the ice.”

\* Compiled from Contemporaries.

# BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

## Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

- Five Sins of an Architect: Solomon Gargoyle: Arnold & Co., 16mo, buckram.....\$1 00  
 Greek Art on Greek Soil: James M. Hoppin: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., crown 8vo..... 2 00  
 Light and Shade; with Chapters on Charcoal, Pencil and Brush-drawing: Anson K. Cross: Ginn & Co., buckram..... 1 10  
 Music Talks with Children: T. Tapper: Theodore Presser, 16mo, cloth..... 1 25  
 Position and Action in Singing: Edmund J. Myer: The Werner Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 The Connoisseur: F. S. Robinson: Longmans, Green & Co..... 2 25  
 The Music of the Modern World: Anton Seidl, editor, and others: Appleton, in 25 parts, parts 7-25; 4to, paper, each..... 1 00

## Biographic and Reminiscent.

- A Woman's Part in a Revolution: Mrs. John Hayes Hammond: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 1 00  
 An Epistle to Posterity: Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood: Harper, buckram..... 2 50  
 Christina Rossetti: Elbert Hubbard: G. P. Putnam's Sons, paper..... 10  
 Cicero and His Friends: Gaston Boissier; tr. by Adnah David Jones: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, cloth..... 1 75  
 Eugene Field; an Auto-analysis: Eugene Field: Frank M. Morris, bds., \$1.00; vellum..... 3 50  
 General Grant: James Grant Wilson: Appleton, 1897, cloth..... 1 50  
 Life and Work of Frederic Thomas Greenhalge: James Ernest Nesmith: Roberts Bros., cloth..... 3 00  
 Life of Abby Hopper Gibbons: Edited by Sarah Hopper Emerson: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth, 2 vols... 3 00  
 The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton; the Story of Her Life. Told in Part by Herself and in Part by W. H. Wilkins: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth, 2 vols..... 7 50

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- A Brief Latin Grammar: W. D. Mooney: American Book Co., cloth..... 75  
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 German-English Dictionary: Grimm-Webster: Laird & Lee, morocco..... 1 00  
 Some Questions of Good English: Ralph Olmsted Williams: H. Holt & Co., cloth..... 1 75  
 Stray Thoughts for Mothers and Teachers: Lucy H. M. Soulsby: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 1 00  
 The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine, vol. 53, Nov., '96 to April, '97: The Century Co., cloth, illus...  
 Topical Notes on American Authors: Lucy Tappan: Silver, Burdett & Co., cloth..... 1 00  
 Woman and the Republic: Helen Kendrick Johnson: D. Appleton & Co., cloth..... 1 50

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- A Free Lance in a Far Land: Herbert Compton: The Cassell Publishing Co., paper..... 50  
 Achievements of Cavalry: Sir Evelyn Wood: The Macmillan Co., 8vo, cloth..... 3 00  
 Complete Angler: Isaac Walton; edited by Richard Le Gallienne: J. Lane, 4to, cloth..... 6 00  
 Navaho Legends: Collected and translated by Washington Matthews: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth... 6 00  
 Patrinis: Louise Imogen Guiney: Copeland & Day, cloth..... 1 25  
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 What a Young Boy Ought to Know: Sylvanus Stall: Vir Publishing Co., cloth..... 1 00

## Fiction of the Month.

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 A Loyal Traitor; a Story of the War of 1812: James Barnes: Harper, cloth..... 1 50  
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American Girls in Black-and-White: Percival Pollard..B. B.  
China Painting in America: Mrs. L. Vance-Phillips..Chaut.  
Decay in the Art of Singing: G. B. Lampart.....Werner's.  
Eulogy of Street Ballads: Rupert Hughes.....Godey's.  
Forrest, McCullough and Myself: Alice K. Cooley..Overland.  
Phil May, a Draftsman of Humanity: Jas. L. Ford..Munsey's.  
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The Shaw Memorial and Sculptor St. Gaudens.....Century.

**Biographic and Reminiscent.**

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Celebrities of the House of Commons: T. P. O'Connor..Har.  
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The Founder of Johns Hopkins University: E. L. Didier..S. C.  
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Williams College: Eben Burt Parsons.....F. L. Pop. Mo.

**Essays and Miscellanies.**

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**Travel and Adventure.**

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Constantinople: Peter MacQueen.....Cosmopolitan.  
London Salons: C. D. Gibson.....Scribner's.  
Nashau, N. H.: Henry B. Atherton.....N. E. Magazine.

# NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

*A Masterless Maid.....London Spectator    Skirting the Ice Pack...G. C. Bugbee...Boston Budget*

A masterless maid, with my heart in my keeping,  
I wander the world; and I'll wander again;  
With gladness my portion, where others know weeping,  
And mirth for my song-book where others read pain.

With zest speeding onward, as bee to the clover,  
God's world in its fairness His birthgift to me;  
'Twixt me and the sunshine the eyes of no lover,  
All soft tones evading I laugh and go free.

Adown purple hills steal the mists of the coming,  
But few are my thoughts what that future may be,  
The lark's sky-born anthem, the velvet bee's humming,  
Sound sweeter than love word or love song to me.

Yet sometimes I linger and hush in my singing  
And wait for the passing of unsteady feet;  
And sigh when you hear baby laughter soft ringing,  
And wonder awhile if my freedom be sweet.

Yet sometimes comes wanting, unchecked and unhidden,  
When cold falls God's sunlight athwart the pale grass,  
And down in the daisies I kneel me face-hidden  
And kiss the kind earth baby footsteps will pass.

*Catamount Tavern, Edith M. Thomas, Youth's Comp'n*

Gone is the couchant stealth of the mountain,  
And the burning eye from dell and cavern;  
Their effigy gone from the tavern doorway—  
And gone the Catamount Tavern.

But in the days that are long since numbered,  
In the days that were bold, and brave, and hardy,  
Fierce was the wild and fearless the hunter,  
And his rifle aim not tardy.

Then was there roof for steed and rider;  
Then was there zest for the tale of the ranger,  
And the table was spread, and the fire was stirred,  
For the cheer of friend or stranger.

Those were the days of a land divided—  
Cry of "Rebel!" and shout of "Tory!"—  
Those were the days of a wild fire spreading—  
Days of the making of story!

Then, 'neath the bristling sign of the portal  
The landlord welcomed the steaming rider,  
With cheeks as red as the apple distilled  
In his brimming flagons of cider.

But at the taunt of the British Major  
A redder hue on his cheek was burning:—  
"Landlord, see that our dinner is ready,  
For soon shall we be returning."

Wroth was old Stephen Fay at this gibing,—  
Too angry to answer the taunt was old Stephen:  
"Oh, if, as once, I could handle yon musket,  
We, before night, should be even!"

For this was Bennington's red-letter morning  
(This in the days of the making of story);  
And the heights around did for hours resound  
With the firing of rebel and tory.

Down Bennington Hill, when long were the shadows,  
With a sorry remnant returned the Major,—  
Major and men, with pinioned arms,  
All silent, sadder and sager.

And Stephen Fay, of the Catamount Tavern,  
With a voice that was clear, and a gaze that was steady,  
Stood at his doorway with smiling welcome,  
"Your dinner, sirs, is ready!"

Hurrah! for the breeze,  
Which ruffles the seas,  
And pushes our packet along;  
Which thrums the harp keys,  
Hempstrung to crosstrees,  
And runs the shroud gamut of song.

Bank high each barred cloud,  
Fling out your storm shroud,  
Dark mottle the blues of noon's dome;  
Ride on thunder-browed,  
Belch forth fierce and loud;  
Only hustle our packet home.

Shout, Hail to the gale!  
To round out the sail,  
And tauten each limp, sagging leech;  
Let fly sleet and hail  
Shriek, whistle and wail;  
So there's wind with your hoarse, wild screech.

Plow on! ye brave tides,  
Rasp down the berg's sides;  
Churn through for each ice-belted ship;  
Till safely she glides—  
In clear water rides,  
Freed at last from the pack's ice grip.

Wedge through the broad floes,  
Sweep clear the deck snows,  
Crush the ribs of each hummocky plain;  
Till reft by your throes,  
The shattered ice goes,  
And opens a path to the main.

Blaze forth North Star fires!  
Chant! chant! stellar choirs.  
For spent Jack a cheery home strain;  
Behind their grim spires  
The ice guard retires;  
We are breasting blue water again.

*A Poster Poem....Margaret F. Mauro...Leslie's Weekly*

The day was drear—the lurid light  
A landscape weird and strange displayed.  
Upon a terra-cotta height  
I saw an orange-tressed maid;  
Her amber orbs, her brow of snow  
Were sketch'd with many a pallid line,  
And many a fold of indigo  
About her slender shape did twine.

A river of sepulchral hue  
In tortur'd curves went winding by;  
The hills in wav'ring lines of blue  
Were traced against a saffron sky.  
The while, hard by, a sage-green cow  
Upon the poppies brows'd at ease,  
And carmine flakes, on every bough,  
Were clustered 'mid the tawny trees.

I, gazing on this ghastly scene,  
Did groan a groan of wild despair.  
"Oh, for the days when grass was green,  
And skies were blue, and maids were fair!  
Ye goddesses of later time,  
Ye pale and emerald-eyed, depart!  
Go get ye to some distant clime,  
And leave to us our ancient art."



## OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

323. *Unanswered:*

[This poem about which there had been much correspondence in *Current Literature*, is printed by request on page 84.]

352. Will you kindly tell me how this phrase originated, "Be sure you're right, and go ahead?"—Grace C. Johnson, Milldale, Ky.

["Be sure you are right, then go ahead," was the motto of David Crockett, in the War of 1812.]

353. (1) Will the Oracle of *Current Literature* kindly give me the birthplace, present residence, principal works, and any other leading facts in the life of Marie Corelli, the author of "Thelma"? (2) What is considered the literary centre of the United States? Is not Boston, with the most cultured people, as a whole, of any city in the Union, usually accorded that distinction?—An Attadena California Subscriber.

[(1.) Longridge Road, Earl's Court, S. W. London, England, is Marie Corelli's town residence. She is, we believe, of Italian birth, but the adopted daughter of Charles Mackay, an English man of letters, father of Eric Mackay, whose Love Letter of a Violinist was dedicated to Miss Corelli. An article of which she is the subject appeared in *Gossip of Authors*, *Current Literature's* issue of January, 1894. See also brief comment, p. 89 of this number. Miss Corelli's works are as follows, in the order of their production: A Romance of Two Worlds, Vendetta, Thelma, Ardath, Wormwood, The Soul of Lilith, The Mighty Atom, The Sorrows of Satan, Barabbas, The Murder of Delicia, Jane and Ziska, just out. We are not certain that this is a complete list. Stone & Kimball, New York, and J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, Miss Corelli's publishers in this country, can give you, doubtless, accurate information on the subject. (2.) Up to a recent date, Boston had been the acknowledged literary center of the United States. Now, however, New York contends for the supremacy, and even Chicago, it is said, has put in a characteristically modest claim. As the location of this office may tend to give personal bias to our opinion, *Current Literature* suspends judgment.]

354. Some months ago an article appeared in some magazine, entitled, "What Language did Christ Speak?" Can any one inform me through *Open Questions* in what magazine and what month it appeared?—Chas. Alexander, Indianapolis, Ind.

[Was Greek Spoken by our Lord is the title of an article which was printed on page 255, of the March, 1896, issue of *Current Literature*. The article originally appeared in the *Churchman*.]

356. Can you give me any information as to the following lines, as to where they may be found, their author, etc.? I may be misquoting them:

"The night has a thousand eyes,  
The day but one;  
Yet the light of the whole world dies  
With the light of the sun."

I will be obliged to you if you can place the lines.—May Chadwick Baker, Orono, Me.]

[The poem from which you quote is by Francis W. Bourdillon, and is entitled *Light*. It may be found in almost any popular encyclopedia of verse. The stanza quoted should read:

The night has a thousand eyes  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.]

357. Have you ever published a number of your valuable magazine containing portrait of Joseph Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary in the Imperial Cabinet, England? If so, please give date, and I shall be pleased to remit the cost. If not published, do you know any magazine that did so?—J. McConiff, Montreal, Canada.

[The portrait of Mr. Chamberlain has not been published in *Current Literature*, but his picture may be found in the group of The Parliamentary Committee that has been investigating the Jameson Raid, in the Review of Reviews for May. An excellent portrait of him appears also in the June number of Harper's.]

355. *Clement C. Moore*: On page 470—last item, May number of your admirable magazine—you mention that *The Night Before Christmas* was written about 1840. I have a copy of the Trenton (N. J.) *True American*, published in 1828, containing this poem, and credited, I think, to Baltimore American—copied from that paper quite a bit earlier. I am not sure as to Clement C. Moore as "Bishop," but would be glad if you would verify him. He does not seem to have ventured far or often with the Muse. Can you not tell more about him? J. O. Wilson, Cincinnati, O.

[Concerning Bishop Moore, we quote from Stedman's Library of American Literature, the following paragraph: "Clement Clarke Moore, educator, of New York, N. Y., 15 July, 1779, graduated at Columbia, devoted himself to the study of Hebrew, was a professor at the N. Y. General Theological Seminary from 1821 until his death. He gave to this institution the plot of ground on which it stands. Besides compiling the earliest Hebrew and Greek lexicon published in America, he was the author of poems (1844), the most noted of which was *A Visit from St. Nicholas*. Died, Newport, R. I., 10 July, 1863."

The error in the item in Brief Comment arose from the confusion of the date of publication of Bishop Moore's volume, which contains this poem, with that of the original appearance of the selection in question, which he had some years previously contributed to the newspaper mentioned by our correspondent.]

339 and 341. *The Giant Maidens and The Seventh Plague*: A very fine poem about the giant maidens who ground out whatever was wanted for the King of Gotland, was printed in the Atlantic about '78 or '80. The poem on the Seventh Plague was in Towne's Fourth Reader, in which I read forty years ago—S. W. Shoup, Dubuque, Iowa.

[Another correspondent encloses a poem of 88 lines containing the verses quoted by the querist of question 339. Its title, *The Tempest*, differs from that given above, but it is undoubtedly the one J. C. L., of Chicago, is seeking, and we hold the copy kindly supplied by M. M., our Washington correspondent, subject to his disposition.]

# ANTHOLOGY EVANGELIQUE\*

## *The Preacher.....William Cowper*

There stands the messenger of truth. There stands  
The legate of the skies; his theme divine,  
His office sacred, his credentials clear.  
By him, the violated law speaks out  
Its thunders, and by him, in strains as sweet  
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.  
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,  
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,  
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete  
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms  
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule  
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,  
The sacramental hosts of God elect.

## *Power of Preaching.....Caroline E. Norton*

I saw one man, armed simply with God's Word,  
Enter the souls of many fellow-men,  
And pierce them sharply as a two-edged sword,  
While conscience echoed back his words again;  
Till, even as showers of fertilizing rain  
Sink through the bosom of the valley clod,  
So their hearts opened to the wholesome pain,  
And hundreds knelt upon the flowery sod— [God.  
One good man's earnest prayer, the link 'twixt them and

## *The Victory of Eloquence....Martin Farquhar Tupper*

Behold what fire is in his eye, what fervor on his cheek!  
That glorious burst of winged words!—how bound they  
from his tongue!  
The full expression of the mighty thought, the strong, tri-  
umphant argument,  
The rush of native eloquence, resistless as Niagara,  
The keen demand, the clear reply, the fine poetic image,  
The nice analogy, the clinching fact, the metaphor bold  
and free,  
The grasp of concentrated intellect wielding the omnipo-  
tence of truth,  
The grandeur of his speech in his majesty of mind!  
Upon whose lips the mystic bee hath dropped the honey  
of persuasion,  
Whose heart and tongue have been touched as of old, by  
the live coal from the altar,  
How wide the spreading of thy peace, how deep the  
draught of thy pleasure!  
To hold the multitude as one, breathing in measured ca-  
dence,  
A thousand men with flashing eyes waiting upon thy will;  
A thousand hearts kindled by thee with consecrated fire,  
Ten thousand flaming hecatombs offered on the mount of  
God:  
And now a pause, a thrilling pause,—they live but in thy  
words,—  
Thou hast broken the bounds of self, as the Nile at its ris-  
ing,  
Thou hast expanded into them one faith, one hope, one  
spirit,  
They breathe but in thy breath, their minds are passive  
unto thine,  
Thou turnest the key of their love, bending their affec-  
tions to thy purpose,  
And all, in sympathy with thee, tremble with tumultuous  
emotions.  
Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall  
throne thee with archangels!

## *The Best Preacher.....Anonymous*

He preacheth best who liveth best—  
Men heed not words but actions;  
By this smooth stone 'tis fair to test  
The zeal of blust'ring factions.

A godly deed weighs more than creed—  
And armor fit for trials  
Is forged alone by hands that speed  
In righteous self-denials.

To win mankind, the heart must find  
By acts of right and reason;  
For words alone will never bind,  
Like good deeds done in season.

Not as we say on Sabbath day  
But as we practice weekly,  
Will people rate us, though we may  
Preach long, and wise, and meekly.

Would'st thou preach well? Then live thou well—  
Who'd lead the way to glory  
And best the Gospel tidings tell,  
Must live the old, old story.

## *Strengthened.....Matthew Arnold*

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead  
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,  
And the pale weaver, through his window seen  
In Spitafields, looked thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said,—  
"Ill and overworked, how fare you in this scene?"  
"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been  
Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, the *Living Bread*."

O, human soul, as long as thou canst so  
Set up a mark of everlasting light,  
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,  
To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam,—  
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night!  
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home!

## *The Sectary.....London Spectator*

A heavy hand the bruised reed to break;  
A foot to quench the smoking flax well shod;  
A bitter zeal, alert and keen to make  
The breach more wide betwixt mankind and God.

A visage stern that bids all stand apart  
Who dare to worship at a different shrine;  
A sullen mood; a cold and sluggish heart,  
Unwarmed by any pulse of love divine;

A tongue to chiding swift, to praising slow;  
A practiced eye his fellows' faults to scan—  
These are the attributes by which men know,  
The sectary, unloved by God or man.

## *The Donation Party.....Anonymous*

They carried the pie to the parson's house  
And scattered the floor with crumbs,  
And marked the leaves of his choicest books  
With the prints of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes high and thick,  
With a lot of unhealthy cake,  
While they gobbled the buttered toast and rolls  
Which the parson's wife did make.

They hung around Clytie's classic neck  
Their apple parings for sport,  
And every one laughed when a clumsy lout  
Spilt his tea on the piano-forte.

Next day the parson went down on his knees  
With his wife,—but not to pray:  
Oh no; 'twas to scrape the grease and dirt  
From the carpet and stairs away.

\* Compiled for Current Literature by Thoſ. S. Hubert.



A ROOKERY.

From *Story of the Birds*. (See page 2.)  
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*Circuit Riders*.....Anonymous      *Death of a Minister*.....Phæbe Palmer

An Old Methodist's Reminiscence

They used to tell a Methodist  
As far as eye could scan—  
No gewgaws on a woman then,  
No dickey on a man;  
But now our congregations are  
So much by fashion led,  
They look just like a rainbow  
Wrecked upon a posy-bed.  
  
The circuit riders in them days  
Were not so fine or grand;  
They took degrees a-hauling logs,  
And clearing up the land;  
But when one of 'em rose to preach,  
I tell you we could smell  
The fragrant flowers of heaven  
And the stifling smoke of hell.  
  
We had an "amen corner," too,  
Beside the pulpit stairs,  
And while he raised his sermon bents  
We lifted up our prayers;  
We threw in many a loud "Thank God!"  
And weren't obliged to go,  
To give the Lord the glory  
To a class room down below.  
  
The Gospel plow went deeply then,  
With riding on the beam;  
I wish you could have been there once  
And heard 'em groan and scream;  
Though I'm afraid that if you had,  
You'd most outrun your wits  
To get a doctor to prescribe  
For epileptic fits.  
  
I know the world is moving on,  
As Galileo said;  
For now I rent a cushioned pew  
To hear an essay read;  
But when through stained-glass windows,  
The sun throws blue and gold,  
I cannot help a-thinking how  
The glory shone of old.

Two spirits met:

One was dismantled, and was from the clime  
Where dwell the just who pass the bounds of time,  
And earthly pangs forget;  
"And knowest thou not," said he, with joyous air,  
(To one who had not passed earth's bounds of care,)  
"That this is a high day?  
And that our realms are ringing with delight?  
For lo! an heir of heaven—a child of light,  
Borne through the ethereal way,  
Came to the joyous presence of our King,  
And now through all our blessed realms doth ring  
A greeting, welcome lay!"  
  
But ah! a pall that told of much despair,  
Hung, curtain-like, around that child of care,  
As weepingly he said,  
"And know'st thou not, that earth doth deeply mourn?  
That while thou joyest for a seraph born,  
Earth mourns a champion dead?  
He was a burning light, faith fed the blaze,  
And though we gloried in the lucid rays,  
As from heaven's altar lent,  
And knew from whence it came—from whence it burned  
And that it would be to its source returned,  
Yet its extinguishment  
On earth we mourn: 'tis thus that in one day  
Ye sing a seraph born, and we a weeping lay!"  
  
*A Grateful Preacher*.....John G. Saxe  
A strolling preacher, "once upon a time,"  
Addressed a congregation rather slim  
In numbers; yet his subject was sublime  
('Twas "Charity"); sonorous was the hymn;  
Fervent the prayer; and, though the house was small,  
He pounded lustily the Sacred Word,  
And preached an hour as loud as he could bawl,  
As one that meant the Gospel should be heard.  
And now, behold, the preacher's hat is sent  
Among the pews for customary pence,  
And soon returns as empty as it went!  
Whereat,—low bowing to the audience,—  
He said, "My preaching is not all in vain;  
Thank God! I've got my beaver back again!"



## ANTHOLOGY EVANGELIQUE

### *Sable Theology.....Congregationalist*

There was a negro preacher, I have heard,  
In Southern parts before rebellion stirred,  
Who did not spend his strength in empty sound;  
His was a mind far-reaching and profound.

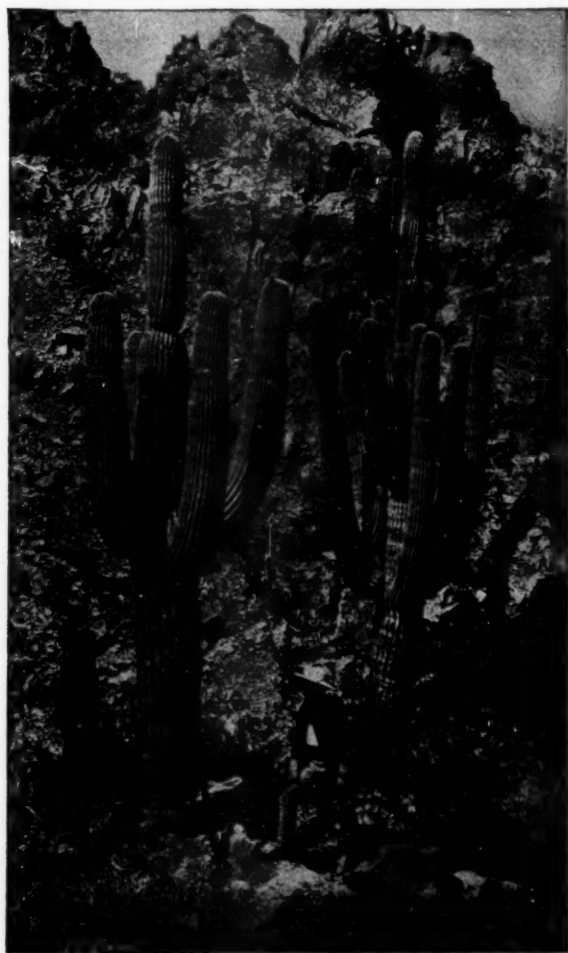
Others might beat the air and make a noise,  
And help to amuse the silly girls and boys;  
But as for him, he was a man of thought;  
Deep in theology, although untaught.

He could not read nor write, but he was wise,  
And knew "right smart" how to extemporize.

One Sunday morn, when hymns and prayers were said,  
The preacher rose, and rubbing up his head,  
"Bredren and sisterin', and companions dear,  
Our preachment for to-day, as you shall hear,  
Will be ob de creation,—ob de plan  
On which God fashioned Adam, de first man.  
When God made Adam, in de ancient day,  
He made him body out of earth and clay,  
He shape him up all right, den by and by,  
He set him up agin de fence to dry."

"Stop," said a voice; and straightway there arose  
An ancient negro, in his master's clothes;

"Tell me," said he, "before you farder go,  
One little thing which I should like to know:  
It does not quite get through dis nigger's har,  
How come dat fence so nice and handy dar?"  
Like one who in the mud is tightly stuck,  
Or one nonplussed, astonished, thunderstruck,



*The Giant Cactus.*

From *The Plant World*. (See page 2).  
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The preacher looked severely on the pews,  
And rubbed his hair to know what words to use:  
"Bredren," said he; "dis word I hab to say,—  
De preacher can't be bothered in dis way;  
For, if he is, it's just as like as not  
Our whole theology will be upso't."

### *Pretty Damon.....Lord Macauley*

See pretty Damon take his seat,  
With mincing step and languid smile,  
And scatter from his 'kerchief sweet  
Sabaen odors o'er the aisle.

He spreads his little jewelled hand,  
And smiles 'round all the parish beauties,  
And pats his curls and smooths his band,  
Meet prelude to his saintly duties.

See the thronged audience press and stare,  
And stifled maidens ply the fan,  
Admire his doctrines and his hair,  
And whisper, "What a sweet young man!"

### *Sunday Night.....Francis Ridley Havergal*

Rest him O Father! Thou didst send him forth  
With great and gracious messages of love;  
But Thy ambassador is weary now,  
Worn with the weight of his high embassy.  
Now care for him as Thou hast cared for us  
In sending him; and cause him to lie down  
In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace.  
Let Thy left hand be now beneath his head,  
And Thine upholding right encircle him;  
And, underneath the Everlasting Arms,  
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,  
Hushed, like a little child, without one care;  
And so give Thy beloved sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master! He hath poured for us  
The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed.  
Now fill *his* chalice, give him sweet new draughts  
Of life and love with Thine own hand; be Thou  
His ministrant to-night; draw very near  
In all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.  
Oh, speak to him! Thou knowest how to speak  
A word in season to Thy weary ones,  
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him,  
Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast;  
And, leaning, gain new strength to "rise and shine."

Rest him, O loving Spirit! Let Thy calm  
Fall on his soul to-night. Oh, holy Dove,  
Spread Thy bright wing above him; let him rest  
Beneath its shadow; let him know afresh  
The infinite truth and might of Thy dear Name,  
"Our Comforter!" As gentlest touch will stay  
The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,  
So lay Thy hand upon his heart, and still  
Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain,  
Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,  
And let Thy holy music overflow,  
With soothing power, his listening, resting soul.



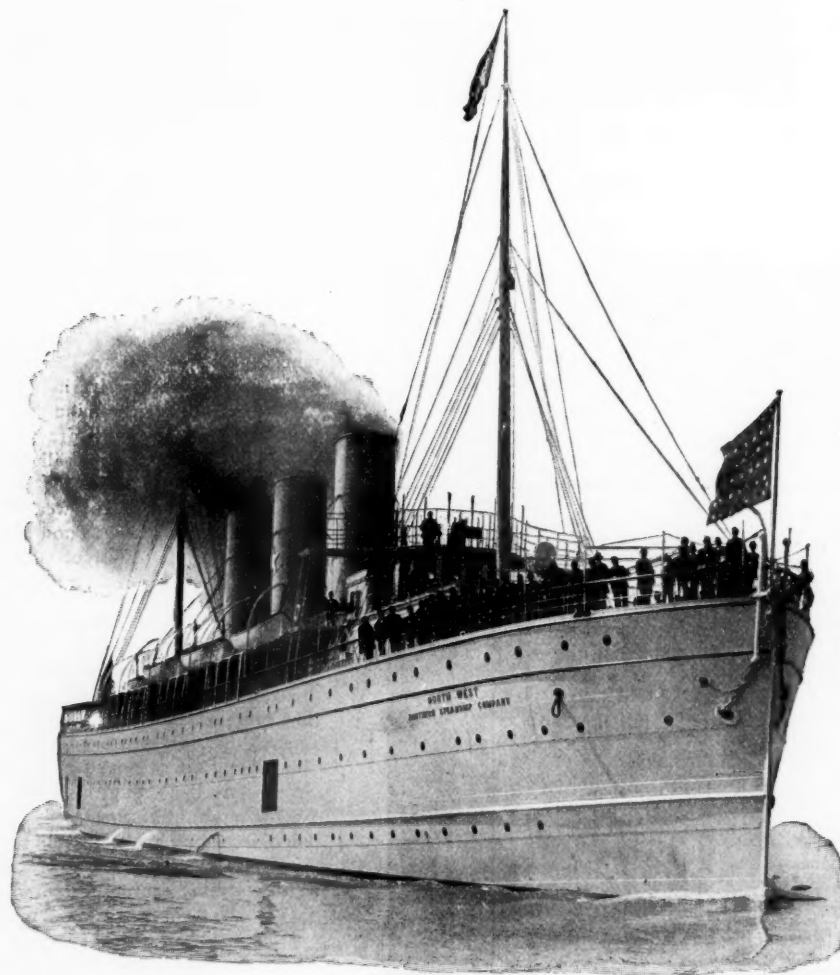
From *Familiar Trees*. (See page 2).  
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# President McKinley

## WROTE A FRIEND:

" . . . Last summer I took a trip from Cleveland to Duluth on the 'Northwest,' and never did I have a more enjoyable vacation. The scenery is superb and the vessel a veritable floating palace. . . . "

*Wm McKinley*



The above was written by President McKinley after a trip on the

## NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S LINE

For particulars of this line see page opposite